Blue Fuzz by devilcouldweep

Category: Gorillaz
Genre: Abusive Relationships, Age Difference, Angst, Attempted Drugging, Blood and Injury, Breaking and Entering, Canon-Typical Violence, Car Sex, Cock Warming, Crossdressing, Cuckolding, Date Rape Drug/Roofies, Drug Use, Drugs, Drunk Sex, Dubious Consent, Exhibitionism, F/M, Homophobia, Homophobic Language, Illustrations, Invasion of Privacy, Lingerie, M/M, Manipulation, NSFW Art, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Phone Sex, Power Imbalance, Public Sex, Sex Toys, Sexual Assault, Slight Foot Fetish, Voyeurism, camboy 2d, murdoc be gaslighting, pornstar AU, rape mention
Characters: Ace Copular, Minor oc, Murdoc Niccals, Paula Cracker, Russel Hobbs, Stuart "2D" Pot
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2020-11-13
Updated: 2021-03-04
Packaged: 2023-03-14 23:22:12
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 8
Words: 62,092
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Story URL: https://archiveofourown.org/works/27546919
Author URL: https://archiveofourown.org/users/devilcouldweep/pseuds/devilcouldweep
Summary:

"The world's prettiest zombie is standing behind the counter of Uncle Norm's sex shop out in the middle of Bumfuck Nowhere, and Murdoc instantly knows that he is something that he could sell."

A reimagining of Phase 1 set in modern times. Also Ace is there. And everyone's age is a little different. A story of how 2D and Murdoc find success in the Sex Work Industry and the many blunders they have to make along the way. Or in other words, how a treacherous old man like Murdoc can use Stuart to his advantage. Tags to be added as updates roll in.

Relationships: Ace Copular/Stuart "2D" Pot, Murdoc Niccals/Stuart "2D" Pot, one sided Murdoc Niccals/Paula Cracker
Comments: 139
Kudos: 520

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

> I have a good portion of this story already written, and another good portion planned in advance. Expect semi-frequent updates. Comments really go a long way towards making sure this thing gets updated. Anyways, uh! Enjoy!

[Chapter 1]

It's just another hot, shitty day in Crawley when a rusty old muscle car crashes through the empty carpark of Uncle Norm's Sex Shop, colliding head on with a concrete pillar.

The door to the driver's side slams open, and Murdoc Niccals stumbles out, a mess of empty cans rattling in his wake. He staggers over to the front of his car, leaning against the pillar for support as he inspects the damage he's just done to his front bumper.

It's not his fault, alright? The pills he nicked from that bird he'd met at the bar the other day (*ehh, what was her name again?*) had made him all kinds of jittery and so he kind of….failed to hit the brakes in time to stop the car from slamming right into the stupid pillar, the only thing protecting the shop from shitty drivers like himself.

Murdoc's no mechanic, but... *Yeah, it's completely fucked.* The metal's completely warped and even the hood of the car is bent out of shape. Hell, even one of his headlights had shattered.

The old piece of shit's worth less than all that it would've cost to repair it, so this is just the cherry on top of this horrible day.

"Shit!!" Murdoc curses, halfheartedly kicking at the bumper. Some glass shards fall out of the shattered front light, as if to mock him. This day could not get any worse, frankly.

Where to start?

He's got the shittiest hangover that he's had in ages. Not to mention he'd woken up that afternoon to find that the water's been shut off. To top everything off, his drug dealer's called in sick- Murdoc didn't even know that dealers could *do that.* He'd really been counting on him today but the miserable sod had to go and get *sick.*

His landlord's been blowing up his ringer about rent that's past due, which is why he's scrambled to the sex shop in the first place. He's already sold all his drugs, save for that

poor woman's pills, so the only things he had left were his sleazy tapes and DVDs from an era long gone and his 'accessories.'

His collection consists of the typical stuff: like his stolen police-grade handcuffs, a taser, a flog or two, a paddle, one of those little pole things with the feathers on the end of it, etc. The bare necessities.

He doesn't want to get rid of these things, but unfortunately he has no bloody choice.

Naturally Murdoc isn't even allowed the privilege of choosing his favorite shop to sell all this shit at. His first choice just happened to be shut down that morning in an apparent drug raid….

Murdoc shuts his eyes pensively for a moment, to reminisce.

Imagine his surprise when he pulled into the carpark of Smiffy Whiffy's just to see the man himself being lugged off the property by the pigs. He didn't ask, but it had to have been a drug raid, he figured, because Smiffy'd helped Murdoc powder his nose more than a few times.

All that is in the past now . *Smiffy is long gone…*

Murdoc crosses himself (upside down, of course) and snaps his eyes back to stark reality. Testily, he walks around to the back of his car and hefts his shameful box of toys from the trunk, his Cuban heels crunching against the filthy asphalt. Slams it back shut with no small attitude.

The bell above the shop door rings out as he strides into the establishment. *Uncle Norm's.* He hates this damn shop and knows it to be one of the worst sex shops in Crawley.

He goes out of his way to glare extra pointedly at the back of the cashier, who's tending to something or other behind the counter.

The kid eventually turns around to greet Murdoc, but he can't get the words out before Murdoc speaks. His eyes are deep and black like two holes in the head.

" *Bloody fucking hell,* are those contacts?" Murdoc blurts out rudely. The cashier's appearance nearly shocks him out of his foul mood.

"Oh, um. No, actually. Eight-ball fractures," he explains. He sounds a little bit dim-witted, but he's sort of cute-sounding as well. Murdoc is immediately charmed.

“I get that a lot…”

The world's prettiest zombie is standing behind the counter of Uncle Norm’s sex shop out in the middle of Bumfuck Nowhere, and Murdoc instantly knows that he is something that he could sell. He’s staring openly because shit, it’s the damn cashier’s fault for looking like… *That.*

His black eyes and electric blue hair combined with his dangerously thin frame and bruised looking skin would immediately catch anyone’s attention. Murdoc knows this for certain.

"Can't work anywhere else lookin' like that, can you?" Murdoc says with a wink, leering as he walks up to the counter to drop his tremendous box of shame onto the counter. Doesn't give the poor sod a chance to respond. "D'you accept trades?"

He might be pretty as all hell, but Murdoc is still in the middle of a crisis. *Desperate times.*

"Er…" The kid murmurs, peering into the box. "We can take the DVDs and the tapes, but they don’t go for much these days since the internet n’ all that… Can’t take the bondage gear or the toys though.”

“What? Oh come on, they’re *gently used,”* Murdoc stresses. “Can’t you sods just... boil them?”

“No, I’m really sorry,” he replies, sounding somewhat genuine. He’s probably a sweet kid, but it means fuck-all to Murdoc. “It’s unsanitary.”

“Satan, I miss *Smiffy Whiffy’s* already,” Murdoc curses offhandedly. Smiffy would’ve taken them. He was a man of many things, but a man with an obligation to the health code was not one of them.

“Has something happened to Smiffy’s?” the cashier asks, tilting his head to the side.

Murdoc takes the time to read the cashier’s nametag before replying. *Stuart.*

“Oh, what’s it matter, *Stu?* ” he spits. “If you must know, Smiffy’s is probably done for. Finally got busted for shillin’ drugs, I reckon.”

“That’s a cryin’ shame,” Stuart says, mournful. “They carry items that we don’t have ‘ere…”

“Yeah well, *carried,* anyways, ” Murdoc’s sure to emphasize, ever the miserable cynic.

Murdoc actually looks around him as Stuart’s words hit him, and he finds them to be true. They have a very small selection of BDSM gear but it all looks like cheap joke gifts. Fuzzy pink handcuffs, sex dice; it’s the kinda shit jilted housewives get to “spice things up” in the bedroom. Not to mention the nearly nonexistent gay section.

“Good to know this place is *still* a shithole, then,” Murdoc comments. “I just came ‘ere because you were the closest to Smiffy’s… Gonna have to look for another place to take the rest.”

“Right, well, about that…” Stuart offers. “I can’t do anything on camera-- Store policy n’ all that. But I could buy the rest off of you- the BDSM stuff, not the toys. After my shift.”

Murdoc raises his brow at the clerk. “What’s wrong with the toys? *You can boil them* for Satan’s sake.”

“I… They’re just not really my speed?” Stuart tries to explain, but Murdoc is unimpressed.

“Probably too much for a twink like you, eh?” He’s just trying to bully the clerk a little with that comment. The toys are all averagely sized; they only differ in texture.

Murdoc waits for Stuart to refute him, to rise to his baseless taunt, but instead he just bites his lip as he struggles to think of what to say.

So I was right about him not being too bright, then.

“What’s a frail lookin’ guy like you want with these, anyway? Bet you wouldn’t even know what to do with ‘em.”

He’s smirking at his own comment, but his grin falls as he watches Stuart chew over his words.

“I suppose I’ll find out. You were right about not being able to work anywhere else. I kind of need ‘em.”

Murdoc stares at him while he processes what he’s just said. So he’s implying the gear would be useful for some other occupation?

“Are you trying to tell me somethin’?” Murdoc accuses. *Must be a bloody prostitute; some kind of gimp for hire, I bet.*

“I’m tellin’ you I wanna buy some of this shit off you,” Stuart says, sounding like he’s growing annoyed with the exchange. “Aren’t you desperate to sell this stuff? You’ve got to fix your car, don’t you?”

Of course he’d heard him crash into the bloody pillar.

“ *Watch it,* Faceache,” Murdoc warns, though he doesn’t try to deny it. Takes pleasure when Stuart visibly scares.

He takes a moment to calculate how difficult it would be to high-ball Stu. Probably fairly easy.

“...When are you off, then?”

“Nine! At nine... Will that do?”

“Sure, sure. Whatever,” Murdoc says. “Wanna process the rest of it, Stu? Or were you just planning on chatting my ear off?”

Stuart presses his lips into a thin line, pulling the box closer to himself as he examines each of Murdoc’s dusty old DVDs. Probably holding back a scathing rebuttal, Murdoc’s sure.

He waits none too patiently as Stuart sorts through. Self-consciously examines his state of dress- His old polo’s got sweat stains and cigarette burns in it. His belt is rather ratty too, worn leather and tarnished metal.

What’s that- a mustard stain on his jeans?

He’s brushing off his shirt before he knows it, loose ashes falling to the store carpet. He wonders how Stuart could look at him and feel comfortable buying anything from him.

“All this comes to about fifty pounds.”

“ *F-fifty…!”* Murdoc growls in disbelief. He’d surely spent more than that collecting all this shit, that’s for sure. This was mostly back in the 90’s, but still! He needs much more than that to make rent. “Fuck’s sake. Just give me the damn money so I can get *out* of ‘ere!”

Stuart sighs, taking the money from the drawer with a very tired and miserable expression. They both want Murdoc out of that store, and yet Stuart feels the need to say:

"'Ere you are. So I'll see you later?"

"Unfortunately."

Murdoc stuffs the bills into his pocket without care, can't even be bothered to fold them first- He's the epitome of an annoying customer and he's more than eager to just get out of dodge.

He tears the box away from the counter; it's considerably lighter, but having parted with most of its contents for only fifty pounds feels heavier than anything. He's sure to glare at Stuart once more for good measure.

"Talk to you real soon *, Stu* . Meet ya back 'ere." Murdoc curses, strolling out of the store in a fit.

~

After a while, Murdoc returns home with his tail tucked between his legs. It's depressing, but no other store would take the toys, so Murdoc's stuck with them. *Probably for the best. They've been through a lot…*

Home for Murdoc was just a small, run down apartment with very little in it other than what few gaudy decorations he's gathered. He doesn't keep pictures of his family or friends because he doesn't really have anybody that he'd like to remember, nor does he tend to collect much of anything.

Gotta be ready to move at a moment's notice when paying rent is no longer possible.

Of course, he's also poured himself a drink and downed it one go for the sake of relaxation. Then, he pours another. Shit can't kick in fast enough, if you ask him. Leaving things up to fate is nerve wracking and Murdoc does not typically like to feel much of anything.

He's tossed his box of shame into the farthest corner of his closet and vows to stop worrying about the rent situation so much. Doesn't really know what he's gonna do if he doesn't make enough money off of Stu later on, but it's nothing a good wank can't help him ignore...

Fate's already fucking me. I might as well fuck myself while I'm at it.

He settles very snuggly on his old second-hand couch; it's littered with burn holes from himself and the original owner and kind of smells, but it's nothing Murdoc can't put up with. He's got his equally old laptop propped up on his chest as he rubs a palm against the crotch of his pants without much thought, zipper undone.

Murdoc's an old-school man. It definitely stings that he's lost some of his favorite tapes, but he still has the internet (for now.) It's the bloody future! He can probably replace his old favorites if he tries.

There's something that's been bothering him since he'd left the sex shop, so he once again tries to forget his worries and focus on that. It's something about what Stu said.

"You were right about not being able to work anywhere else," he'd mentioned.

What the hell's that supposed to mean? Murdoc can't let it go.

So *what would come up if I searched for "amateur blue haired twink?"*

He knew from the start that Stuart could be sold; He's got the look. Murdoc's just wondering if old Stuey might be aware of that fact himself.

He doesn't even *like* Stuart, but the kid's sticking to his brain like some kind of glue. He's attractive. Really bloody attractive.

Tall, lanky, kind of dumb and certainly pretty. All unfortunately qualities that Murdoc can sort of appreciate. He'd need more than just his looks to keep anyone's attention, but maybe if Murdoc can find him, then Stu might end up surprising him with some kind of hidden talent. That's all he can think of as he types out a loose description of Stuart into the search bar of his favorite porn site.

At first, he feels relief. There's no sign of Stuart anywhere on the first page, but there's no one with quite the same allure either. He tells himself that it's just because he's not a fan of that first page of thumbnails that he goes to the next page.

He's scrolling and scrolling, and starts to feel somewhat disappointed that Stuart is nowhere to be found once he gets to the third page.

None of these pricks are anything like Stuart.

As if he knows anything about Stu besides how bloody hot he is.

Murdoc's really questioning himself by the time he gets to the eighth page. Is he really so pathetic? He's an unrepentant individual, and he wouldn't feel any guilt at all about invading Stuart's privacy if he did actually manage to find him, but this was getting a little embarrassing. Even for him.

Stuck like fucking glue...

Before he continues onto the fourteenth page, he promises himself that this will be the last page he scrolls, and then he does the same thing for the fifteenth page.

"There's no way I'm gonna find him," Murdoc mutters to himself, forlorn as he clicks 'next page' once again.

It's on the sixteenth page that the universe proves him wrong. All that disappointment transforms into blood rushing directly to his cock.

There's Stuart, right at the top, and his legs are spread just about as wide as they can go, and he is *quite* flexible. It's honestly impressive.

He's impaled himself on a toy much bigger than Murdoc would've expected and he's making this dopey looking expression, as if the bliss he's feeling is so intense that he just can't help himself from drooling. It's gotta be about as big as his own forearm, Murdoc guesses.

"Fucking hell," Murdoc marvels. He remembers earlier that day when Stu rejected his offer to buy those old toys and suddenly it all makes sense.

They were too small...

Username: GooeyBluey78. This video was posted just last week.

"Oh, *Stu* ," Murdoc coos, feeling immensely pleased with himself. His intuition had been right- Stuart's not exactly the kind of slut Murdoc thought he was, he's even *better* .

He doesn't waste any time, he opens the video and pulls his pants and drawers down just enough to get his cock out. He's positively throbbing as it loads. The first thing he hears is Stu's voice pouring out of him as he stretches himself for the camera. Seems like he'd only started filming part of the way through.

Murdoc can't believe his ears- He sounds so fucking *gorgeous* when he cries like that. Hard to believe the man in the video is the same dunce from the sex shop.

He's oddly pleased that the carpet matches the curtains. Stu's wearing a pair of thigh-high socks that make his long legs look longer. Murdoc thinks about what it would be like for Stu to wrap those legs around his waist.

The shot is amateurish, which is to say it remains stagnant throughout the whole video. It's about 20 minutes or so; Murdoc skips around to see how long it takes Stu to finally fit the toy from the thumbnail into himself.

He finally fucking sits on it around the halfway mark. Murdoc's only been at it for a short while, but he feels like he could cum the second Stu's got it all in. *He's really bloody good at that and the sounds he makes are just stunning.*

He's so thin that there's a little bulge on his lithe stomach where the toy is ramming into him. So cute.

Stuart's chewing his lip between charmingly fucked up teeth as he stares directly into the camera. He's not too shy about moaning, but Murdoc wishes he would say something right then.

He could use some direction.

Not that it matters for Murdoc, because in that moment he cums all over his own stomach, groaning at the sight of Stu.

"Sh-shit…" He heaves, watching on.

Stuart's got him hard again after a few short minutes of fucking himself on the massive toy, but Murdoc's curiosity leads him to click off of the video and scroll the rest of his account.

His views are abysmal. The video Murdoc originally found is his most popular one. Stu's got a lot of tricks up his sleeve from the looks of it, but he doesn't get the recognition he *could* be getting for a plethora of reasons.

For one, what a dumb username. There's a reason why porn stars give themselves ridiculous aliases all the time. There's nothing memorable about Stu's account on that front.

Another thing is his editing, or lack thereof. Murdoc found himself wishing to be shown more angles of Stu's body. His presentation could be better too, honestly. It's obvious that he just films in his bedroom regardless of what it looks like in there.

“Why’re you working in a shitty sex shop when you could be so much more?” Murdoc mutters to himself.

In Stuart’s bio, he links to various accounts where his viewers supposedly leave him tips. He seems to take requests too; Murdoc sees a comment from someone who asked if Stu would be willing to try playing with BDSM toys.

That certainly explains a few things.

The kid’s got so much potential. His talent and his looks are undeniable. Murdoc realizes that he’s so lucky to have found *GooeyBluey78.*

He knows he can absolutely sell Stuart. He can feel it in his bones.

Murdoc licks his lips as he clicks on another video. He’s already drafting up a plan to get Stu to work for him as he enjoys another wank.

~

Murdoc manages not to wreck his bumper as he creakily pulls into the carpark for the second time that day, brakes squealing loudly as they strain to stop the vehicle. It’s dark out by now, crickets chirping and street lights buzzing overhead.

He sees Stuart sitting on the hood of his own shitty car just waiting for him, twiddling his thumbs. The lights to the shop are out, Murdoc realizes, so he checks his watch to realize he’s about 30 minutes late. Whoopsy daisy.

Stu’s catalogue of videos kept him *quite* busy. If Murdoc somehow had to leave empty handed, he’d still be happy for the lovely wank.

He slowly hefts himself out the driver's seat to greet Stu, box of BDSM shit in hand once again. He’s got to pretend to be a nicer man than he really is if he wants his plan to work.

“Stu! There you are. Sorry I’m late; did lots of running around today,” he lies. He thinks he must sound pleasant enough: Stu’s not running yet so that’s a good enough sign.

“I suppose it’s alright, um...?” Stuart trails off as he realizes he doesn’t know Murdoc’s name.

“It’s Murdoc,” He supplies. “I’d shake your hand, but- er...” He shakes the box for emphasis.

“Nice to properly meet you, Murdoc,” Stuart says, waving him off. “I was worried you wouldn’t show up-- I’m really counting on you, you know.”

“Well, I’m here now, right? So, how much have you got on you?” Murdoc sighs. He figures he may as well get straight to the point, keeping his plan hidden up his sleeve for the time being. If he fails to recruit 2D, he still needs to walk away with as much cash as possible.

“Let’s see… I saw what you’ve got in that box there, so I figure maybe 100 pounds is fair for all of it?”

“Only 100? You’re trying to scam me,” Murdoc insists. He’s sure to sound as scandalized as possible. “There’s at least 300 pounds worth of shit in here-”

“But it’s used!” Stu tries to reason.

“Sure, it’s used. But you won’t be finding sturdy, quality toys like these within a 100 mile radius now that Smiffy’s is gone. I’d say 180 pounds for all of it is a great deal- supply and demand, as they say.”

“You- I-” Stu stutters. He clearly has been given too much to think about and is wondering if Murdoc is right.

“C’mon Stuart. I’m doing you a bloody *favor* here. You try to order this shit online and they’re gonna high-ball you. Think of the *shipping fees.* ”

Poor Stuart is considering Murdoc’s words awfully hard. Doesn’t seem to realize it’s Murdoc who needs *him.*

“...'Ow much do you really 'ave to spend working this dead end job, eh?” Murdoc suggests. He wants to put the idea in Stuart’s head that his job isn’t enough. “You’re saying you can afford to buy all this shit brand new?”

“Oh-- *Fine!* ” Stuart finally concedes. Pulls out his tattered wallet and carefully counts his bills. Reluctantly he holds them out to Murdoc.

He snatches the money from Stu’s extended hand before he’s even come to terms with parting with it. Serves him right for being such a sucker.

“Make sure you *thoroughly sanitize* those,” he comments, dropping the box and kicking it towards Stu. He counts the bills deftly before stuffing them into his own wallet.

“A-alright…” Stu mumbles, unenthusiastic. He picks it up and puts in on the hood of his car.

“Look, Faceache. Seein’ as how we’ll probably never meet again… Care for a cig?”

Murdoc reaches into his shirt pocket for his case, already pulling one out for Stu. He’s trying to play up his generosity.

“Sure. Smoked my last durin’ me lunch break, so,” Stuart shrugs.

Stuart plucks a cigarette out of Murdoc’s hand, completely unaware of his ill intentions. He resumes sitting on the hood of his car as he realizes Murdoc isn’t quite finished with him.

“'Ow much d’you make working ‘ere, if you don’t mind me askin’?” Murdoc starts out casually.

“Minimum wage,” Stu sighs. “It’s tough, but I manage.”

“Oh, *I’m sure,”* he says knowingly. “You have roommates?”

“Oh, no. I live alone.”

Murdoc isn’t surprised; Stu can be a little loud in his videos. He’s delighted nonetheless by all the information Stuart is freely giving. It’s so hard not to smirk at his naivety, but if he lets his facade slip then he’s done for.

“All alone? Must be hard, innit?” Murdoc coos. He’s trying so hard to endear himself to Stu, to act like he could give a shit.

“Eh, you do what you can,” Stuart explains, shrugging once more.

Is that what he calls it?

“Any room for growth, workin’ ‘ere?”

“Ugh, definitely not,” Stu sighs. “It’s just me an’ my manager workin’. Even if he keeled over, I doubt I’d ever get his job… ‘m no good at keepin’ records,” Stuart trails off, but then a smile breaks out over his face. He looks at Murdoc directly.

“You know, I’ve noticed you’re bein’ much nicer ‘n before.”

It's the first time Murdoc's ever seen Stuart make an important observation in the few short hours that he's known him.

"We didn't get off on the right foot, did we?" Murdoc admits, smiling back as nicely as he can. It feels unnatural on his face. He's not about to actually apologize, but luckily just implying he's sorry seems to satisfy Stu.

"It's okay. You're not the first one to to come 'ere tryin' to sell used sex toys."

"I'm sure," Murdoc agrees. He might shudder at the thought if he hadn't done the same thing himself. He can only imagine how hairy it gets working in a place like this.

"Uhm, Murdoc?" Stuart asks him.

Murdoc isn't quite sure that he likes Stu's tone, but he's sure to look him in his eyes as he speaks. Stu's brow is curiously furrowed and Murdoc feels his skin crawl as he easily predicts what's coming next.

"You're uh, interested in men, right? These aren't your girlfriend's toys or somefink?"

Oh Satan, he's such a dense fucking prat.

"Eh, guess you might say I'm into a little bit of everything," Murdoc answers as evasively as possible. "There's no *girlfriend* to speak of, though. These were mine."

"S'that so?" 2D answers, thinking.

Murdoc realizes that he should be thankful for Stuart's bad taste in men. It works out in his favor, even if he really doesn't want Stuart to get the wrong idea. It'd be a nightmare if a dope like him caught feelings.

"D'you want to grab a drink? I know this little hole in the wall; lovely place. I'd like to uh… Make it up to you. For earlier today."

Murdoc doesn't sound too sure of himself because he *isn't*. He's not sure he's ever said something so nice before. Still, somehow Stu falls for it.

"Heh, I knew you weren't as bad as you seemed!" Stuart claims, excited, hopping off of his car to lean into Murdoc's space. "Definitely; let's go! I'll follow you in my car."

Murdoc could not be any luckier. He's in utter disbelief at how well this all seems to be going.

“Alright then, after me,” He says.

They get to the pub in no time. It’s really nothing special. There’s one just like it on every corner in the world, but Murdoc chooses this particular pub because he’s got no tab there.

It’s warm inside, not too crowded either.

He sits them at the bar, Stu orders a long island iced tea; must not be planning on driving home, Murdoc guesses, since he’s probably going to get all sloppy drunk. Murdoc orders two double shots of tequila to get started, fully intending to drive his old jalopy home anyways.

He downs both of them quickly when they arrive. They’re shots, no point in waiting around to enjoy them. Murdoc doesn’t really do the whole sipping thing anyways.

“ *Woo* ,” Stu cheers, watching him go. “That’s the spirit. You’re rather good at that!”

“Shit, I suppose you could say that,” Murdoc smirks. “Liver aches, but I’ll be alright.”

Stuart’s able to find humor in his alcoholism, so Murdoc chuckles with him.

“I bet it bloody does,” Stuart agrees, pleasantly sipping his drink. “So Murdoc, d’you often take boys you’ve just met to quiet little bars, or is it just me?”

Stuart’s being a cheeky little sod, but Murdoc is sort of into it. Especially since he knows what sort of person Stuart really is. Though he may not like Stuart, he did like where he envisioned this talk going.

Could take him in the back seat, I bet. I’d wager he’s loose enough for it tonight.

“Don’t worry, love, it’s only just you,” Murdoc sarcastically answers, batting his eyelashes. Stuart laughs again, seemingly charmed by this most charmless man. “Though, there is something about you, Stuart- You’ve got a unique look.”

“Oh, I know,” he admits, abashed. “Guess it’s lucky you’re not scared to look at me, eh?”

“Pfft, *scared?* My da’s much scarier lookin’ than you,” Murdoc asserts.

Stuart’s just a barrel of laughs at this point, he’s so clearly into Murdoc and truly the old man could not thank Satan enough.

“Show me a family photo sometime, yeah?” Stuart mumbles through his chuckling.

They keep chit chattering and Murdoc notes many things as their talk wears on:

One, Stu’s stool has somehow gotten terribly close to his own; they’re touching shoulders, knocking knees and acting real fucking chummy. He’s definitely done that on purpose.

Two, Stu has finished his drink, and is currently making the mistake of ordering another one. Those long island iced teas are no bloody joke. His face is terribly flushed. There’s no way he actually intends on taking himself home.

Three, he keeps licking his lips and it’s driving Murdoc up the bloody wall. He bites his lip when he laughs, too. It’s unbearable.

Murdoc sort of loses track of how long he’s been sitting there as the alcohol works to distort his sense of time. He’s watching as Stu talks, keeps glancing at his mouth and feels him doing the same in return.

He isn’t really listening, so when Stu asks him his next question Murdoc is severely lacking context. The tequila’s definitely making him all spacey.

“...But Blur’s much better n’ Oasis, right? I know the whole ‘battle of britpop’ thing was years ago by now, but I just can’t stand that arrogant prick Liam Gallagher. Insufferable sod.”

“ *Right* ,” Murdoc mindlessly agrees. What in Satan’s name is he on about? Everybody knows Blur’s better, but why bring it up all these years later?

“Sorry,” Stu apologizes. “I’m rambling, aren’t I? What d’you do, Muds? You already know what I do, so…” Stuart asks conversationally. He’s slurring quite a bit, and apparently feeling comfortable enough to go on long tangents about britpop and even nickname him.

I sure do know what you do, Stu.

Murdoc recognizes that now is his chance: He’s got Stuart in a corner, drunk and vulnerable as he is. He’d be a fool to refuse him. If this doesn’t work, Murdoc has *no idea* what he’ll do next.

“I’m a talent scout of sorts,” He lies too easily. “I know potential when I see it.”

“Oh?” Stuart tuts, sounding rather impressed.

“Oh yeah. And I’m never wrong. In fact, that’s why I invited you here, *GooeyBluey.”*

All the color drains from Stuart’s face. He stops smiling immediately, sitting up straight and staring owlishly at Murdoc as he hears his own username being told to him.

“Oh dear, you’re not some kind of creepy fuckin’ stalker, are you?” Stuart says, a little panicked.

“No, of course not! D’you not just hear me?” Murdoc hisses, leaning in. He puts one of his hands on Stuart’s tense shoulders and gives it a friendly yet predatory squeeze, but Stu remains frozen. “Like I said: *Talent scout.* I’m just trying to make you an offer, Stu, and frankly you’d be a fool to refuse me.”

All of Murdoc’s earlier convincing seems to have paid off because Stuart is seriously considering his words. It helps that he’s such a dense person.

“...An offer,” Stuart says, trying to comprehend and still a little terrified. “…An offer like what?”

It’s likely that he’s only listening to Murdoc spout his nonsense because he’s still so young. And *drunk.* Good for Murdoc. He slides his hand down from Stu’s shoulder to his back, starts rubbing between his shoulder blades reassuringly.

“It’s an offer that you simply can’t refuse. I can help you reach a wider audience-- We can increase your *production value,”* Murdoc stresses, having never said those words before in his life. “I’m in contact with agencies, see. If you get picked up, you won’t have to work at that shitty sex shop anymore.”

His lie seems so blatant to himself, he’s in awe that it seems to work on Stu.

“Hmm,” Stuart hums. He’s staring at the reflection in his glass pensively. He looks like a cat trying to calculate a difficult jump: Should he do it? Should he not? “What d’you get out of it?”

“Oh, only a small cut, you see,” Murdoc lies through his teeth. “We can talk percentages later-- Once we see how you perform, yeah?”

“Oh, Muds,” Stuart sighs, overtaken by stress. “You’ve gone and scared the shit out of me, you know.”

“Seriously consider it,” Murdoc continues, ignoring his plight, “You can’t sell yourself as well as I can, kid… Hey, how old are you anyways?”

Probably should’ve asked him that first, eh?

“I’m 19,” Stuart confesses.

“ *Shit,”* Murdoc curses, tossing an astonished look at Stu. That young? What’s that, a 12 year age difference between them?

“...Is that bad?” Stu meekly asks him.

“No, no, quite fortunate really,” Murdoc answers honestly for once. “You’re *exactly* who we’re looking for, Stu.”

Murdoc looks at Stuart, and he knows that he’s got him. *Fucking got you!* He smirks, only barely managing to hide his smile behind his next shot.

“I… Alright. ‘Ow’s this all work?”

Now that he’s got Stu wrapped around his knobby finger, Murdoc feels that he can afford to relax a little. Steer the conversation back into the more immediately satisfying direction it was going in before.

“Oh, what’s the rush Stu? We were having a swell time, weren’t we?”

Murdoc pats Stuart’s back, slipping from his used car salesman persona back into that of a hopeless flirt. He leans out of Stuart’s space, hoping to revive the atmosphere they had going for them before.

Murdoc’s so bloody lucky that Stuart is as naïve as he is.

Stu bites his lip, observing Murdoc, though he won’t be able to spot the danger no matter how long he searches. He’s much too dim.

“We were,” Stuart admits. His eyes say “ *are you gonna hurt me?”*

Not if you don’t make me, Stu.

“C’mon, loosen up, eh?” Murdoc purrs, cheerily dispositioned despite the dark thoughts racing through his mind. He’s won, after all. “I’m sorry for scaring you, love. Can you forgive me?”

Finally Stuart begins to smile again; seems to really enjoy the little nickname.

“I suppose so,” He says. “D’you wanna make it up to me, Muds?”

He places a hand on Murdoc's thigh.

~

Murdoc’s a little fuzzy on how they managed to find themselves in the backseat of his car, but there are certainly worse places he could’ve ended up. Knows that from experience, of course.

It’s hard to see in the darkness and it smells very strongly of spilt booze and cigarette ashes. There’s empty cans rattling along the floor where their feet are tangled.

He’s feeling so self-satisfied that his predictions are coming true. Stu’s so bloody easy.

They’re alone together and could give two shits about who might see them. He’s parked way in the back of the carpark so they might even get away with their tomfuckery. Not that anyone would give a shit in a shady hood like this.

Murdoc kind of hopes someone sees them so bear witness to his awe inspiring feat.

Murdoc keeps lube and a wad of condoms in the glovebox because he’s classy like that. Finds himself tearing a condom open with his teeth as Stuart claws at his own belt. He’s on his back and looking quite needy as he writhes there, wishing for Murdoc to hurry up.

“Relax, I’ve got you, *Stuey* ,” Murdoc grunts. Once he’s got his cock out he moves to roll the condom on as quickly as he can, but Stu stops him.

“W-wait, wait--” He gasps.

“What, change your mind?” Murdoc asks, dismayed.

“ *Nooo,* no, it’s your piercing,” He drunkenly explains. “Wanna feel it...”

Murdoc looks down at his own prick as if to confirm his cock piercing is still there. *Well, of course it is; my old Prince Albert.* Then he looks back up at Stu, can’t help a toothy grin from breaking out on his face.

“All you had to do was ask , Faceache . ”

Though it feels sort of cheap to waste the condom, Murdoc carelessly tosses it to the floor of the car. He should be worried about if Stu's clean; he certainly doesn't *seem* it, but Murdoc can only think about wanting to *get inside.* He's completely single minded in his desire.

Murdoc was cured of his syphilis a whole entire month ago! So for once he can sort of half-way justify tossing the rubber. Well, not really, but… Who cares?

Stu pulls his own pants down *just enough* and starts sucking on his fingers without breaking eye contact with Murdoc. Murdoc's mouth waters because, *holy hell,* his pubic hair really is blue, just like in the videos.

He watches Stu because he's completely enamored. Couldn't look away even if he wanted to.

Stu doesn't hesitate to pull his knees to his chest, exposing his pretty pink hole to Murdoc for what felt like the 100th time that day. Reaches around his thighs to shove two fingers in. His flesh yields so *easily.*

It's hard to see in the darkness of Murdoc's car, but what he can see leaves him aching with want.

"Oh, you're already stretched for me? *Dirty boy,* " Murdoc hisses. Stuart might be the most gullible man on the planet but he's still bloody sexy.

"F-from last night," Stu grits out, high-pitched "Y'know the one toy I like to use in my videos? The big one? A-ahh…"

He loses his will to explain as he fucks himself on his fingers, but Murdoc knows exactly what he's trying to say.

"Did you film that too, Stuey? Can't help yourself from showing off that pretty little ass, can you?" Murdoc groans. Slaps his right asscheek as he admires him. He's no virgin, he's a complete nympho.

"I did-- I'll 'ave to- to show you sometime… Love filming," Stuart sighs, voice cracked. "Murdoc, it's not enough…"

Say less, Stu.

He lines up his cock with Stu's ass-- And *Satan* he's still so bloody wet from what he'd done to himself last night he doesn't even need to grab the lube from out the glovebox,

he can just *spit on it* -- He presses in so easily, Murdoc could've mistaken Stu for a woman if he hadn't known any better. He's so bloody warm that Murdoc loses his breath once he's fully inside.

Stuart makes a lovely strangled cry. A high pitched falsetto that makes Murdoc's cock throb inside of him.

"C'mon, quickly," Stuart begs.

The sound of the skin slapping fills the car as he quickly bucks into Stu; the whole thing is rocking back and forth on its squeaky suspension. Murdoc folds 2D's legs back even further as he fucks him, already familiar with exactly how far he can bend.

"You take it so easy," Murdoc marvels.

"Feels so bloody good, Muds," Stuart whines. "Oh, *hell."*

Stu bites his lip in a familiar way, though it's much more stunning in high definition. His brow is pinched, as if he can't believe how good it feels.

" *Pretty thing,"* Murdoc curses. "You're so bloody *pretty,* Stu. Can't stand it."

Stuart's trying his best to thrust down onto Murdoc's cock as he fucks him, and though the position is difficult in the confined space he's doing quite well to deepen the feeling. He's well practised, seemingly a natural talent.

"Just love 'ow you say that…" Stuart breathlessly admits. His voice is so soft. Murdoc won't be able to get the sound of his cries out of his head for a long time to come.

"Better than doing it yourself?" Murdoc asks. He's so out of breath, he's sure he sounds completely mental asking Stu a question like that, but of course that doesn't stop him.

Just like every other time Murdoc has overstepped a boundary, for some strange reason Stuart seems to take it very well.

"Yeah. Yeah, it's so much better. *So much* better," Stuart babbles.

Stuart's words fuel his ego so strongly that he feels he could cum. Murdoc lacks the willpower to hold back, keeps thrusting until he gets what he wants.

"Keep talkin', Stu. Let me hear you," Murdoc mutters.

" *Murdoc, Murdoc* ," Stuart mindlessly sings.

Murdoc's watching himself pump in and out of Stuart's pink hole, listening to his harsh, breathy babble come hard and fast. Murdoc may not like Stuart but he could admire his body all day long. (Sort of already has, too.)

His milky hued skin, his cool sweat, his whiny cries. Pretty blue hairs that somehow seem to naturally occur in him and crooked, missing teeth; not to mention those eyes of his, deep like two holes in the head. His endless oddities seemed so beautiful to Murdoc right then.

He can't stop thinking about how gorgeous Stuart looks, sounds, and feels, and it's these thoughts that push him over the edge.

"H-Hail Satan!!" He moans, guttural and strained as his hips spasm. He fills Stuart up with warm cum without much warning or preamble. It takes a few long, agonizing seconds for the embarrassment to hit him.

How long was that… Five minutes, give or take? *Guess the real thing's much better than a couple of videos online...*

"M-Murdoc, you cum already?" Stuart asks, out of breath and looking quite out of it.

Mortification quickly overpowers any satisfaction that Murdoc should've been feeling, and he's so *prepared* to lash out and make a complete fool of himself, but--

Stuart reaches up and pulls Murdoc's head to his shoulder, forcing him to hide his face. He topples over as easily as anything, unable to fight it like he normally might.

"S'alright," Stuart soothes. "Don't pull out, Muds-- just stay. Please."

Naturally he doesn't want to listen, but Stu's petting his hair and it's still so warm inside of him…

Stuart reaches between their bodies to grab his own leaking prick. Murdoc feels somewhat guilty for once in his life that Stuart's got to finish himself off.

"Can you- Will you kiss me?" Stuart pleas as he jerks himself off.

Though he'd rather not, it's the least he can do for poor Stu.

"Come 'ere," Murdoc huffs.

He tilts Stu's face into his own with clawed finger tips against his jaw. Stu licks insistently at Murdoc's lips so he opens his mouth for him. He can taste some of Stu's

iced tea, savors it.

Stuart keeps hissing and sighing and moaning into their kiss as he strokes himself. He's such a fucking delight, but Murdoc can't seem to stay hard. Must be from all the earlier wanking. Cock's just plain worn out.

What you reap is what you sow, I suppose.

Even still, Stuart is overly gracious, not letting it hamper his enjoyment of this moment. He's much too forgiving.

Suddenly Stuart tears himself away from the kiss, tossing his head back as his breaths come that much quicker, and Murdoc leans in to suckle on the pale skin of his neck. He's hyper-aware of every little thing that Stuart does; wants to see him come undone live and in person.

It's every bit as wonderful as Murdoc thought it'd be. Stu's biting his lip so hard, trying to keep it together, but he doesn't succeed in trying to hold back. His voice falls out of him almost involuntarily, chest heaving and hips twitching.

He looks so bloody cute trying to fuck his own hand like that.

He gets cum all over his own shirt, but he doesn't seem to care at all. His body is twitching from the aftershocks of his orgasm and Murdoc can feel it in acute detail from still being inside of him.

He's still gasping when he finally decides to speak again.

"M-Muds…" Stuart heaves. "That was nice…"

Murdoc doesn't know what to say. It's not as though he disagrees necessarily, but… *Could've been better, surely.*

"If you're impressed by that, then wait till you see how I outperform myself next time, Faceache…" he slurs.

Murdoc finally pulls his soft cock out of Stu, hisses because it's sensitive, and marvels as his globby cum leaks out. He's not a neat man; it's not as though he's got tissues stashed in his car like some kind of yuppie mummy caregiver, so he backs up and leans down to lick Stuart clean.

It's real fucking gentlemanly.

“Oooh, *shit,”* Stuart cries. Must feel nice.

Stuart’s young. His prick remains hard and leaky, and even if Murdoc wasn’t touching him like he was, this would be the case. Murdoc finds that *quite* fetching.

“Got nothin’ to wipe you off with,” Murdoc explains.

It’s filthy and Murdoc really loves how into it Stu is. He figures he could touch the boy anywhere and he’d probably get hard.

He keeps licking long after Stuart’s all clean because it’s just too much fun. Stu keeps twitching and writhing and Murdoc feels a rush when Stuart takes his cock in hand again and lazily strokes himself in time to Murdoc’s deep licks.

“Murdoc, d’you think you’ll get hard again?” Stuart whines.

“You’re so dirty. Didn’t you just cum?” Murdoc berates him, though he’s grinning at his overwhelming willingness. “If you come back with me to mine, I’ll make sure you stay filled up, *Stuey.”*

“Yes, please.”

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

2D and Murdoc prepare for their stream by going on a shopping trip and visiting an old friend, Ace Copular

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay so basically for this AU to work, I've fucked with everyone's age. You should know that Ace is older than 2D here, he's closer to Murdoc's age. He's a character who has very little lore about him so I just did whatever I felt like with him. Also, I see that I apparently made two tragic mistakes in the previous chapter. About the weather in Crawley and about Murdoc's feelings on Blur. They're things that could EASILY be edited or fixed but tbh I like to leave my mistakes out in the open. Okay so whatever, enjoy!!

[Chapter 2]

Murdoc had gotten an unusually early start that morning. Miraculously they avoided killing themselves or anyone else in a tragic drunk driving accident last night, so that was just one small fortune of many, he guessed. He thinks Stu must've left his car at the bar, because he was in *no condition* to drive after downing two whole long island iced teas.

Those things'll fuck you up.

He remembers bits and pieces from last night. He recalls that Stu was practically all over him, and how he came too soon when they were fooling around in the back seat. He let Murdoc take him home and they had more fun until they both passed out, though the details have faded from memory.

All Murdoc knows is that the same toys that Stu had refused to buy had been inside of him just hours before. Life's funny like that.

He left Stu alone in the bedroom after he'd gotten dressed. Poor sod probably needs the rest after all he's been through.

Murdoc's standing in the living room and pacing as he speaks on the phone with his old mate, Ace Copular.

They were roommates once, used to shag every so often as well. Murdoc always felt a connection to him, even though he's just as insufferable as himself. He's really lightened up over the years and seems to be much better off. He was just a young punk when Murdoc met him. These days he's able to sustain himself just by acting, lucky bastard.

He thinks he's hot shit, always walking around in tacky vests and those huge shades he likes to buy.

From the bedroom, a garbled voice rings out. Thin walls.

"Shit, shit, shit… Where am I right now? Oh, this isn't sittin' too comfortably wiv me…" a voice moans from the bedroom.

It's Stuart's muffled mumbling that he can hear from where he's standing in the living room, so he peeks his head in to find him sitting up in bed with his head held in his hands. He looks sort of pathetic sitting there like that, wearing one of Murdoc's rattiest black v-necks.

It's got huge holes in one of the sleeves from the time he got bitten by a shitty police dog, but the great thing about black fabric is you can get as much blood as you want on it and it'll only be *faintly* visible.

Stuart looks much too tall for the shirt; Murdoc wonders if the old thing even kept him warm through the night. Not that he cares. Anything's better than the shirt he arrived in. Damn idiot splattered it in his own cum.

It's not like he can do much for Stuart at the moment, so he stops pitying him right then and there. After all, Murdoc's busy on the phone trying to secure both of their futures. His future more so than Stu's, but his inclusion in it unfortunately can't be helped.

"Right, so when are you free?" He mumbles into his phone, ducking back out before Stuart can spot him. "I need the camera as soon as possible."

"Ehh, stop by after noon sometime," Ace's tinny voice crackles over the speaker. "I slept with this lady last night n' I don't really know when she's leavin', but I figure she'll be out by then."

Ace's accent is pretty grating this early in the morning.

"Wot? S'not like you to let a bird overstay her welcome," Murdoc points out, incredulous.

“Yeah well, I got a good feeling about this one. She’s a pretty cute broad,” Ace says, defensive. “Besides, you and I ain’t as similar to you as you like to think. I got a heart!”

“ *Sure,* ” Murdoc laughs. “Actually, I suppose this suits me just fine. We’ve got some running around to do to prepare for our recording.”

“ *Which reminds me,* ” Ace starts. Murdoc rolls his eyes, knowing he’s not going to like what he hears.

“If your boy is really as dumb as you say, then how do you know he’s gonna perform? I mean, like how will he know what to say and stuff?”

“I'll coach ‘im on it. He’s not great at talking, but the way he moves--” Murdoc’s waving his hands trying to explain himself. “No one’s gonna give a damn about whatever stupid shit he says when he can ride a cock like that.”

“Hey, it’s your life, man, not mine. Just seems like a pretty big risk you’re takin’ here. Buyin' all this shit just to record a small time stream.”

Ace has a point, but Murdoc is prepared to answer.

“I’ve seen what the kid can do, both online *and* off. He’s born for this. You don’t need to worry about us or if he can *perform.”*

Murdoc realizes that he sounds overly defensive over Stuart’s skills, but in some way or another he’s already started to feel directly responsible for his image. Stu’s his ‘product.’ It’s important what other people think of him.

“Christ, alright,” Ace laughs, dismissive. “I didn’t mean to insult your little client, babe. I’m sure he’s great.”

“Really bloody great,” Murdoc huffs. “You’ll see!”

“Guess so. Look uh, I think the little lady’s just woken up, so I’ll catch you later.”

“Yeah, good luck with that,” Murdoc grumbles, rolling his eyes once again, then he hangs up.

So around noon, huh?

They hardly have any daylight to waste, so Murdoc barges back into his own bedroom to see Stu sitting on the edge of his bed clutching the sides of his head.

“Get dressed, Faceache. We’ve gotta get this show on the road,” Murdoc callously greets him.

“This your place, Murdoc?”

“Yes, congrats on figuring that out,” Murdoc sighs. “C’mon Stu, up up!”

“Point me to the baffroom, please. Can barely see and I’m gonna be sick…”

“ *Satan,* it’s right over there,” Murdoc groans, waving at it flippantly. “You’re already 19; Would’ve thought you’d be able to handle a bloody ‘angover better than this.”

2D presumably isn’t listening to him as he stumbles towards the bathroom, gagging the whole way. He nearly smacks into the doorframe on his way out.

Murdoc just sucks his teeth at the pathetic display.

Murdoc doesn’t really know what he’s doing. Should he have faith in Stu?

He’s seen enough porn in his life to know that presentation goes a long way. If Stu had a more professional setup, surely more viewers would take notice of him. Stuart could be the sort of guy they model flesh lights after if he tried hard enough!

That’s all Murdoc can think of when Stuart finally decides to come back out of the bathroom looking pale as a ghost. He’s got a couple hickeys on his neck that Murdoc cannot for the life of him remember placing there. Sweat slicks his blue hair to his forehead.

“S-sorry, Muds. I get migraines, you see… left my meds at home.”

Murdoc feels like a dick for assuming it was only a hangover that Stu had to contest with, but that certainly doesn’t stop him from being pissy about it.

“Well, have you puked enough, love? We’ve got some shopping to do.”

“Shopping...?” Stu dimly inquires.

“Of course, *shopping,”* Murdoc repeats, as if it should be easy for Stu to catch his meaning. “I’ve seen your room, Faceache. We’ve got to dress it up real nice; it’s a bloody mess in there. Probably get you some new duds while we’re out too.”

Murdoc muses about various things that they’ll need to pick up while they’re out.

"...Mmh, do people really look at all that?" Stuart asks him. His voice is much deeper and moody sounding when he's not feeling too well. He sounds blurry, as if he's still sleeping. His palms are pressed to his eyes, presumably trying to block out the light.

"Well, I looked at it didn't I? Listen, Stu-- I'd prefer if you stopped thinkin' so much and just let me take care of it. You'll hurt yourself," Murdoc mocks. He knows he's being an absolute knob, but he's never been able to stop it even once in his whole life.

They say better late than never, but I'm not so sure.

In any case, his harshness has momentarily silenced Stuart, and he feels like he can think again.

He's been desperate for money before, done plenty of awful things to collect in the past, but this most recent scheme is certainly one of his more insane stunts. Who's to say this will be worth the investment?

Because he's probably going to be spending all the money he'd made off of Stuart and then some on this and he has no idea what he's doing. Even Ace, his kindred spirit in being a crooked low-life can see the danger in what he's doing.

(Though admittedly, Ace is doing much better for himself these days.)

All of it has Murdoc feeling quite restless. He couldn't relax even if he tried because he's gambling everything he's got on Stuart. Doesn't think he could swallow enough pills to calm this kind of unrest. He's more agitated than usual.

Still, he can sense the money. Stuart's no rhinestone; he's a glittering diamond and he isn't even aware of it himself. He has no idea of his own hidden potential, completely content to not have explored how far his talents could take him. Murdoc is so sure of him. So sure that this is something he *has* to do.

It's just got to work. Murdoc doesn't have much choice. A situation as desperate as his naturally requires a creative and eccentric solution.

"Uhm, Murdoc?" Stuart calls out to him.

Murdoc breaks from his reverie and looks down at Stuart to find him sat upon his bed, dressed up in his clothes from the day before save for the scummy shirt, and fidgeting with the inside of his pants pocket nervously.

"What?"

“Well,” He starts, hesitant and unconfident. “I remember last night being quite lovely, but I just…”

Murdoc raises an eyebrow at Stu, not liking the direction Stuart seemed to be taking the conversation.

“Just what?”

“I wondered… was it just for your job?”

Murdoc feels his heart sink into the pit of his stomach. He’s only known Stuart for a short while, barely even a day, so for him to ask a question like that… *Oh, Stuey...*

His naivety knows no bounds. Murdoc’s got to nip this one in the bud as quickly as possible.

“Of course. It was purely a…” Murdoc struggles to find the right word. “Professional thing.”

“Right ...*”*

Try not to sound so disappointed, Faceache.

“Well I wonder what you thought of it. If I come off professional, I mean,” Stuart continues.

“You were alright,” he lies. *Quite breathtaking, actually, though you’ll never hear it from me.* “That was just something of a taste test. A good chef tastes his food, yeah? It’s the same shit.”

Although a good dealer never tries their supply, Murdoc can’t help himself from thinking.

“Can we do that some more, then?”

Murdoc’s not sure if he should be surprised Stu wants to have sex again. On one hand, Stu’s easy and simple in every sense of the word. And Stuart was right: last night was lovely if not a little mortifying.

But on the other hand, well… Can’t he tell how fucked up all this is? He obviously can’t, but Murdoc still finds himself feeling sort of guilty for taking advantage of someone so… Dumb.

He’s still going to take the candy from the baby, but he’s going to regret having to hear it cry.

“I ‘ave every intention of fucking you again,” Murdoc tuts. His entitlement is astounding even to himself sometimes. “No need to worry about something as silly as that.”

He purses his lips for a moment before grinning up at Murdoc.

“Alright then,” Stu says, seemingly satisfied. “I recall you said somefink about outperforming yourself next time, yeah?”

“Cheeky,” Murdoc smirks. “I’ll show you. For now, let’s get going. We’ve got to beat those earlybird shoppers.”

"Right. ‘Ave you got any painkillers?"

~

Stuart wouldn’t quit his whining on the way to the Asda so Murdoc gave him his tacky colored sunglasses and one of the pills from the bottle he’d nicked off of that woman from the other night for his migraine.

Wasn’t sure if either would really help him since the sunglasses were more for show and thus didn’t shade a damn thing from the sun, and he still wasn’t exactly certain what those pills were meant to do, but he figures Stu should be grateful he even tried.

When they pull into the carpark, Murdoc’s got to drag 2D out by the wrist. He ought to have left him in there, but it’s unusually hot out in the UK and there’s no water in the car. Not to mention the AC is busted. If he dies like a dog in the heat before they film, then everything will have been for nothing.

“Come now, Stu, you’re not gettin’ out of this.”

“I think I might die, Muds,” he chirps.

“If you die, I’ll resurrect you and then kill you again myself,” he promises.

Stuart flinches, squeals a little at the threat, but keeps his mouth shut tightly as he’s dragged into the store.

“We need some cute shit for your room. String lights and maybe some curtains. You could do with some nicer bedding too…”

Murdoc continues to muse, not caring if 2D is listening or not. They'll also need some sexy things for Stu to wear. It's sort of pedestrian to get cheap lingerie from a department store but Murdoc figures once they start profiting they'll have room to invest more.

Murdoc stops them in front of a fluorescent nail polish rack. Right, this is the sort of little detail that Murdoc excelled in paying attention to.

"Oi, pick out a color you like, Faceache. We've got to make every part of you prim and presentable for the camera, yeah?"

Murdoc's making his way to a different section of the store when Stu stops him with another silly concern.

"But-- My manager doesn't like me to paint my nails, though…"

"Fuck's sake; he's certainly not paying you enough to control you like that, is he? If he's got a bloody problem with it then I'll meet 'im in the carpark." Murdoc mutters evilly.

Stu smiles at him and laughs, though it's somewhat subdued presumably because of the raging headache he apparently has; he actually looks sort of cute, still wearing Murdoc's threadbare shirt and his cheap sunglasses. He continues to watch Stu as he bends down to inspect the nail polish rack.

"If you say so, Muds…"

He always sounds so dreamy and complacent. Dunce.

Murdoc's too-small shirt has ridden up Stu's back leaving a sliver of pale skin exposed. Murdoc wants to leave a bruise; he's like fresh untouched snow waiting to be ruined.

Stu's black eyes scan until he apparently sees something he likes, and he reaches for a turquoise vial, inspecting it briefly before showing it to Murdoc as if asking for approval.

"Oi, that's my favorite color you've got there," he smirks.

"Oh really? Then this'll do."

He stands back up and hazily trails after Murdoc as if he were his shadow, clutching the vial in his hands like a string of pearls.

It occurs to Murdoc that he's never told Stu his *master plan.* Now's a better time than ever, he supposes.

"D'you ever watch cam-girls or boys? Live streams?"

"No, not really," He admits. "I typically watch amateur clips-- like the ones I make."

"Right. Well, the truth is we need quick cash, Stu. Streamers are good at milking tips out of desperate men, you know? I'm certain you'll be quite the cash cow once we've set you up all nicely."

"So, we're going to record live, then?" Stuart bites his lip, fidgeting with his hands.

"That's right. Don't get nervous, now!" Murdoc scolds. "You'll do great. They'll eat you up."

Murdoc uncomfortably remembers his dad saying something like that to him once before cruelly kicking him into a poorly lit stage. He's got to shake his head to rid himself of the unwanted memory.

There's a bloody difference between how *Sebastian* said it, and how Murdoc is saying it now.

It's unlike Murdoc to say something so genuine; had it not been completely motivated by self-gain, maybe it would've even been a little sweet of him. Not that poor Stu can tell the difference.

"You really fink so, Muds?" He asks, tiniest of smiles creeping on.

"Of course. My intuition's never wrong."

They stroll about the store for more things to doll up Stu's room, like string lights and curtains, pretty sheets and plump pillows. Murdoc spends the most on the bedding, knowing it would do a world of good for Stu's image.

They hit the women's underwear section and get a couple of things for Stu to wear. Stu's actually quite eager to participate in this part. He seems to favor bright colors-- Not really Murdoc's thing, but he can live with it. They even pick out a makeup palette for Stu; it seems to make him happy.

Murdoc's sure Stu will look stunning in the red frilly thing he's picked out for himself, and Murdoc grabs some black pieces for him as well. Surprisingly, he's most excited to

see him wear the white piece. It's the most lingerie-like thing out of all the shit they've grabbed, and he thinks the brightness of the fabric would just look great against Stu's creamy skin.

While the "lingerie" isn't the best, the bits they've got aren't bad- just basic. It'll have to do.

The final thing they grab is lube. Can never have too much, right? They don't have the big jugs like one might see in a professionally shot porno flick, but it should do.

When they finally lug all their things to checkout, Murdoc's back and shoulders are aching and he's in a foul mood. He just wants to leave the store as quickly as possible. Maybe he should start stretching… *That'll be the day.*

"Will this be everything for you today?"

The cashier reminds him that he's standing in line and gestures at the conveyor belt, imploring Murdoc to set something on it.

"Yes," Murdoc sighs.

It's supposed to be relieving, finally getting to check out after trudging all throughout a store that he hadn't wanted to visit in the first place. But the cashier keeps tossing odd looks at the two of them, and he realizes it must look quite odd to her, all the things they were buying together as two men.

The makeup, the bucketful of lingerie, (all of it suspiciously for someone quite flat-chested,) the copious amount of lube, among other things.

Plus, it doesn't exactly help that to a layman like this bloody cashier, Stuart's beauty might translate into something more ghastly. The sunglasses are cheap and colored; you can see there's something not quite right about Stu's eyes.

Not to mention how deathly thin he is.

He *does* look sort of spooky, but it doesn't take a genius to see he's the prettiest twat in the store.

He notices how Stu's fidgeting more so than usual. It pisses Murdoc off, seeing him act so nervous.

"Why don't you watch your fuckin' eyeballs, yeah?"

The cashier starts, as if she didn't think she'd be caught.

"I-I apologize, sir."

" *Sure.* You know most people learn not to stare from their fuckin' mum, not in the middle of a bloody *department store* 'alfway through their life."

"I'm really very sorry…" She says, shrinking.

Murdoc sucks his teeth. Why should he accept her sodding apology?

Stuart places a shaky hand onto Murdoc's shoulder and they share a look. Stu's got the tiniest crooked smile on like he appreciates it, but just wants the interaction to end.

"It's alright, Muds," Stuart soothes, though he looks like he's the one who needs it more.

He can't seem to find the words to say, which frustrates him even more. Stuart's altruistic nature is really getting under his skin more than the shitty clerk at this point. He kind of wants to strangle him.

"Just *shut it,* Faceache," He hisses. His mood has soured so much that it seems to shock Stuart, who does as he's told with wide eyes. He withdraws his hand.

~

They drove in silence, this time on the way to Copular's place. He lives in a nice little flat with high ceilings and large windows. He does well for himself doing his little acting gigs.

They find him sitting casually on the front steps of his porch as they pull up into the driveway. He's got his camera, Murdoc presumes, in a nice looking travel bag, all ready to go. Murdoc takes the keys out and hops out the driver's seat, muttering for Stu to just *stay put.*

"Aye, Murdoc! Took ya long enough." Ace greets. His grin is snake-like, untrustworthy, but that's always been what Murdoc sort of liked about him. They were like two evil peas in a pod, once. They exchange a familiar handshake, loose and friendly.

"Yeah, shopping with a tosser like Stu will make a man late," Murdoc carelessly explains. He's inexplicably tired and the day's barely half over.

"Well, here," Ace holds out the bag to him. "If yer in a rush, then I won't bother keepin' ya. *You owe me one."*

“Tch-- Thanks,” Murdoc tuts, taking it from him. He puts the cigarette he’d been casually holding between his teeth as he peeks into the bag. “Have you got any contacts in the *adult film* industry?” he grumbles around the butt.

“Actually, had you asked me that ‘bout an hour ago, I’d have said ‘no,’ but you’re quite the lucky guy! The broad I hooked up with last night-- She told me she’s an adult film director.”

“No shit. S’that so?” Murdoc says, looking up with owlish eyes. His luck really *has* been extraordinary the past few hours… Surely something awful was waiting for him around the corner, but things like that never stopped Murdoc before.

“Hold on.”

Murdoc jogs back to the car on the passenger side. Stu’s got the window rolled down, watching them with that hollowed out expression of his. Murdoc wonders if he has anything rattling around in his mind.

“ Who’s your friend, Murdoc?”

“Ace Copular, he’s an old mate of mine. He’s lending us some equipment for filming.”

“Oh, how nice of ‘im,” Stuart comments. “He’s quite handsome, isn’t he?”

Ace has always gotten compliments like that since Murdoc met him. People enjoy his greasy bad boy thing. Murdoc's been doing it for longer but somehow it's never been quite as charming...

“Is he older, younger?”

“Why? You gonna fuck ‘im too?” Murdoc answers defensively. For the record, he’s younger than Murdoc but he certainly isn’t as young as Stu. Hypocritically, he thinks Ace is too old for Stu.

Stuart purses his lips at him and leans his head out of the open window a bit to look around Murdoc at Ace. They’re ogling each other and it pisses Murdoc off.

“Nice to meet ya,” Ace grins, all sharp teeth and bad intentions. “Murdoc’s told me lots about ya.”

“Good things, I ‘ope?” Stuart winks. “Are you in the industry too, Ace?”

The industry, he says! Only been in it for just a few short hours, you arrogant nymphomaniac!

Murdoc is silently fuming at Stuart as if he's not a complete hypocrite. Stuart's about *in the industry* as Murdoc is.

He's so *sure* that Ace can pick up on his sour mood too; they were close once, after all. Ace likes fucking with him, which is probably why he comes closer to the car and continues to egg Stu on.

"I ain't an *adult* actor, no, but I do act," He says, leering. "You mighta seen me."

"Are you in any horror flicks, Ace? If so, you'll have to *show me your work* sometime."

"Oh, I can show you," He teases.

For some reason that Murdoc cannot divine, he just *hates* everything about what Stu's just said. And Ace too; Ace is guilty of being a filthy slag on the best of days, but he's really getting under Murdoc's skin with this stunt. Murdoc's surprised to learn that Stu can be sort of cocky at times despite being the dullest fucking knife in the drawer and its completely infuriating.

Murdoc snaps his clawed fingers in front of Stu's face, startling him into locking eyes with him once again.

" *Stu.* There's a marker in the glovebox. Be a *good boy* and grab it for me."

He flushes a little and Murdoc grins cruelly. Serves him right. It takes him longer than Murdoc would've liked to find it and he's spilled some random papers all over the floor, but Murdoc snatches it from him soon enough. He's such a klutz.

"Write your bird's number on my arm, Copular."

"Yer jus' gonna ask me for my lady's number outright? You're such a bastard," Ace laughs.

"Like you aren't jonesing for Stuarts number, you cunt," Murdoc mutters.

Ace pulls out his phone to make sure he's got her number right and then he grabs Murdoc. He's not gentle; he shoves the sleeve of Murdoc's shirt up and grips his wrist with a heavy hand. Feels like he's trying to grind the felt nub of the marker into his skin.

He's always been rough with him. It's why they got along so well.

He even underlines it just to be a prick. He's got ugly handwriting, too. Murdoc feels sorry for whatever poor sod might've asked Ace for his autograph.

Paula Cracker (XXX) 232-3623

"There. Anything else for you, *old buddy?* " Ace sarcastically asks.

"You've done *enough*," Murdoc rolls his eyes, yanking his sleeve back down.

He looks from Ace back to Stuart, who's once again hanging out of the window to peer at Ace.

"Thanks for all your 'elp, Ace. Till we meet again," Stuart flirts. He's smiling, cutely sticking his tongue out, no doubt thinking he looks quite the charmer as he stares up at Ace.

"Save it for *recording,* you bloody whore!"

He shoves Stuart's head back in the window who yelps about biting his tongue, and then he yanks open the passenger door to toss the bag with the camera onto Stu's lap. Ace is behind him fuming not-so-quietly about the treatment of his camera.

"Hey, hey, careful with that, asshole!" he curses in his hideous accent. See? He could give a fuck about Stuart, Murdoc notes with unsubtle satisfaction.

"Yeah, careful with that, Stu. You drop it, you pay for it," Murdoc laughs cruelly. "See you later, Copular."

"Yeah yeah, fuckin' greasy prick," Ace huffs, smirking. He can't be too mad at Murdoc when he knows to expect this sort of thing from him. "Jeez…"

He plops himself into the drivers seat with an aggravated sigh and turns the keys in the ignition. Stu's watching him with tears in the corners of his eyes.

"Right. So let's go get your car and hightail it to your place. We're almost done gettin' ready."

~

As soon as they step foot into Stuart's apartment, he wobbles into the bathroom to pour a combination of different brightly colored pills into his palm. He swallows them all at once, cupping water in his hands from the sink to help him along.

Murdoc's watching him do this from where he's standing at the door, though he doesn't linger for much longer, losing interest. The shopping bags are heavy as shit and his arms are sore; he's more than eager to set them down someplace.

His body aches like some kind of geriatric retiree. He's too young to feel this damn old.

He drops everything right onto the middle of the living room floor, sighing as the tension in his shoulders immediately lessens. He's *always* so damn tense, can never seem to relax his muscles.

Well the speed addiction doesn't help much with tense muscles, he supposes.

Stu's living room is sparse, now that he takes a second to look around. He's got a cheap futon, a small flat screen, and an equally small coffee table. It's cluttered with used cups, plates, and bowls. A glance into the kitchen paints a similar picture.

"I'm going into your room, Faceache," Murdoc calls out to Stu. He grabs the bag with the string lights in it and walks through the door opposite the bathroom. It's a small place really, so Murdoc figures it must be Stu's room.

There's clothes all over the floor, an overly cluttered dresser, and an endearing amount of music posters hung up everywhere. Stu's got little in the way of furniture, but an almost endless amount of clutter.

He's a collector of little things. Trinkets and keepsakes.

It smells a bit like old pizza in there too. Yeah, Stu is about as 19 as 19 gets.

It's not as if Murdoc's any better with cleanliness, but he still has to roll his eyes. He's really going to have to help clean all this shit up, isn't he?

Why's a kid his age moved out already, anyways? Murdoc himself didn't wait long at all, but he's got his dad to thank for that. Stu's a nice kid, if not a little bit of a whore; doesn't seem like he had similar circumstances at all.

He doesn't ponder it for long, figures it isn't his business, though it does seem odd.

He walks further in to examine all the shit on the dresser. He's never really been one to respect the privacy of others.

Upon closer inspection, he sees the various pill bottles scattered about, some empty and some filled. Murdoc looks at himself in the dirty mirror and sees various notes posted

all over it in colored paper. Stu's handwriting is unstable, so he gives up on trying to read any of them. Though there is one that sticks out, and it just says "sorry."

There's also an assortment of different CDs on a rack, as well as a tiny little keyboard thing with a tube on it.

The hell's that?

Murdoc never would've guessed that Stuart cared so much for music with the way he sounds. Unless he's getting fucked, it's like nails on a chalkboard. There's even a Casio propped up against the wall next to the dresser.

He keeps on poking around, picks up a journal that was carelessly wedged in sideways between some musical textbooks, flipping through hoping to find something interesting. He's unimpressed when he realizes it's poetry.

Or were they lyrics?

Not like Murdoc has time to sit there and try to decipher Stuart's handwriting or divine meaning from his idiotic stream on consciousness. He snaps the journal shut, disappointed, and shoves it back where he found it. These books look highly technical, the more he looks.

Can Stuart really understand these books?

Oh well. It doesn't matter much, either way.

He looks at his watch-- it's a little behind, but no matter how many times Murdoc tries to fix it, it always lags behind. If this shit takes off, maybe he'll get a functioning watch.

Let's see, it's 2:30 just about. Probably got plenty of time to set everything up just in time for wanker's rush hour. Should even be able to get something to eat before they film.

Murdoc looks forward to being done as he carelessly scoops up a heap of Stu's clothes up off of the floor and carries them over to the closet, which was hanging open and already full of other shit. He doesn't let the mess intimidate him, he just shovels as much stuff from off of the floor into the closet.

Once he can clearly see the hardwood floor again, he grabs the string lights out of the shopping bag and looks around for something he can use to hang them. Stu's got packing

tape on his dresser for some reason so Murdoc tears off a piece with jagged teeth and looks for an outlet for the lights.

There's one by the window. Should make for a pretty picture if he were to hang them there, though he ought to put some near the bed too.

Stu's got a stool by the window and a half smoked pack of cigarettes sitting on the window sill. Murdoc's sure to nick one for himself, placing it behind his ear before reaching up to hang the lights.

Murdoc's struggling to reach where he wants to; he's just about to hobble onto the stool when Stuart comes up from behind him and hangs them with ease. The wanker's able to reach above the empty curtain rod as easily as anything and Murdoc's Cuban heels barely help at all.

"There," Stu breathes. He sounds better already, having taken his pills. "I'll get these for you, Muds."

Really, truly, and honestly he is a bit charmed by 2D's height and how easy it is for him to complete the simple task, by how helpful he's trying to be for Murdoc. He's a good boy, even if he is a little slow.

Hell, he might not even be as dumb as Murdoc originally thought.

Still, something in him doesn't allow the nice feeling to persist. He grows angry without knowing why for what feels like the 1000th time that day.

"Good. I don't intend to set up all this shit on my own, you know. It's *your* bloody room, after all."

"R-right…"

Murdoc almost feels sort of guilty as he watches Stu's gentle smile transform into a worried grimace. Like the feeling you get when you've kicked a small puppy.

Everybody knows that feeling, right?

"So what's your deal, anyway? Why're you out on your own?"

Murdoc's not really sure why he asks. On some level he knows that he sort of cares, but he doesn't want to admit it. He has to try to convince himself that it's just to alleviate the awkward tension that he himself had just fostered.

Stuart doesn't seem like he's very good at taking care of himself, what with the mess of his living situation, the low income job, the pill bottles everywhere.... It'd be impossible for Murdoc not to notice.

"I've no choice. Um… It's because of my parents."

"Your folks kick you out for being a sweet tart?" Murdoc abrasively asks. Murdoc's tense, like even *he* doesn't want to hear the answer.

" *No,* nothin' like that! It's 'cause they want me to go to school for musical arts, see… But I just don't 'ave it in me to go to university. 'M not cut out for it," Stuart sighs. "Can you get me another piece of tape, please?"

Murdoc does as he's asked for once, watching Stu with curiosity. He finds it easy to believe that Stuart isn't cut out for university, but something about that still bothers him.

"You clearly care about music, though," he criticizes.

"I do," Stuart affirms. "I'm really great at playing the piano…"

Huh, no shit. Murdoc's somewhat skeptical, though he doesn't think Stu's lying.

"I tried uni for a bit-- Thought I'd die. Thought I'd forget who I was. 'M not cut out for it," He repeats, shaking his head.

Murdoc knows only a handful of things about Stuart at this point. He's outwardly dim and naïve, though he's kind. He's also quite beautiful. He seems to be quite the spacey individual, forgetful and fretful. Still, sometimes his confidence shines through, like when they were at Copular's place.

And he's apparently got musical talent, but Murdoc will believe it when he hears it.

All this gathered within a short time.

Despite how little Murdoc actually knows, he thinks it's probably alright that Stuart doesn't go to uni. If Stu really feels that way, then it makes perfect sense why he's trying every other thing he can to survive. Namely sex work.

"You don't need it," Murdoc assures him. "Just wait… Everything's gonna fall into place if we do good work early on."

He typically doesn't do the positivity thing, yet somehow it came to him naturally. Maybe it's because he believes in himself, or maybe it's because he believes in Stuart.

Murdoc can't be sure.

"...I sure 'ope so, Muds," 2D says. He's hung up the lights now and levels Murdoc with a hopeful look. He's not really smiling, but he's got his lips pressed into a thin line like he wants to. "Thanks..."

"Hm. Don't get used to it," He mutters, yawning. He's tired. Wants to escape Stu's stare. After all, he may be more perceptive than he seems.

He takes a seat at the stool and looks out the window instead. It's miserable; just a bit too warm for Murdoc's liking and muggy as all hell. Nothing but grey out there. And who dressed him in this bloody long-sleeved shirt anyways?

He rolls up his sleeves and finds Ace's handwriting there. *That's right,* he'd nearly forgotten; he's got to call that elusive Paula Cracker.

"Stuart, love, be a dear and just stay quiet for me, yeah? I'm going to ring Ace's bird and see if we can't arrange for you to get on that casting couch."

"Oh really? I can do that," Stuart nods, enthused. "Good luck!"

He's already dialing her up as Stuart speaks. While the phone's still ringing, he nicks another cig from the pack on the window sill, forgetting all about the one that's already behind his ear, and figures Stu won't have the balls to say anything about it. He gestures for Stu to light it for him, which he scrambles to do in a hurry, fumbling to get his lighter out of his pocket.

"Who's this?" A deep, yet feminine voice answers abruptly.

"Ah, yes, 'ello," Murdoc replies, blowing out smoke. "Paula Cracker?"

"This is her. State your business. I'm a little busy here."

She's got a bit of a stick up her arse, eh?

"Right. I got your number from a mutual friend. You know, Ace Copular?" Murdoc explains pleasantly. "I 'eard you're in the adult film industry and was wondering if you were interested in adding a pretty boy to your no-doubt impressive roster?"

Murdoc can sound quite charming when he wants to. He's really laying it on thick for her.

“Maybe,” She says, sounding intrigued. “Have you got a name, or were you hoping I’d be able to read your mind for it?”

Murdoc clicks his tongue for dramatics.

“Oh my, where are my manners? My name is Murdoc Niccals and my client is--”

“ *Murdoc,* ” Paula huffs in disbelief. “You’ve got a lot of fuckin’ nerve askin’ me for a favor after what you did.”

Murdoc has rarely ever been so confused in his life.

“Oh um, ‘ave we met before?” He asks her, sounding vaguely sheepish. What's worse, Stu's now looking at him in concern.

“You’re damn bloody right we’ve met before! You stole my pill bottle right out of my purse the other day. I guess a piece of shit like you *would* forget; you probably do it so often it all just blurs together, eh?”

Well… This is certainly quite the shock.

Murdoc struggles not to sigh as he tries to remember meeting Paula Cracker. So she was the bird from the bar the other day... Small world.

“O-of course not,” Murdoc struggles. “‘Ow d’you even know it was me? The bar was quite crowded if I recall!”

“You know, it’s quite curious how my pills went missing not at the bar, but at your place,” She points out.

“Look, I’ve read the label and it’s not even *your name* on the damn bottle!” Murdoc counters.

His justification is weak and they both know it.

“Give me one reason not to hang up on you right now.”

She’s giving him a chance for some god forsaken reason and Murdoc thinks she must still fancy him a bit if that’s the case. There’s only one thing he can think of to offer.

"I-I can make it up to you! I can replace the damn pills *and more.* ” Murdoc frantically explains.

He can almost hear her mind racing as she considers what he's said.

"... When you say 'and more,' what exactly are you implying, Niccals?" She asks lowly.

Oh Satan, here we go again… They've already had sex before, but something about the way she's accepted that they should have another go makes him uneasy . It's not even that he doesn't want to shag again, it's just how *low* it makes him feel that really gets to him.

Murdoc is always finding ways to sink lower and lower it seems.

He feels so tense right then. His shoulders are drawn up to his ears, and his neck is pinched by how tight it feels. Like there's a big bloody clothespin hanging off his back.

But inexplicably he feels warm hands smooth over his shoulders: Stuart.

He starts rubbing there, digging his fingertips in right where it matters. It feels so bloody nice, Murdoc's got to really struggle not to groan into the receiver.

He fails.

"Mmh, Paula dear, whatever you want. Really, anything. "'Ow's about we chat about it over drinks?"

"You're an alcoholic," she accuses, though she's laughing at him like it's some sort of joke. She no doubt heard his little groan and took it to mean something more than what it was. "Well alright, then. I'm going to hold you to that, you know. You better keep your promise."

"I will!!" Murdoc chirps. "And catch our show tonight, Paula dear-- You'll regret missing it. "

"Will I?"

"You *absolutely* will. I'll send you the link~" Murdoc sings. He feels like such a fool.

"Alright, fine," She sighs. "Wasn't lying about being busy, though. Talk to you later, *Niccals."*

"Bye bye--" He starts to say, but the line goes dead. Murdoc looks at his phone as if it somehow gained sentience and spit on him. "That damn *bitch!!"*

“So she found out you took ‘er pills and now you’ve got to go on a date wiv ‘er?” Stuart wonders aloud. “Isn’t she datin’ that Ace bloke?”

Murdoc just wished Stuart would keep quiet and never stop rubbing his shoulders, but he supposed beggars can’t also be choosers. He let out another deep sigh as Stu pressed into a particularly sore spot.

“Guess she doesn’t see it that way,” Murdoc breathes. “I’ll… *probably* tell Ace that she’s a tart. After I do what I have to do, of course.”

“Doesn’t sound like you really want to see her, frankly,” Stuart points out. “Is she not pretty?”

“Right, well I’ll ‘ave at her again if it means an easy way onto the casting couch. I dunno if I’d call her *pretty,”* Murdoc admits as the finer details start coming back to him. “She’s got dark hair and a mean mug. She came onto me first, I recall.”

“She kind of sounds like you, Muds,” Stuart says. “Does she ‘ave your odd complexion too?”

“Wh-- *odd complexion?”* Murdoc huffs in disbelief. It’s true enough that he's got an odd complexion, sure. He's not quite green and not quite brown, just somewhere in between. Still! “Just keep rubbin’ and shut up!!”

"S-sorry!" Stu yelps. He quiets down for a brief moment, but not for long. "Uhm actually... Murdoc. I wanted to say thanks for earlier. For what you did at Asda."

Stu does indeed keep rubbing as he leans in close to Murdoc's ear. He involuntarily closes his eyes, feeling Stu's small breaths on his skin.

"I get lots of funny looks. Even from you at first, I suppose…" Stu continues to muse quietly. "Most of the time, it doesn't bother me much. But sometimes…"

He places a chaste kiss on Murdoc's neck, and though it feels quite innocent, there’s nothing innocent at all about Stuart himself. The sweet gesture sends chills down Murdoc’s back and he begins to feel aroused when Stuart doesn’t stop kissing him there.

It finally hits Murdoc that he’s spent the whole day preparing Stuart for the camera, getting him and his surroundings just right all for the purpose of watching him fuck himself. He’s right frustrated, pent up and aggravated. It’s probably why he’s been pissy all day.

He'd been so single-minded in the money making aspect of it that he only just then realized how much he wants to *have Stuart* again, how sexy and elegant he finds his body to be, even if Stuart himself is headache inducing. Much better than Paula, in any case.

For one thing, Stuart is sweet, rubbing Murdoc's shoulders without having to be asked. He's a good kid, pliant and docile. Another thing, he's nowhere near as sharp as her in any sense of the word.

He's got more feminine energy in his pinky than she does in her *entire body,* even WITH her red lips, perky tits and tight cunt. Murdoc imagines what it'll be like when Stu and Paula meet, and he pictures her walking him around on a leash like some sort of overgrown poodle.

Actually, that's sort of kinky… Better not dwell on that image for very long.

Stu's hands eventually trail from his shoulders, around his arms and onto his chest. Again, there's nothing sexual about how Stu's touching him; he's pressing skilled fingers deep into tense muscle, rubbing away stress that has likely been there for years.

Still, Murdoc's already half hard. He keeps his eyes closed, sighs when Stuart lightly licks his neck, squeezes his legs tightly together as his cock twitches. Stu's probably taken notice of the flush that's spread over Murdoc's face.

Stuart is simple, easily able to touch Murdoc as if they've always been close. It's almost a little strange.

"I don't think you're bad," Stuart whispers. Murdoc can't understand him, wonders what he's getting at.

"So what?" he questions. Right at that moment, Stuart brushes his fingertips over his nipples through his shirt, bumps his sensitive piercings, and it sends a jolt through him. He sucks in a breath, and Stuart acts like he doesn't notice.

The little tease.

"Well, I… I don't know. It's hard to gather my thoughts," Stuart quietly admits. "I like you. You're a bit of a knob, but not all bad."

Stuart laughs a little into his skin, and it feels much too sweet.

Murdoc feels so soft, like he could just melt into Stuart and forget about all the work that needs to be done. But it’s Stu's honest admission that puts Murdoc back on edge. He doesn’t know how to enjoy intimacy, so he doesn’t.

Stuart doesn’t know anything at all about him. It irks him that he’s so willing to be open, that his perception of what was actually happening between them was so off.

He silently prays for Stuart to just get a fucking clue. Murdoc wants to slap Stu for being such a gullible sod almost as much as he wants to continue taking advantage of him. *Almost.* It’s a complicated feeling that he doesn’t know how to deal with.

It’s with those frustrated thoughts that Murdoc grips Stu’s roaming hands, halting them right then and there.

“ *That’s enough,* Faceache . Save it for filmin’,” He grunts, irritable.

He stands from the stool, effectively having ruined the moment, and breaks away from Stu. He can tell that Stu is confused and at least a little hurt, but it hardly matters. He’d have to learn eventually that Murdoc is, in fact, a very *bad* man.

"We ‘aven't got all day. Let's clean this damn room."

“...Right.”

Notes for the Chapter:

thanks for reading my fic, whores. the next chapter will be even better

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

The stream finally begins

Notes for the Chapter:

hello in advance to the 1 or 2 ppl who are just reading this to make sure I've properly studied the lore, hopefully this chapter pisses you off just as much as the last two lol. Anyways, pls enjoy the wank material I've provided! Hope y'all had a pleasant holiday and stayed safe. Also, regarding the update schedule, it was previously every Friday but I'm reducing it to every other Friday. Sorry!

[Chapter 3]

“You’ll need a name, Faceache. Somethin’ cute. Ms. Paula Cracker won’t be impressed with your screen name OR your real name.”

Murdoc looks at him, directly in his eyes. He’s sitting across from him on his bed, painting his toenails. It’s not much longer until they start the stream.

It’s strangely intimate, painting someone’s toenails. Murdoc really feels like he ought not to be doing it because he’s not used to touching someone so gently, and yet if he doesn’t do it, he’s sure Stuart will muff it all up.

Though it isn’t a constant thing, Murdoc’s noticed that sometimes Stuart gets the shakes even when he isn’t nervous. It’s surely from the various meds he keeps popping, so he doesn’t care to ask him about it. He tells himself he’s only assisting Stu because it will benefit himself.

“I s’pose you’re right… But…” Stuart starts to say. “Well, I jus’ don’t know what my alias should be, Muds.”

“Faceache won't do,” Murdoc says crudely. “Nor will sunbeam, or muppet, or twat.”

Stuart grimaces as Murdoc insults him for little to no reason.

“You’re such a prick,” he pouts. “Can’t you give it some real thought?”

Murdoc rolls his eyes as he continues to paint, though Stuart is right.

The thing about Stuart is that his eyes are the first thing anyone will notice about him. Even if you notice his hair first, you'll soon forget about it once you stare into those big fucking holes of his.

"...You're 2D." Murdoc decides.

"2D?" Stuart asks.

"Short for Two Dentz-- cause of the big dents in your head, see? It's brilliant."

Stuart thinks about it for a bit, then nods. "I think I rather like that." His smile is brilliant.

Good. He better fucking like it, because it's decided.

He's trying to think about anything other than Stu as he's got the boy's feet propped in his lap, carefully trying to avoid getting too much paint on his skin. But it's hard when Stu's watching him carefully with those deep, black eyes, peeking from over his boney knees like Murdoc can't feel the weight of his stare.

He notices that his ankles are quite thin, and his calves and thighs look soft. His legs are even longer in person. His skin is unmarred save for the bruises and scratches that Murdoc himself left from fucking him in the confined space of his backseat, gripping him tightly with his claws.

His cock twitches at the memory, though he sort of hopes that Stuart's off somewhere in La La Land and won't notice.

No such luck.

"D'you... like feet, Murdoc?" Stuart asks as if he's the one who should be embarrassed, making the most pitying expression he possibly could.

Murdoc wants nothing more than to take the glass nail polish bottle and whip it right between Stuart's eyes. Somehow, Satan affords him the willpower not to do that, but only just barely.

He's right, but he shouldn't fucking say it!

"Put it this way: You say one more fucking word and I'll show you just how much I like feet by shoving both of mine up your bloody arse."

"Sorry! Didn't mean anything by it-- honestly!"

A tense moment passes between them where Murdoc is staring Stu down, daring him to say more, but Stu breaks eye contact so he resumes his bloody painting.

He thinks it's done with, that his suffering might finally be put on hold, but Stu's obviously feeling quite daring now that his migraine's calmed down. He grinds the foot not being painted into Murdoc's clothed cock ever so slightly.

Could've been mistaken for a mere adjustment if Murdoc didn't know any better. The light friction feels good, but the distraction is unwelcome. He's about to yell at Stu, but he interrupts him.

"You like it… Don't you?" Stu says slowly. "It's okay..."

Murdoc isn't exactly soothed, but the way Stuart speaks gives him pause. He allows Stu to keep rubbing his cock through his pants as if he was actually frozen there somehow.

It's not really feet that Murdoc likes. It's Stuart. But admitting that feels wrong.

The embarrassment Murdoc's feeling actually manages to make him flush. It's unpleasant, letting a dopey kid like Stu literally step on him. Feels like he's being looked down on and it's really the shame more than anything that turns him on so ***badly*** *.*

That a dumb kid like him could manage to make him feel so small…

"I rather like that face you're makin'," Stuart admits softly.

That face?

Murdoc's face feels tight-- his brows furrow and his cheeks feel hot. He realizes that he's been biting his lip and holding his breath. He can damn near feel his frown lines deepening as he realizes how he must look to Stu.

"I'm going to kill you," Murdoc says, though it lacks any real bite. He doesn't bother resisting for a moment. It does feel good and he's been pent up all day thinking about what Stu will do on camera.

I'm going to fucking show him. I'll turn this around on him later.

With an annoyed groan Murdoc eventually grips Stu's ankle, stopping his movement. They simply don't have time to continue this.

“E-enough,” Murdoc half begs, half orders. “I can’t paint with you playing footsies, for Satan’s sake.”

“Alright,” Stuart says. He’s so full of mercy. “But, Muds… I know you want more.”

Murdoc never imagined in a million years that old Two Fucking Dentz would call him out like this. The humiliation feels so fucking good, but his mind is running at about a thousand miles a minute. He’s liable to start lashing out at the overstimulation in his mind.

Oh, I’m going to put you in your bloody place, Stuart Pot!!

“Are you sure you want to wait?” Stuart asks so sweetly, though he’s wearing a shit eating grin. He knows for the time being he’s got Murdoc literally under foot. “I can take care of it.”

Murdoc wants to bite Stu.

“There’s no time,” He grits out, suddenly angry. “Are you so cock hungry that you can’t wait for the stream, Stu?”

“...What if I say yes?” Stuart dares to ask.

“Then I’ll tell you to wait like a good boy,” Murdoc hisses, squeezing his ankle tightly. “You’ll fucking get what’s comin’ to you; No need to rush this. I’ll show you, you sodding whore.”

Stuart makes an odd sound at the word ‘whore.’ Figures a man like him would be turned on by the little ‘term of endearment.’

Murdoc tries to put it out of mind as he finally continues his careful painting. His cock is so hard and he’s angry, but he’s still got a bloody stream to prepare for.

...

The stream has begun.

And they say the hottest stars burn blue.

That’s what Murdoc is thinking as he sits behind the camera with the laptop propped open in front of him, but more important than that is 2D, who’s splayed on his bed in his plush new bedding looking quite clean and untouchable. Next to him, a big box of toys.

He’s sitting cross legged with a plushie toy annoyingly propped between his legs and he’s licking one of his sex toys like it’s an ice lolly. He’s looking into the camera with a carefree expression. Murdoc isn’t sure if it’s an act or if there really isn’t anything going through his mind.

2D’s got the cheap lingerie on and Murdoc is pleased with how he seems to be able to wear anything and look good in it. For their first recording together he chose the white set. It looks good on camera, but it's even more stunning in person. The stark white against the sickly paleness of his peaked skin. Not to mention the fading hickies on his neck.

He’s got shimmery eyeshadow on, a kind of coral pink, and Murdoc helped him clip his hair to the side. He looks like an angel. Like some kind of blue haired, black eyed god of androgyny and sexuality.

Murdoc keeps his thighs pressed together as he alternates between staring at 2D, and staring at the laptop screen. Stuart had accounts where his small following could look out for him, so they’ve plugged their stream onto those and now all that was left to do is wait, almost agonizingly so, for people to take notice.

Murdoc is feeling nervous as all hell as he stares. Viewer count: 1.

Paula is watching. Everything is riding on this. Murdoc *needs* cash.

They had a long talk of course about how 2D is meant to act on camera. He knows he has to act cheerful, excited, like he doesn’t have a pitiful headache. It takes a moment, but eventually viewers start to trickle in.

Viewers who presumably follow 2D, viewers who are just mindlessly scrolling the cam site, and of course Ms. Cracker. Murdoc angles the laptop towards 2D so he can see the chat greet him and signals for him to get started.

“Oh, ‘ello there viewers,” 2D greets lowly. “My name is 2D! Fank you all for clickin’ on my stream! I get pretty lonely see, so I’m so ‘appy I ‘ave you all to spend the night wiv~”

He ends his greeting with a wink and as cheesy as it is, Murdoc thinks 2D is a natural. He sounds… Well, *horny.*

“I’ve got lots of cute things ‘ere to play wiv…” 2D drawls, making a show out of showing off each toy to the camera. “D’you want to ‘elp me pick? Top bidder wins,” he cheers, cutely biting his tongue.

Murdoc feels a twinge of pride: He instructed 2D on how to beg for tips, and he's only just started but he's doing great.

There's a couple of freeloaders in the chat begging for 2D to choose certain toys. Murdoc has half a mind to hop in and tell them all off as he peers into the screen, but to his surprise and delight there is a bidder.

donquixote donated £5!
donquixote: show us how far you can swallow that toy u have in ur hands

Well shit, Murdoc kind of wants to see that too.

"Thanks so much for the tip, Don! You wanna see 'ow far I can take it, yeah?"

2D takes his time with the request, snogging the tip of the toy playfully for a good minute before finally taking the damn thing fully into his mouth. His pink tongue sticks out as he shallowly thrusts it into his own mouth, as if he's trying to give the toy pleasure.

Murdoc certainly appreciates the effort and a peek at the chat shows that they're enjoying it too. He crosses his legs; his pants feel so tight.

2D finally stops playing around and shows the chat that he can swallow the thing down pretty fucking far, shoving it in until a tear leaks from his eye. He lets out the cutest mewl, a sweet and suffering little sound as the balls touch his chin.

He holds the toy in place before slooowly dragging it back out. There's thick strands of saliva stuck all over it, connecting the toy to 2D's lips. He gasps a little as he stares up at the toy; it had been so deep that the poor thing couldn't breathe. Then he swallows the whole thing *again.*

As if to say, *"I just love being choked on cock!"*

Again, he's making that pitiful sound and Murdoc *grinds* his teeth. How is he meant to sit there and not feel anything? Murdoc is sitting in a mess of his own precum at this point.

2D makes eye contact with Murdoc. (He's getting better at being able to tell where the hell old Two Dentz is looking.) Dee's probably able to sense the tension that's coming off of him in waves, and Murdoc knows that the little smile he gives as he pulls the toy from the back of his throat is meant for him.

2D actually notices the next few comments before Murdoc does, giving thanks to the chat members who gave additional tips for his expertise in swallowing down cock. Murdoc swallows thickly as he's reminded to keep checking the chat.

Some of them are in there talking about how strange 2D looks. If the comments bother him, he isn't showing it. It irks Murdoc a bit, but not everyone in the chat is completely ignorant. There are more who appreciate what a good job 2D is doing and his fantastic looks.

harryizdirty donated £10!
harryizdirty: will u plz play with the anal beads??

2D holds up the beads to the camera, smiling through the light tears. "Thanks for the tip, dirty boy. You fancy the beads? Me too… You've got good taste, mate."

He waggles them cutely for everyone to see and it's almost innocent looking how giddy he seems to be.

"Let me get more comfortable then," 2D says as he slides the lingerie bottoms off. His cock flops out unceremoniously but the chat lights up in praise as more small tips trickle in. There seems to be a good handful of people watching him now.

2D looks absolutely delectable as he shows off his cock for the camera a little. It's all red and leaky, and Murdoc's loath to admit it but it's much bigger than his own. He licks his lips as he watches 2D turn around and show his ass off for the camera, hands pulling on both of his soft cheeks lewdly.

His asshole is so *pink.* Murdoc just wants to dip his tongue inside and watch 2D squirm.

The chat is echoing the same sentiment. Half of them are begging for 2D's cock in or around them and the other half want his hole. Murdoc can't blame them for their degeneracy. 2D is a diamond, desirable in almost every way.

"D'you like what you see?" 2D says, and Murdoc can't be certain if the cheeky cunt is talking to him or not. He's grinning into the camera, but he takes a peek at Murdoc every so often.

Murdoc nods slightly. *I'd fuck you up right in front of 'em if everything wasn't ridin' on this, Faceache.*

He runs a palm over the front of his crotch; he can't take it anymore. He lets out a quiet breath through his nose, the frustration and the relief mixing together for a more complicated emotion.

2D takes the bottle of lube and pours a ton of it onto his ass. It's sloppy and uncoordinated, but that's what Murdoc likes so much about it. It gets all over 2D's cheeks and dribbles down his thighs and balls. Murdoc knows that 2D is already wet inside; he prepared himself a little before they started streaming.

This is all just for show.

"Ready? 'Ere I go…" 2D says. He gets the smallest beads into himself with little effort. "So far so good~"

Murdoc notices how pretty 2D's hands are as he takes care pushing each individual bead into himself. The way they just *sink* into him with ease and he way his breath quickens with each addition.

He's got it about two thirds into himself when it finally seems to give him some trouble. He's got to wiggle a bit to get the next bead in and it leaves Murdoc biting his lip. He's sweating just watching this.

"Oh, it's gettin' tight… They're so far in..." 2D informs them.

Murdoc imagines what it must feel like inside of him right then. He gets chills.

2D cries out as he squeezes the last few beads in. His thighs are shaking a bit as he gazes into the camera.

"Now 'ere's the fun part," he huffs.

He ever so slowly pulls them back out, one by one. They make such a wet sound as they slip out of him. His flesh suctions to each bead and Murdoc remembers how soft he is, how warm.

Murdoc presses his palm to his mouth and bites as he watches 2D pull the entire string of beads out. He has to fight not to get up from his seat and use his cock to replace the beads. He struggles not to let out a peep and squeezes himself through his pants harder, toes curling.

"Would you look at that," 2D gasps. "Shouldn't we do that again?"

2D doesn't even look at the chat before trying to stuff them back into himself. He's clearly enjoying himself and the chat is better for it. Murdoc notices lots of tips and praise coming in as he takes a moment to glance at the screen.

By the time he's glanced back up from the screen, 2D's already gleefully pulling the beads back out of himself. Murdoc can guess at the pleasure he's feeling having played with beads before, but 2D makes it look like a real treat. Murdoc sucks in a harsh breath and hopes the mic can't pick up his harsh breathing.

It's 2D's mic for recording music; it's apparently pretty good, so Murdoc's feeling real pressure to stay bloody quiet.

"Oh dear, just once more, please," 2D starts begging to no one in particular. He must know that he should check the chat again, but he's being selfish. He looks like he's in love with the beads.

They get sucked into him, and then he yanks them back out. And again, and then once more.

"Oh, my god," He gasps, shivering. His cock is drooling profusely between his legs, looking quite hot and swollen. He's captivating.

"Sh-shit… I could play wiv these all day," 2D laughs. "Let's see what you all fink of that…"

2D turns himself back around and begins reading the chat again.

melancholyholly donated £12!
Melancholyholly: why don't u fuck urself with that dildo you were sucking on? It's a pretty colour

"You wanna watch me fuck myself, Holly? 'Ow dirty… Well, I can do that for you," 2D says to the camera. He sounds like such an airhead, but Murdoc knows everyone turned into the stream is loving it. Himself included.

"Mmmh, I'm still all wet from playin' wiv the beads," 2D says as he plucks the dildo from back out of his goodie box and teasingly kisses it.

He's laying on his side looking quite decadent and comfortable as he adjusts himself just right for the camera. The chat has the perfect angle of his asshole as he finally slides it into himself, and 2D sings.

He doesn't waste time carefully pushing it into himself, the pace he's set is quick and satisfying. Murdoc licks his lips as he stares at the toy. He doesn't have to imagine what it's like inside of 2D like the poor sods watching the stream with their limp cocks pathetically in hand.

He might've been piss drunk, but he remembers. That memory makes this little live show that much more frustrating to watch. He knows just how sweet this honey pot is.

And he wants it again *so bad.*

That's all he can think of as he slowly unzips his pants; don't want the mic to pick up the sound of his zipper. Murdoc pulls his cock out and deliberately strokes himself in time with 2D's own needy thrusts.

He knows that as Stu's moaning for the camera, he can't help but be distracted by Murdoc. Poor kid's hopelessly infatuated with him for some reason, and it makes Murdoc's toes curl in his boots thinking about how *willing* Stuart is. He has that pretty young thing wrapped around his ill-intentioned finger.

He struggles not to gasp as relief washes over him. Sure, he's been teased harder in his life, but this was a strange new experience for Murdoc. He can look, but he can't touch. It feels so damn good.

And he can tell 2D's trying to discreetly peek at him as he fucks himself with the toy. Deep, breathy moans pour from him; did he always sound so beautiful?

"Sh-Shit… It feels so good. I wish there was someone 'ere… Someone to 'elp me out 'ere…"

The words instantly ignite something in Murdoc, something hot and electric. His nerves are thrumming with tension, heart throbbing uncomfortably as he fights to keep quiet, fisting his cock desperately.

2D's very obviously talking to him.

And he must've picked up on how Murdoc was keeping his pace; he's torturing Murdoc now as well as himself by slowly dragging the toy in and out of himself. His cries continue to pour out of him, deep and throaty. Murdoc could listen to him all night.

"What d'you lot think? Any of you blokes think you could satisfy me? Aaah…"

Iwannaturnurdadon2001 donated £15!
Iwannaturnurdadon2001: wat kind of men do u like? am I ur type?

"M-my type? Oi, I haven't thought about it much if I'm honest," 2D moans, struggling to think past the cock in his ass. Murdoc strains to hear his answer, tense thinking about what he might say. "Short blokes-- women too, and... dark hair… Uhn-- does that sound like you?"

Maybe not, but it does sound like Murdoc.

Well, of course it does. Murdoc's really struggling not to jump 2D.

Tmrrwcumstoday donated £25!
Tmrrwcumstoday: use a bigger toy pls

"Bigger? Oooh, I can do bigger," 2D sings. He pulls the toy he was using out of himself slowly, and he seems to actually be holding his breath. The only thing Murdoc can hear is the wet sound it makes as it finally comes out.

2D's left gaping a bit, and he's such a natural: He instinctively knows to wait a moment so the chat can admire him.

"Right. 'Ere we go…"

2D actually picks up his pace, lubing up the newer, bigger toy before repositioning himself. He's switched from laying on his side to hovering over the toy on hands and feet. He keeps it in place with his feet and the position actually looks quite difficult, though 2D doesn't let his discomfort show.

He's going to ride it.

It takes him some time to fully sit on it, but once the balls finally touch his ass, the chat explodes with little tips and praise. Murdoc can't help himself from groaning a bit. 2D is a picture of pure pleasure.

He prays the chat can't hear him.

It takes a while before 2D can ride it in earnest. His pretty pink cock bobs from the swaying of his hips. Murdoc begins to imagine the ecstasy 2D is able to give himself even more. He's so bloody frustrated that it's almost painful to watch him enjoying himself so much.

It's unclear how much of it is just for the camera.

And that's really the factor that 2D has that Murdoc knows he needs: some porn stars are just going through the motions, and some of them love to get fucked. It's that simple.

"I-I think I'm gonna cum," 2D hisses.

Hillbilliestman donated £50!
Hillbilliestman: we wanna see u cum!!

Plastic-n-pink donated £30!
Plastic-n-pink: swallow your own cum, whore

The laptop continues to make generic coin slot noises as little tips pour in, but Murdoc and 2D both ignore it in favor of watching each other cum.

Murdoc cums first, letting out another tiny, breathy gasp as the warm liquid dirties his hand and shirt. He feels so lightheaded, a feeling he usually has to try much harder to chase. 2D doesn't take much longer. His orgasm looks almost painful, shooting out of him quickly. Some of it even splashes him on the chin.

Oh, and his cries are just to die for. 2D sounds as if he's about to start sobbing. His hips twitch erratically on the toy as he strokes himself through it.

" *Holy hell,"* He whines, voice cracking.

Hillbilliestman donated £20!
Hillbilliestman: swallow swallow swallow

"I didn't forget, Hillbilly man," 2D sighs.

He takes a long slender finger and scoops some of his own globby cum off of his flat tummy, then shamelessly sticks it in his mouth. Even Murdoc has to admire his sheer filthiness in that moment, watching him in awe as he slowly comes down from his orgasm.

"Mmh, better?" 2D asks.

Presumably Hillbilliestman will give his thanks in the chat, but Murdoc's honed in on the comments of those who are tipping. *They're earning quite a bit.*

Joplinspiderrr donated £15!
Joplinspiderrr: 2D, you dirty boy.. Are you alone in that room?

Murdoc actually feels his heart rate spike as the user seems to have heard him earlier, though 2D handles the question well.

“Thanks so much for the tip, Joplin, mate,” He sighs. He sounds tired. “It’s just me and you lot tonight… Though I’ve got thin walls. Wonder if the neighbors can ‘ear ‘ow well I’ve fucked meself…?”

Mistersoftys donated £20!
Mistersoftys: u were wonderful tonite.

Rejectfalseincest donated £30!
Rejectfalseincest: ill b @ the next stream!! Thx hun

“Thanks for th’ tips...” 2D struggles a little as he finally finds the energy to lift himself up off of the huge toy in his ass. It flops out of him unceremoniously, making a mess on the bed, but the chat can see just how much 2D’s abused himself for them.

He’s just laying on his back, spreading himself once more so they can get a good look. His chest is heaving so cutely.

He’s all red and sore looking. Some in the chat are sympathetic with 2D, wishing him a good night and saying thanks for the show. Others are more sadistic, wishing to see him continue on for even longer. Some even have more requests for 2D, but any fool can see that 2D is done with it for tonight.

For the first time Murdoc realizes that he has no idea how long they’ve streamed for, and checks the time to see it’s been about 45 minutes. Stuart’s stamina is truly impressive and he feels that they’ve done a great job tonight.

Viewer count: 76

Murdoc considers that quite a generous amount of viewership for a first time streamer.

“I love ‘ow generous some of you are… Though I’m gonna end the stream now, I fink. I ‘ope you lot will join me the next time I stream,” He says with a tired, yet charming wink. “Goodnight~”

Murdoc does him a favor and ends it for him. Makes sense since he’s sitting right by the laptop.

Once the feed cut off, the site showed them the grand total of their earnings…

And the *grand total* was… £653. *£653 for a little less than an hour of labor...?* Murdoc could bloody cry!

Oh, it still wasn't enough, but at the rate they were going it would surely be enough with just one more stream (of equal or greater success!) And who knows what Paula will arrange for them either! For all Murdoc knows, she could have some kind of lucrative contract hidden up her bloody sleeve or something!

His heart begins to hammer again for what feels like the millionth time that night. The *possibilities* were endless. He almost forgot about poor old Stu, who was laying in bed drifting off to dreamland.

"Oooh, Murdoc…" Stuart groans. "I wasn't countin'. 'Ow much did we earn?"

I'd be surprised if you could even count that high, Stuey.

Murdoc doesn't answer him; he figures Stu doesn't need to know quite yet, and it's not as though Murdoc's just going to give him access to the money yet anyways.

No, they just need *one more success* , one more push to get past the bloody rent barrier, and then maybe Stu can have a taste of their earnings. Murdoc considers it his fee for putting Stu on the path to becoming a star.

And speaking of fees, Murdoc still wants his piece of the pie. There's no way he can make do with just a wank after all that Stu put him through today.

"You did good, Faceache," Murdoc murmurs, crawling onto the bed with barely contained excitement. He's still got spunk on his hand and shirt, so he carelessly wipes it off best he can and then tosses his shirt to the floor.

"Really?" Stu wonders. His eyes are closed, probably savoring what little rest he can before Murdoc takes even more from him. "Th-thanks, Muds. I didn't expect to get any praise from you… Much nicer than when those people from the chat do it."

Stu looks really nice like this. He's still all red, covered in sweat and appears to be so blissful lying in those ruined sheets. For some reason, Murdoc wants to take that bliss away, replace it with something more painful.

"You want praise?" Murdoc questions. Stu deserves praise. His performance as 2D was astounding. He milked those few viewers for everything they had, and he doesn't need his old name anymore. There were even repeat donors, for Satan's sake!

“Yes,” Stu admits, breathless.

“Then let me fuck you,” Murdoc says. It’s something deep and desperate, something that his partners rarely get to hear. He wants to use 2D some more…

He might *never* get tired of using him, he thinks. He realizes that he never really intended to give up on Stu, that he knew Stu had some kind of ‘it’ factor that can get them both out of their dire circumstances.

He’s so bloody *pleased* with Stu that it shocks him a little. So rarely are his expectations exceeded like this.

“I’m so tired,” Stu whines. “But…”

He bites his lip as he continues to think about the prospect. Murdoc fucking him… He likes making Murdoc happy, he decides.

Even if Murdoc is a miserable old man.

“Go ahead. Just don’t be too rough, please… I can’t take much more…”

Stu’s voice is so deep when he’s tired. Murdoc notes it, probably doomed to have the soothing sound stuck in his head for a long time after this is over.

“Alright. Spread your legs,” Murdoc huffs, pulling his pants off.

Stuart of course does as he’s told, ever obedient. Distantly, Murdoc wonders how long that will last, but he can't ponder it for long with Stu positioned before him like this.

He lines his prick up with 2D’s loose, wet hole, and presses in as slowly as he can. His warmth, his wetness, his sweet expression... Murdoc’s not really that great at having restraint.

You know, Satan says to indulge, and all that…

He lets out a deep sigh as he finally sinks in, rejoicing in the quiet sobs that Stu lets out.

“It’s so sensitive,” Stu whines.

Don’t be too rough, he says.

How can he resist fucking 2D like he’s some lifeless ragdoll when he’s making such sweet sounds?

Murdoc doesn't wait to thrust his hips; Stu is wide open. It's loose, but it still feels so bloody good. He starts them out with a rough pace because at this point, he *knows* Stu. Knows he can take it.

He's got stamina, that kid, and resilience. Flexibility.

Murdoc thinks he must be out of his mind; Could Stu be the best he's had?

No, surely not? Right? But the more he tries to remember, the more he struggles. How many of his experiences have been good? Memorable?

Well, plenty have been memorable, but that was usually a *very bad thing* for this old Satanist.

"M-Murdoc…?" Stu asks.

He must've stopped thrusting so much as the thoughts overcame him. He'd be staring down at Stu, but only now was he really seeing him.

"Stu," Murdoc huffs, a little out of sorts.

"What's wrong?" Stu inquires more.

His hips remain completely still as he remembers the dozens of people he's slept with. People that he hates, people that he failed to connect with in some way. People that he wanted to hurt, or who wanted to hurt him too.

He is way too fucking sober for this.

Murdoc pulls out of 2D, who groans at the absence.

"W-wait," Stu mutters. He puts his hands on Murdoc's wrists. "Why're you stopping?"

Stu assumes that he must've done something wrong, and that only angers Murdoc further.

Murdoc yanks his hands out of Stu's loose grip and pins his arms above his head. He levels him with a mean stare because the predicament he's found himself in makes him angry.

How is he meant to explain this to Stu?

Murdoc can't fully understand it himself, but his trip down memory lane has left him deeply uncomfortable.

2D leans up from his pinned position and kisses Murdoc. His tongue is soft, just like the rest of him. Murdoc sloppily returns it; Stuart just feels too damn good to pretend like he doesn't want him.

There are not many others who made sure Murdoc felt good.

"Don't stop," Stuart whispers against his lips, encouraging. "Come on… It wasn't just you…"

"Wasn't just me?" Murdoc testily questions, though it sounds less harsh as he nibbles Stu's lip. He can't deal with Stu's flowery thoughts. He just needs a straightforward answer.

"It wasn't just you, Murdoc. I mean… I've wanted you all day, too," Stu steals another kiss, hoping to stir something in Murdoc. "So come on, let's shag. Weren't you finally gonna put me in my place?"

Cheeky.

He can't really resist when Stu asks him like that, so Murdoc decides to steel himself and press back into him, only this time it's like he's broke out into a fever. What he so desperately needs from Stu isn't just his own pleasure anymore, now it's also an opportunity to *forget everything.*

Murdoc never loosens his grip on Stu's wrists, nor does he treat him gently.

"Yes," Murdoc grunts. "I was. I'm going to."

"Y-yes," Stuart cries. "Do it, I want you to."

His babbling, typically a source of annoyance for Murdoc, was actually doing wonders to soothe him in that moment. Kept him grounded in the present.

"Don't stop talkin', Stu," Murdoc says thickly.

He threads his clawed hand into 2D's soft hair and pulls. *Hard.* Stuart lets out a blessed little whine, eyes screwed shut as he works his hips in time with Murdoc's. He's got great rhythm and for the time being they're perfectly in sync.

Their bodies stick together, sweat thinly coating them.

"You're so good," Stuart coos. "F-fuck me 'arder."

“What ‘appened to ‘ *be gentle,’* eh?” Murdoc taunts.

“You ‘appened,” he gasps, high pitched and needy.

Murdoc has no problem being rougher. He pulls out of Stu once more and manhandles him, forcing him to flip over. Stuart seems to be really into that, eagerly trying to bend into the exact shape Murdoc wants him.

He’s holding himself up on his palms when Murdoc pushes back into him. His claws are hooked so tightly around Stuart’s boney hips that he’s sure there’s scratches.

The leverage he gained from the new position allows him to force Stu down onto his cock as hard as he wants, and they’re both struggling to breathe at the pace he’s set.

“Ooh, my God, Murdoc,” Stuart drools. This is the kind of face Stuart makes off stream, Murdoc realizes. His *real face,* not his staged “O” face: designed for sale. For now, only he gets to see it, and he feels deep satisfaction in that. Stuart is his right now.

All mine.

He should probably unpack that sentiment later, he realizes, but he’s just going to pretend like he doesn’t care when this is all over.

It doesn’t take long before Stu’s arms give out. He collapses against the bed as Murdoc continues to thrust into him, rubbing his insides with brutal abandon.

Stu continues to groan as Murdoc uses him.

Neither of them can last at this pace, but it’s not something that needs to last.

Murdoc finally reaches around to fist Stu’s neglected cock, and he cums within the first few pumps. He likes the way Stu’s cock throbs in his hand as his orgasm is *wrenched* out of him. Murdoc can see the tears leaking from his obsidian eyes, listens closely to the full-body sobs that wrack his body. His crying makes him clench tight, and the change in pressure is what puts Murdoc over the edge.

He spills his seed inside of Stu, letting a needy moan slip out of him as he continues to use the boy to milk his own orgasm for as long as possible.

And then it’s quiet in the room. Stu’s quiet sobs and Murdoc's raspy breathing are all that remain.

He pulls out of Stuart and watches as his body just crumbles against the bed. He leans over the kid, watching his face as he sniffles.

“Oi, turn over.”

Stuart does as he’s told, and flips back onto his back, though he keeps his face turned away from Murdoc. He makes a pathetic and pitiful picture, all red and slicked with tears and sweat. Murdoc rather likes the way he cries, though.

And he’s never noticed before, but if the light catches just right, one can see the dark blood swirling in his eyes. It's stunning.

He grips Stu by the cheeks and forces him to meet his own mismatched eyes.

“Can’t fucking stand ‘ow pretty you are…” he growls, dipping his head to steal another kiss from Stuart. He remembers saying the same thing to Stuart in the backseat of his car. He hates having to repeat himself, but in this case he just can't help himself.

This time it’s Stuart who threads his fingers through Murdoc’s hair, and Murdoc swears *he* could cry from how bloody good it feels, though of course he doesn’t. He never knew how much he liked having his hair played with till Stu did it.

Murdoc enjoys every bit of Stuart's mouth. His teeth, or lack thereof, the softness of his tongue. The acidic taste; a product of his medicine.

He nibbles his lip, pulls on it just a bit too hard so he can hear Stuart whine one more time.

Stuart's lapping at Murdoc's own tongue with zeal, finally having calmed his breathing as his tears slowly dried up. They're pressed so close that they can feel each other's thumping heartbeats.

“M-Murdoc,” Stuart gasps, ripping him away for a moment. “ *This isn’t good* .”

“Why not?” He utters, sounding apprehensive and *small*.

“I-if you keep kissin’ me like this I…”

Murdoc knows what Stuart wants to say because he can feel it with both his mind and body. There’s something there between them. Something for them to explore.

But the unfortunate thing is: Murdoc doesn’t explore. He never tried, and he wasn’t about to start now at age 31. He’s always been just fine on his own, and he simply

doesn’t have the capacity to worry about anyone other than himself.

Yes, it’s always been that way.

“Don't.” he protests. "This is just for the job, so don't."

Liar .

It's *cruel* when Murdoc leans back into him, kissing him even deeper than before. Stuart lets him do it because it feels too good to stop, but it's surely costing him.

And neither one of them are sure they can afford it.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

Murdoc and Paula finally make plans to get Stu onto the Casting Couch.

[Chapter 4]

His fucking phone is ringing so loudly. How is it so loud, yet he can't find it?? Murdoc throws himself out of 2D's bed just so he can yell at whoever dared to wake him from his much needed slumber.

2D remains dead to the world. Probably still exhausted from being fucked so strenuously. Murdoc can't blame him.

He yanks his phone from his discarded pants, finding them lost somehow under 2D's bed, and answers the call without reading the caller ID. What the hell time is it, anyways??

"What!?" He screeches.

"Is that how you greet everybody, Niccals?" Paula's disappointed voice answers.

Oh, *shit*.

"Oh, it's Paula! Paula, dearest! Hello-- er--" Murdoc hastily tries to correct himself, but she cuts him off.

" *Just shut up…!"* She sighs, exasperated. "I've got to hand it to you, Niccals: that boy you've got…"

She trails off for a moment, and Murdoc feels his heart throb uncomfortably as he waits quietly, obediently for her to choose her words.

"Where'd you manage to find a boy like that?" She asks.

"Well they don't grow on trees," Murdoc drawls. He smirks a little, living for how she seems to be impressed with their stream. "I told you you'd regret it if you missed our show, yeah?"

"Thought you were blowin' smoke. Apologies."

“I’ll accept your apology if only you’ll just add my boy to your roster,” Murdoc tries to negotiate.

“One thing at a time! You still owe me a date.”

Oh bloody fucking hell...

“...Of course I do,” Murdoc says slowly. “How could I forget? Er-- When’s good for you dear? I’ve really got to get this show on the road; I’m a busy man.”

“I’m sure you are. Well, if it’s like that, I can do tonight?” She asks him, sounding hopeful as if Murdoc even has a choice.

“That’ll do. Where to?”

~

It’s with great aches and pains that Stuart wakes up to find himself all alone in his bed. His body feels like a tall, shattered mirror. Like there’s a big bruise deep within his body.

Hell, there probably is.

Where on Earth has Murdoc gone? What bloody time is it?

He wants to get out of bed, but the pain in his head and in his body keeps him still. After the night he’s had, he’ll be lucky if he’s not limping. He needs more rest, but if he doesn’t get up to take his meds soon, he might just off himself.

With that morbid motivation in mind, Stuart hoists himself up gingerly, sitting upright in bed quietly.

He needs several long moments to breathe. For a while he sits with nothing at all in his mind.

He finally puts his cold feet to the floor, padding towards the bathroom delicately. He can feel his hair sticking up in every direction. He’s greasy.

His place is so small that he knows for sure that Murdoc isn’t hiding somewhere as he makes his way to the bathroom. There’s nowhere to hide.

So he’s really left him alone here...

Stuart feels foolish. A man like Murdoc surely wouldn't stay, he knew, yet he had hoped. He can't really explain what it is about Murdoc that he enjoys so much. Frankly, Murdoc is one of the meanest, rankest personalities that Stuart's ever met through his job.

And there have been plenty of men he'd rather forget, Lord knows.

Maybe it's just how Self-assured Murdoc is that interests him. There's something attractive about how he doesn't feel like he has to be nice. Murdoc can be so much, Stuart thinks, because he's got such a commanding presence about him. He doesn't care about pleasing others.

Well, that's not completely true is it? Murdoc can give so much pleasure if he wants to. As long as he gets to have some too. He's selfish like that. That's all Stu really knows about him for sure.

So, so selfish. Stuart doesn't have to check to know Murdoc's taken all the money they made. He can log into the cam site if he wants to, but he can't verify any bank information. He's not even certain just how much they've made because Murdoc never said.

He wonders if the plan was just to use him; fuck him silly and make a chunk of change whilst doing it.

Yet he also has his selfless moments as well. Like when he yelled at the cashier at Asda for staring, or when he reassured Stu about his decision not to go to University. Why would he do those things if there was nothing in his heart?

He wonders if Murdoc would like his singing. If he's interested in music at all to begin with. He really doesn't know anything about Murdoc yet, but he wishes he knew more.

What are some of Murdoc's fears? Or his dreams?

He can only know if Murdoc tells him.

Stu's finally made it to the bathroom, and looks up to see himself in the mirror. He makes quite the blurry picture; it's hard to see past the aching in his head, but he looks like complete shite.

He opens the medicine cabinet-- it's all so bloody routine, and swallows one too many of his pills with sink water. His mouth is devastatingly dry, but he doesn't want to drink.

The nausea's hit him in full force. He thanks his lucky stars that he's off of work today; his body feels utterly broken.

He starts to peel off his clothes so he can take a shower. The bruises and scratch marks reveal themselves to him one by one, each one representing a beat or a moment when he and Murdoc were together. The warm water should help the aches some.

He sits on the toilet as he lets the water in the shower run. The water heater's shitty, and it takes a while for the water to run hot, so he waits.

Murdoc...

Surely he'll be back. Stu can make him more money, after all. He doesn't know if he likes that, yet, but he wants to see Murdoc again. He really isn't all bad, even if Murdoc himself doesn't know it.

He remembers what he saw of Murdoc's house. It was barren, leaving little to no impression about what sort of person Murdoc is. Stuart would even believe that he'd just moved into that place, that's how little he owned.

And he knows it's silly and misguided, but he can't help but wonder if maybe there's a gift he can give to Murdoc; something to fill in all that empty space. Stuart doesn't know enough about him to confidently select anything for him. Yet.

All he can do for the man at the present moment is have sex with him.

That's probably what Stuart needs from Murdoc the most: his physical attention. Stuart has always loved bathing in the attention of others, so when Murdoc tells him how pretty he is, it goes straight to his head and clouds his mind. His heartbeat quickens, blood runs warm.

He thinks about last night, the way Murdoc kissed him, and knows that there is something there. If only Murdoc would stop trying to stomp on it. Is it really so foolish to hope?

He can't help being young, naïve, optimistic and more than anything, he can't help trusting Murdoc with his tender feelings. It's out of his control.

Stu's never been a pessimist. Somehow he thinks if he keeps trying maybe something good will happen. Murdoc was jealous at Ace's flat. He wants Stu.

He steps into the shower at long last and sighs deeply as the water washes over him. When was the last time he had a good shower? It's difficult for him to recall precisely, but he knows it's been too long. This feels too good for it to have been recently.

The sweat, the dried cum and the tears all went dripping down the drain.

There's a window in the shower; nothing anyone could see anything through since it's made from dimpled glass, but the light from the sun pours in and lights up the water like crystals against his pale, bruised skin. His cuts burn as clean water dribbles over them.

The worst damage was on his hips where Murdoc had clawed him. It looks like a bloody panther got him.

Stu runs his long, thin fingers up his body, against the flow of the water, up over the scratches on his hips and his sensitive chest, deep into his hair. He closes his eyes, unable to think of anything other than that *awful* old man he met at Uncle Norm's Sex Shop.

Then all of a sudden, Stuart realizes: His medicine feels so *good.* A little too good.

An incorrect dosage can do that to a boy, he thinks, laughing a little to himself as his body grows ever lighter. Just when he was beginning to feel like he was thinking too much, the thoughts were lifted from his shoulders…

His head is still full of Murdoc, but he finds himself unable to worry about it as much as his morning drug cocktail starts to kick it. He becomes unplugged from the stress; a black slate with Murdoc's name written on it.

Murdoc…

Stu lets his hand find his prick, and again this is routine. It typically is something he does to help him get rid of pervasive thoughts; today, it only serves to exacerbate the thoughts.

Murdoc probably wouldn't be as gentle as Stu's being right then, so he tightens his grip. Stu remembers things about him like the warmth of his cruel hands and his mature scent. Cigarettes and an older man's cologne mixed with rum. It feels good as he grows increasingly faded, the drugs working to numb him.

The memories are pleasant, a strange comfort to Stu, who had no idea if he'd be better off with or without Murdoc.

It feels meaningless when he cums; it happens too quickly and leaves him feeling unsatisfied, like he needed more. It all just gets washed down the drain.

Of course, to be satisfied by Murdoc, he would need to have Murdoc *there.*

They traded phone numbers. Perhaps when Stu wakes from his drug induced daydream, he'll try and see where Murdoc's head is at.

~

Paula's been playing footsies with Murdoc the entire "date," and what's fucked up about it is that it isn't even 5PM yet. The bird's sloshed out of her bloody mind, and Murdoc wants nothing more than to join her, *but damn it all!!* The drinks at the restaurant are a sight more expensive than at your average pub and nowhere near as strong.

I'm going to fucking die sitting here.

It's like one of those restaurants your dad might take your mum to on a Thursday night. One of those "call the babysitter" type restaurants. It's nothing fucking special.

And right now, he can only afford to keep *her* well-watered. Murdoc doesn't remember the last time he went dry for this long, and it's wearing on him. Like a fuckin' exposed nerve. Hadn't had a drink since uhh, what was it, the day before yesterday? For Satan's sake, might as well join a monastery and become a proper clergyman at the rate they were going. His hand shakes ever-so-slightly as he reaches for his pathetic glass of water, wondering how much longer he has to suffer before he can run home to his beloved stash..

As agitated as he is, Murdoc's still a bloody good liar; a hustler to the core-- he forces back his seething vitriol for this dogshit situation and plays the part of the charming older gentleman. Suave, entrepreneurial, cunning. Doesn't take much to impress a woman as drunk as Paula, though. Luckily, their show last night seems to have left a good impression on her.

"Enjoying your drinks, Paula dear?" Murdoc asks sweetly, physically unable to stop the sarcasm bleeding into his tone.

"Oh, a drink on someone else's tab is a drink easily enjoyed, Niccals," she slurs happily. His eye is twitching at this point from listening to her drunken prattling.

She's dressed in a tight little top, no bra; clearly a planned decision. Murdoc takes note of how she seems to feel the *chill* in the room, though it does little for him. Normally

sex makes everything better, but he's not feeling it right then.

Strange, since typically Murdoc favors drunk whores over everyone else, and *usually* the prospect of sex improves his mood. Makes everything better. But the only "mood" he's in right now is *bored to death.*

Must be the idea of having Paula in his life for an extended period of time that's pissing him off so much. You know, usually once he shags a woman, he never has to see her miserable face again. But now he and Paula are sort of…. *colleagues.* Fuck.

Murdoc wonders if his first meeting with Paula was like this. Her heeled foot, which she's insistently been rubbing against his calf, isn't nearly as arousing as Stu's bare foot. The memory of painting Stu's toenails arouses him for the first time tonight. He squeezes his thighs a bit tighter together.

"Care to talk business, dear? I need to know how soon we can start," He complains.

His attempts to get down to business with her and forget for a moment how sexy he finds Stu to be are mostly unsuccessful, but he has to bloody try.

"Oh, you're no fun," Paula pouts, pounding back her 4th drink, much to Murdoc's chagrin. "You'd think 2D was your *boyfriend* the way you keep trying to thrust him my way." She pauses for a moment, her gaze suddenly sharp and lucid for all her drunkenness. "It's obvious you care what happens to that kid."

Boyfriend?! Don't reach for the steak knife, Niccals. It's not worth it…!

Murdoc barks out a derisive laugh at the suggestion. Why would he, Murdoc Fucking Niccals, date a simpleton like Stu? What a bad joke. *"Noncommittal"* should be his bloody middle name.

Really, the only person worse than Stuart Pot is Paula fucking Cracker.

"Our *relationship* is purely professional," he assures her through gritted teeth. "And for the record, I don't care what happens to him; I care what happens to *us.* To our *wallets."*

"Then you wouldn't mind if I shagged him?" she asks as crassly as possible. Sweet Satan, she is drunk off of her ass.

Murdoc isn't sure Stu would even know what to do with her. He feels a complicated emotion at the thought, because on one hand he knows Stu is young and definitely

inexperienced with young women. On the other hand, who cares who Stu's fucking as long as he's making money?

The thought does bother Murdoc, admittedly. But it's easy to convince himself it's because Paula simply doesn't deserve Stu.

Because it's true!

"You can shag him," Murdoc lies nonchalantly. "But I'm sure you'd prefer someone who actually knows what the hell they're doing."

"Someone like you?" She smiles. Her smile is kind of unpleasant, Murdoc thinks. She's too much like himself. She's taken one of her heels off under the table and is now rubbing her stocking covered foot against his calf.

Between his thoughts of Stu and her physical advances, he can't help but be a little turned on, even if he has an intense dislike for Paula herself.

"Why not?" Murdoc laughs, humorless. Just going through the motions. "You think a kid like Stu even knows where the clit is?"

He bullies Stu a little because he knows Paula will laugh at it, and laugh she does. Tears have pricked her eyes by the time she's done.

"Stu's his real name, then? Cute," she says after a while of hooting and hollering. "If he doesn't know, then I'll have to show him, won't I?"

"Yes, Stu is his name," Murdoc answers her, ignoring her idiotic rambling. "2D rather suits him, doesn't it?"

"It does," she admits, and it fills Murdoc with pride. Like when you've named your pet something admirable. Legends past: there was *Cortez, Pazuzu, and now 2D!*

"Yes… I have high hopes for him," She ponders, sipping her drink. A cuba libre. "A contract… for a simple scene like the casting couch it's typically somethin' like… £1000."

Murdoc's ears *perk.* "£1000, you say?"

"Yes," she hiccups. "That's acceptable, I take it."

"Yes, that is *very acceptable."*

That's rent, right there!

"Good. You'll get it in cash. 2D will need to come onto the scene ready. That means you make sure he's stretched. Don't worry about the lube, though. We got plenty. And we don't typically dress our actors, but if you want someone to do his makeup that can be arranged. Oh, and of course you'd want to have social media accounts for us to promote, but my editor will take that info…"

She continues to say things about the workplace at a rapid-fire rate, though Murdoc is noting it all with no problem. This is all he came here for today, after all.

"I don't suppose we could earn more by making 2D do something extreme, can we?" Murdoc half jokes.

"Oh, don't be daft!" Paula laughs. "We *could,* but do you really want a boy like that to get washed up in his first two or three films? You have a thoroughbred, Murdoc. Don't treat him like a bloody donkey."

She's right. 2D can be lucrative if Murdoc just does this right. There is no room for error.

"You're quite the lucky devil… Finding a boy like that."

Murdoc's actually relieved that for once she seems to be thinking about the money rather than getting into his pants, though good things never last. Not that he doesn't want her in his pants! ...Well actually, he can't be sure.

It makes him feel quite low, having to fuck her just to get his foot in the door, but really he's quite content to do it. Feeling low isn't anything new, right?.

"Incredibly lucky. Could be considered fate, if you believe in that sort of thing."

"Not really," She answers. "Did you consider it to be fate when you stole my pills?"

Murdoc frowns. "Bloody 'ell, you're still caught up on that? Come on, I told you I'd make it up to you, didn't I?"

" *I'm still waiting* ," She mutters, unamused.

Good things never last.

He was hoping he could just keep it to himself, but since Paula's gone and mentioned it, Murdoc reaches into the front of his jacket to dig out a baggie from his hidden pocket.

He tosses it at her and she catches it, scrutinizing it's contents.

"What's all this then, xanax?" She asks.

"Somethin' like that," Murdoc answers evasively as possible. The truth is that he simply couldn't remember what Stuart's pill bottle labeled them as. Was it xanax or some random painkiller? How could he be expected to remember, honestly? That was *hours* ago when he nicked these from Stu.

"Is this all you've got for me today…?"

Murdoc resists the urge to sigh; her disappointment annoys him, but he knows what she wants. Sex, of course. He'll fuck her because he has to. He tells himself he doesn't mind and it almost becomes true.

He really doesn't want to take Paula to his place again, nor does he care to visit hers. Doesn't want to have to awkwardly kick her out or vice versa. And that's really the most miserable part of casual sex, isn't it? The part that comes after?

But as it usually does, a stroke of inspiration hits Murdoc in the moment that he needs it most.

"D'you… want to go to the restroom with me?" He smirks.

"D'you fancy getting charged with public indecency?" She counters. Murdoc finds it oddly reasonable for a trashy drunk like Paula.

Still, she's clearly considering it, biting her lip and never once taking her damn foot back.

"We won't get caught; I know an old trick."

"Old trick…" She mutters. "...Show me your trick then."

"Right. Follow me and just be your *lovely self* ," Murdoc taunts. She rolls her eyes, but does as she's told.

They get up from the table together and make their way through the restaurant to the bathrooms, though before they enter, Murdoc flags down an employee.

"Excuse me?" He calls.

The friendly waitress comes over, clearly busy, but unable to ignore Murdoc as a customer.

“Yes, is everything alright?”

“Oh, quite alright. I just wanted to let you know: My wife here has had a bit too much to drink, see?” He gestures to Paula, who’s stumbling slightly with little to no grace in her sexy little heels. “So I’m going with ‘er into the bathroom to ‘elp hold back ‘er hair.”

Paula looks at him oddly as he utters the word ‘wife,’ and the employee does give them the oddest stare-- Paula looks rather young, after all. Though eventually, the worker decides to shrug it off, doing the polite thing and not asking any bloody questions.

“Oh, that’s alright, then. D’you need anything?”

“Well, I suppose you could leave a glass of ice water for ‘er at our table. It’s right over there,” He points it out for her. *“Thanks.”*

“Sure thing.”

With that, Murdoc and Paula scurry into the bathroom, and Murdoc actually takes some pleasure as the employee tells her colleagues about their fictional scenario, warning them so they’re aware that there’s absolutely *no funny business* going on in their public restroom. Just a caring husband and his over-indulgent wife.

Once they make it inside, Paula turns around and levels him with a bold stare.

“D’you use this old trick often…?”

“Once or twice,” Murdoc huffs, locking the door. “Can’t do it too often or they’ll catch on. Corporate emails will start to circulate about us serial sex addicts and well, *we can’t ‘ave that* .”

He can see that she’s sort of in awe of his audacity, and it pleases him; even Murdoc has to be impressed by his own boldness sometimes.

“...Right, well come on,” She eventually says. “We haven’t got all day.”

She practically yanks him into the stall with her. He barely manages to get the bloody door shut behind him because she’s so eager. It’s both annoying and arousing. He wants to hurry this along too, but her efforts to speed things up are sloppy and uncoordinated.

He’s unsurprised when she lifts her skirt to reveal a complete lack of knickers. It’s just her stockings.

She’s standing with her back to him, palms braced against the unfortunately greasy wall.

“Rip them,” She orders. She’s not really the type to beg, not that Murdoc minds.

He’s way ahead of her. He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his flick blade. He carefully cuts a small hole into the stockings and rips it the rest of the way with his hands. She’s ready for him; He can see how wet she is.

“Condom?” he asks.

“Of course,” She scoffs. “God only knows where you’ve been.”

Could say the same of you, Cracker.

She hands him a condom that she’d apparently kept hidden in her bra. He rips it open with his teeth and slides it on with a roll of his eyes.

He doesn’t say anything to her when he slides himself in. She’s easy, providing little to no resistance. They both grunt, but the experience is completely impersonal. It’s not like the wave of heat that covers his body when he’s with Stuart; she’s lukewarm at best.

Murdoc drapes himself over her back so he can get a good grip on her. She can barely keep herself upright, teetering around drunk and horny as can be in those bloody red pumps, so Murdoc has to just about manhandle her to keep her from wiping out on the bathroom floor. He knows she likes his rough treatment from memories of their first time, which is another reason why he’s not sure how she’d do with Stuart. He wouldn’t be this rough with her.

Of course he can’t help himself from thinking about Stuart when he’s with her; Murdoc’s only doing it for Stu. He can thrust into her, feel her little tits and smell her perfume all he wants, but it's Stu who’s stuck in his mind.

There’s nothing *blue* about her. She’s more like… *Crimson.* Green and red don’t fucking mix. At best they might compliment one another, and it takes a skill Murdoc doesn’t have to make it work.

He reaches around to rub her clit as he thrusts into her, and she certainly sounds appreciative. He thinks she’ll be easy, a girl who can just cum quickly so they can hurry up and get this over with. There’s no need to take her home if things go well here.

He pictures they're both imagining other people right then.

Murdoc can feel the scratches on his back sting as he starts to sweat, scratches that were left by Stuart. He remembers his sweet babbling, the way he clung to Murdoc as if his life had depended on it.

He'll pretend like he wasn't thinking about Stuart later, but for now he allows himself the sweet memories. Paula by herself is much too bitter.

"Come on, I'm almost there," She mutters, thrusting back onto his cock.

He doesn't say anything, deciding to just thrust harder, rub her with more intent. As he predicted, it doesn't take her long to cum; she sings out and Murdoc covers her mouth with his palm. He hopes they can't be heard from outside.

He's quite close, himself. Though Paula feels good, it's really the memory of Stu cumming on stream that pushes him over the edge.

"Sh-shit…" He growls, holding Paula tightly against his cock as he fills the condom with his warm cum. She moans appreciatively, like she's enjoying his orgasm too.

Well, maybe she isn't imagining someone else. Aside from her opinions on Stu, Paula seems to have bad taste in men. Ugh, *just look at Ace.*

He pulls out of her with a tired sigh. The high from his orgasm is just barely enough to justify this whole thing. This thing that he only half-heartedly did out of obligation. And the high wears off much too quickly.

Damn it, he wants Stu.

As he's pulling the condom off, she's ripping her stockings off the rest of the way. Guess that's what she ought to do since they're completely ruined.

"You're a nice lay," She admits, clearing her throat and straightening out her skirt. Now that Murdoc can see her face, he notes that he's made a complete mess of her. Her makeup is half melted and he hopes she keeps a comb or something in her purse.

He doesn't think the feeling is mutual, so he ignores her compliment.

"Yeah, well, let's 'urry up and pay so we can leave," He grunts. "There's no bloody smoking section in 'ere and I'm dying."

“Me too,” She complains. “Let me check the mirror first and we’ll go. *And don’t fucking say a word to Ace about this* .”

He rolls his eyes. He’s gonna have to tell that tall bastard eventually, so he doesn’t even bother pretending otherwise. Though, he wonders what kind of workplace drama that would cause...

“Paula, you’ve got the bill, right?”

No harm in asking, right?

Wrong. She’s raising her hand against him before he even has time to flinch.

WHACK!

~

The clock reads 7PM.

Stuart slept most of his day off away, which was good for his migraine, but unfortunate for his life. He probably wouldn’t be able to go back to sleep unless he took more pills. So he guessed he would have to pull an all nighter for work tomorrow, then…

Tomorrow is going to be hell.

For a few minutes, work is all Stu can think about, but then he remembers Murdoc again. He would’ve liked to have had breakfast with Murdoc this morning.

Still, even if Murdoc *was* the sort to stay for breakfast, Stu is a poor cook and would’ve struggled to do anything for him with his headache. He’s wishing for too much too soon, he knows, but he can’t help but daydream about it.

He daydreams about fucking on the counter and forgetting the food they’ve just made (and probably burned.) Or maybe even in the shower. The couch would do nicely, too. Does Murdoc like scary movies?

Stuart actually has to shake his head to free his mind of the silly thoughts. It’s unreasonable. He ought to give up.

He pulls out his phone, and to his surprise he’s got a text from Murdoc already.

I’m coming over, it ominously reads. Sent about thirty minutes ago… Stuart’s heart begins to thud loudly in his ears at the thought that Murdoc may be close by, the rush of

blood making his head ache once more. It probably won't be much longer till he arrives, depending on where he's coming from.

Who knows where he's been all day.

He climbs out of bed to unlock the door for him, and then he gets comfortable on his shitty cheap couch. He looks for the cheesiest looking horror flick he could find and tries to relax before Murdoc comes.

The truth is that Stuart is quite nervous. He of course wants to see the old man again, but they have things they need to discuss. Where is the money from the stream? How much did they even earn?

There's no time to daydream when they have this many issues between them.

Murdoc says he's a talent scout, but it sometimes seems like he doesn't know what he's doing… Sometimes it looks like he's improvising.

And… What about last night?

That kiss.

Murdoc isn't a bad person. Or at least, that's what Stuart wants to believe.

There are those times when Murdoc's unreasonably angry. It makes the times when he seems happy stand out more: like when he touched himself as Stuart made love to the camera, or when he reviewed the total amount of money Stu made while streaming.

Stuart's head is racing full of thoughts about Murdoc until the very moment he barges in without knocking.

"Baby Blue! Stuart," Murdoc slurs, uncharacteristically chipper. He doesn't wait for Stu to greet him back, he just carries on as he slams the door shut behind him.

Baby Blue? Good lord, just how drunk is he?

He's stumbling quite a bit, clutching his car keys like he's afraid to lose them. Stu regrets how much he's seen Murdoc drunk drive the past few days.

Stuart just watches, unsure of how to handle him.

Murdoc plops himself onto the couch, and he's sitting so close that Stuart can actually smell the liquor on him. Liquor, cigarette smoke, and… women's perfume?

Paula.

“Wonderful news, *Stuey.* You’ll have to free up your schedule because… You’ve got a gig! With Paula! Isn’t that wonderful?”

Stuart immediately cringes thinking of the busy work week he has coming up.

“I’ve got to work at my regular job all week, Muds, I don’t fink--”

“Don’t think!” He interrupts, leaning in close. His face is so close. Stuart’s equal parts wary and infatuated. “Listen Stu, there’s big money in this for us if we act quickly. Don’t you-- Don’t you want to make more money? Get out of this shit ‘ole?”

Stuart frowns. Yes, his apartment is a shit hole, but he resents the situation he’s in. Things wouldn’t be like this if he’d gone to school like a good boy. But things are never so simple. Murdoc’s sales tactic was actively working to sour his hopeful mood.

“Why’re you so drunk?” Stuart asks, annoyed.

“Ah, well,” Murdoc moans and groans, trying to muster his excuse as quickly as his drunk mind will allow him. “I went ‘ome before I came ‘ere. To wet my tongue a bit. Don’t really like Paula much so this was just a bit of a… *coping mechanism,* I guess you could call it. She slapped me-- It’s a rather long story, actually. Just forget it.”

Murdoc is strangely self-aware when he’s drunk, Stu notes. He has no idea what to say about that, so he moves on. It’s uncomfortable to think about, for sure.

“Well… Where’s the money from the stream?” he says, seriously. “‘Ow much did we make?”

“Awwwe, don’t you worry Stu. You’ll get your share,” Murdoc sings, overly pleasant. He’s swaying in his seat, eventually falling over onto Stu’s shoulder, a heavy hand falling suggestively onto Stu’s thigh. “I just need you to earn a little more, see. We’ll be sittin’ pretty, just you wait.”

“This isn’t somethin’ that can wait for me,” Stuart tries to explain, squirming from Murdoc’s simple touches.

“And me either!” Murdoc assures him. “It’s only until… What day is it? A couple more days, Stu. C-consider it a threshold. We’ve got to pass the threshold before our workin’ relationship to evolve. ”

“It would’ve been nice if you’d ‘ave mentioned this beforehand, you know,” Stuart pouts.

Murdoc lets out a long and dramatic sigh.

“It’s not like you to think so much,” Murdoc practically whines. “Just give it a rest. Make sure you have the day off-- I’ll get you the date and time later, and you won’t ‘ave to worry about the sodding threshold, okay?”

“I can’t just call off if you’re not going to pay me, Murdoc!”

Stuart was frankly feeling quite overwhelmed and shaky having to yell at Murdoc like that, but what other way is there to get through to a drunk man with closed ears?

The way he’s staring at Stuart puts him on edge even more so, because he can see his barely concealed anger. His clenched jaw, and outstanding frown.

“What’re you shiverin’ for? You can go to work and suffer through your miserable eight hour shift for *who knows how many pennies!* Or? You can have a nice four hour shift and make the quickest £1000 you’ve ever made.”

“Damn it, Murdoc, it doesn’t matter if I make that much if you just keep it all to your bloody self!”

The tension between them was rising. Stu can’t recall the last time he was this upset. He would just forgive Murdoc if he would yield even the slightest bit! Why must he be so difficult?

“ *For Satan’s sake,* Stu, would you just relax?” Murdoc yells back, somehow scandalized that Stuart finally realized how fucking *wrong* he is. His yelling sends shockwaves of panic throughout Stu’s body, but he tries to endure it. “Neither one of us is going to go broke, okay? Relax!”

“I want to trust you so badly. But you’ve got to admit we’ve ‘ad a horrible start!!”

Murdoc seems dismayed by the way Stuart’s voice cracks, the stress he was unable to hide. The pain from it is telegraphed on his face so clearly, even a dunce-capped idiot could see it.

“I-- I can-- I can make it up to you,” Murdoc struggles to say, sounding almost equally dismayed.

He pushes Stuart into a lying position none too gently. At this rate, Stuart would be a fool to ever expect Murdoc to just be gentle.

But what he isn't expecting more than anything is for Murdoc to kiss him. His tongue is so long it honestly feels like he's trying to choke Stu with it. It's a little gross, but maybe that's what Stu likes so much about it. It turns him on very badly.

It's with great disappointment that he pushes Murdoc away.

"St-stop it, Murdoc. You can't just kiss this away…"

Though I wish you could.

"Wanna fuck it away?" He offers, hopeful. He's got this insufferable grin on, surely thinking that Stu will accept his offer.

"No! Murdoc, *I'm sore,* " he begins to explain, but Murdoc cuts him off.

"Don't bloody misunderstand me, Stu. D'you wanna fuck me?" He asks it deadly serious, and his tone arouses Stu as much as it scares him.

All the bravado Stuart had quickly melted away. His ability to resist persuasion became dashed by half, and he was already on quite weak foundation to begin with.

"You want me to…?"

"Fuck me. Yes," Murdoc says plainly. "You're *big* , Stu… Don't you wonder what it would be like…?"

He leans in to lick a stripe up Stu's long neck, nibble on his ear lobe a bit.

"Did you miss me today?" He mutters; his voice has always had a raspy quality to it, but when he speaks in that low tone, Stuart loses track of all his thoughts at once. It *does things* to him.

"Y-yes."

"Ever wonder how I take it, *Baby Blue?* " Murdoc continues.

Yes, ever since I bought those toys off of you.

He's grinding his hard cock into the front of Stu's pajama bottoms, and they do absolutely nothing to hide the stiffy he's quickly developing.

“Murdoc…” Stuart swallows. It’s hard to speak as he continues to kiss his neck.

Hadn’t he been with Paula earlier? Stuart marvels a little at Murdoc’s sex drive. It’s not that it’s terribly impressive to Stu, it's just that he’s never met someone who could keep up with him. Not only that, but Murdoc is much older. Stu might’ve expected someone his age to have slowed down a bit.

Needless to say, it’s incredibly attractive that he’s got the experience of an older man and the sex drive of a young man.

Murdoc’s body is also something that Stu admires. Murdoc is gaunt and sinewy, easily able to pin him like he is right now. But he’s also smaller than Stu. How does Murdoc handle being pinned?

“I take it really good, Stu… Well, maybe not as good as you,” He laughs softly, right into Stuart’s skin.

“You’re drunk,” Stuart weakly protests, though he doesn’t have much will to resist Murdoc. He shamefully spreads his legs a little wider so he can feel Murdoc grind into him better.

“Didn’t stop us that first time, did it? In the back of my car? *Satan,* you were all over me.”

Stuart feels his face flush. Mostly because Murdoc seems to really enjoy the memory. He had been so damn rude at Uncle Norm’s, but he completely changed upon their second meeting. Something about it endeared him to Stu, whether Murdoc likes that or not, which is why Stu let Murdoc fuck him in the backseat of his shitty old car.

Murdoc snakes his hand up Stu’s shirt, carefully touching his stomach and ribs in a way that he never has before. He’s avoiding Stu’s nipples, and frankly the feathery light touch is driving him up the wall.

“Murdoc…” Stu tries one last time. He swallows thickly, feeling nervous about the thing he’s about to say. “... Are you doing this because of Paula?”

Are you using me again just to forget her?

Murdoc stops all his movements immediately, leaning back to take a look at Stuart’s face. He looks completely and utterly offended.

“ *Satan,* Stu! I’m not a little kid, okay? I can decide when I want to get fucked, and when I *don’t.”*

Murdoc looks angry, and maybe even a little embarrassed. Stu cups his face with his large hands, wanting to just placate him. Murdoc closes his eyes, and Stu can imagine this interaction being much more painful if Murdoc was sober.

He isn’t really sure if Murdoc is okay or not, but what he’s hearing is that Murdoc wants to end the night with him, and that’s all Stuart really wanted in the end.

“Did *you* miss *me?”* Stu carefully whispers.

“... I did,” Murdoc begrudgingly admits. “I didn’t shag ‘er cause I wanted to. That was… *business.* That was for our careers.”

Stuart had never realized that Murdoc felt like that until now. He had been honest the whole time about not really liking her, but knowing he felt like *that?* Stuart felt guilt like a steak through the heart.

“Don’t ever do something like that again,” Stuart pleads. He kisses Murdoc’s face. On the corner of his mouth, his hollow, stubbled cheek, his temple. “You shouldn’t ‘ave to do somethin’ like that…”

“S’alright, Stu; don’t worry too much. You’ll overheat… Are you gonna fuck me?”

He’s still worried about Murdoc but...

Murdoc wants something from Stu; something Stu hopelessly wants to give him.

“Sorry,” Stu mutters. He leans up and kisses Murdoc again, because *Christ,* his tongue makes him feel so much. “If that’s what you want, Muds…”

Stuart can’t really be expected to take care of Murdoc, someone who is 12 years his senior. All he can do is try to assuage him when he lashes out, which is why he’s going to do his best to make Murdoc cum. Help him forget this otherwise shitty day.

Stuart really can’t think of anything better to do for him.

It’s a little odd having to do this for someone who’s supposed to be your agent or manager, but Stuart decides that he doesn’t mind. They can figure things out more thoroughly when Murdoc sobers up.

For the time being, he's got his hands completely full with Murdoc. How did he end up being charmed by such a charmless man?

He lets his hands roam down Murdoc's sides, over his thighs and his ass. He's so much smaller than Stu; All he can think about is how nice Murdoc's legs are as he feels him up. Lithe and shapely. His hips are tight, his belly flat, and he's *just hairy enough.*

"You feel good on top of me," Stuart has to say.

"Do I, now?" Murdoc asks. "Just wait till you're inside of me; that'll knock your socks off."

Stuart sits up, and poor Murdoc is so bloody drunk that he starts to fall backwards onto the couch, but Stuart catches him. His hands feel so broad on his smaller body. Stuart kisses Murdoc's neck because he's always wanted to.

Murdoc's hips buck involuntarily at the sweet gesture. Stu cups his hand to the back of his neck, feeling the smooth hair there and the light sweat that's beginning to build.

"Why're you always so sweet?" Murdoc asks, likely without thinking. His voice is flat, and Stuart can't read him. Never could read Murdoc very well, honestly.

"I dunno," Stu says. "I just… like you."

He presses his lips to Murdoc's Adam's apple, to his pulse, and then licks a stripe up the side, feeling his tense muscle with his tongue.

"Do you know *why* you like me?" Murdoc challenges; It makes Stuart withdraw from him, pulling back to look at his blank face.

"I fink so..." Stuart mutters, unsure. Insecure.

"It's unfair," Murdoc suddenly sighs. "It's just too easy with you."

Murdoc's clinging to Stu's broad shoulders so tightly, it just makes Stu want to hold him even closer. He has no idea what Murdoc means by that; it hurts his head to think about it too much. Instead, Stuart just tries to remain in the moment with Muds.

"I… can't explain," He mumbles into Murdoc's neck. "I know you're good."

"You don't know what you know," Murdoc nonsensically warns. Again, Stuart isn't exactly sure what he means by this, so the warning goes unheeded.

The conversation starts to feel like it's going off the rails anyways when Stu slips his hands lower to feel Murdoc's ass through his jeans.

Murdoc takes the opportunity to reach between them and unbuckle his belt; it takes him a few tries, but he manages to just get it off in the end, and Stuart can't help but watch him as he unzips his trousers to expose the bulge in his underwear.

Stu's mouth actually fucking waters. They both need this tonight after having dreamed about each other all day.

"Gonna 'ave me right here on the couch, Stu?" Murdoc leers, sliding backwards so that he can pry his jeans off.

Stuart takes off his own shirt, eager to feel Murdoc's skin against his own.

"Wherever you want," he answers earnestly. "Just want *you* ."

He helps Murdoc out of his own shirt and then pushes him to lay on the couch; he's so cute laying there in nothing but his boxers, sporting a tent and just begging for it.

"J-just wait 'ere, Muds," 2D whispers.

He gets up to grab the lube from his room, and when he returns, Murdoc's still there laying on the couch with an arm over his eyes, his other hand palming the tent in his underwear. He sets the lube aside and puts his hand on top of Murdoc's as he comes back over. Murdoc peeks from under his arm as if he forgot Stuart would return.

"Took you long enough," Murdoc complains, though he's remarkably toothless about it.

"Sorry," Stuart smiles. He hooks long fingers under the waistband of Murdoc's boxers. "Ready?"

"D'you have to ask?" Murdoc smirks.

He lifts his hips so Stu can slide his boxers off. His cock is already so hard, dribbling a bit of precum onto his belly. Stuart kind of wants to lick it up…

He doesn't think much about his decision. He leans in between Murdoc's legs to lick the wet spot on his stomach, which makes Murdoc wriggle a bit. Is he ticklish?

Rudely, Murdoc takes his prick in hand and bats it against Stu's cheek impatiently.

"Come on, blue, *I'm dyin' 'ere."*

For some reason Stuart feels guilty so he stops wasting time and takes the soft tip of Murdoc's cock into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it and lewdly enjoying the taste of the precum that keeps leaking from it. It stops Murdoc's whining instantly, instead giving way to admissions of relief.

"Ough, *love your bloody mouth, Stu,"* Murdoc groans.

He's a heavy-handed man, so it doesn't surprise Stuart when Murdoc tries to grip his hair and force his cock in further. Still, he bats his claws away in a rare show of defiance, pulls off to look up at Murdoc.

Stu can see that he's about to complain again, but Stuart speaks first.

"Now 'old on, Muds… I can make this so good for you."

That shuts him up. He's actually a little shocked that Murdoc has seemed to relinquish control so quickly. He keeps his mouth closed as he awaits Stuart's next move.

He watches with heavy anticipation as Stuart coats two of his fingers in lube, and he has no choice but to toss his head back as Stu swallows him once more, this time with two long fingers skillfully pressed into him.

Stuart rather likes how he feels when he puts his head between Murdoc's legs, the way he can't help but squeeze him with his thighs as he writhes around the warmth of Stu's mouth. He makes sure to work his fingers into Murdoc as he sucks him off.

Murdoc threads his fingers through Stu's hair and grips him hard like he originally wanted to, fucking up into his mouth and thrusting down onto his fingers without a care in the world about what Stu was feeling. Not that Stu minds.

"Oooh, Stu, you're so bloody good at this," Murdoc chokes.

Murdoc's whining just encourages Stu further-- he bobs his head quicker as the tears begin to gather in his eyes, moving his fingers to the rhythm of Murdoc's hips. Murdoc's cock repeatedly touches the back of his throat, and he just loves the feeling it gives him when he loses his breath with each stroke.

As a man of little restraint, Murdoc keeps bucking up into his mouth, but Stu just loves it. He whines around the cock in his mouth because he just has to let Murdoc know he's really enjoying his time between his legs.

“So good, so good,” Murdoc slurs above him. “Where’d a kid like you learn to suck cock like that?”

From men like you.

He adds a third finger as time wears on; Murdoc isn’t loose, but he’s far from tight. It doesn’t take very long to get him open enough, though it was sure to be a tight fit no matter what considering Stuart’s size.

Stu could service Murdoc forever if he would just keep praising him, but he feels his own cock aching between his legs and it begins to drive him mad; the thought of finally fucking Murdoc lights a fire in his belly. He could show Murdoc how he *really* feels with this. Wouldn’t have to struggle to explain.

He pulls out of Murdoc’s grip, his mouth making a wet plop, and Murdoc makes the most desperate sound he’s ever heard from him.

“Stuuuu,” He groans, dragging clawed fingers over the soft tip of his cock and hissing. “Why’d you stop?” He strokes himself needily.

“D’you forget what you came ‘ere for?” Stuart whispers into his thigh. Stu slowly pulls his fingers out of Murdoc for emphasis which practically makes him sob in discontent.

“Hurry up then,” Murdoc begs. “I haven’t got all night.”

“I’ve got you,” Stuart promises, eager to not let him down.

It happens quickly; Stuart pours some lube into his palm and rubs it all over his prick. As he’s lining up with Murdoc’s hole, he thinks it looks cute how big his is compared to Murdoc. He marvels as he presses in, listening to the strangled whine Murdoc lets out-- It’s amazing how he manages to fit it inside of him, how it disappears within his warm body.

“Oh, Satan- Oh, Stu-”

“I’ve got you,” Stuart repeats, this time sounding strangled.

He knows what Murdoc wants; doesn’t need any additional queues. He pumps his hips quickly, bucking into him with wieldy force. He’s young; he can keep up this pace for a while yet.

Murdoc's a complete mess in a matter of seconds, just covered in sweat and singing for Stu. Stu takes his legs and folds them as far up as they'll go, and Murdoc isn't terribly flexible, but he bends to Stu's will surprisingly easily.

And he was right: He *does* take it good. It's a bit tight, like maybe Murdoc hasn't done this as recently as Stu has, but Stu loves that thought. He realizes he enjoys the thought that maybe this part of Murdoc was all his.

Maybe that's why Murdoc wanted this so badly.

"Come 'ere," Murdoc gasps, tugging Stuart's face close by the hair.

They kiss again. Stu has to slow the movement of his hips so as not to knock any more of their bloody teeth loose, but he doesn't mind. It feels so good to kiss Murdoc and fuck him at the same time. He feels lightheaded, like no matter how close he gets to the older man it might not ever be close enough.

They separate, but Stu keeps close to Murdoc as he resumes the brutal pace they started with. Murdoc's looking at him in awe, like he can't believe how good a dumb kid like Stu can make him feel.

Stuart feels like his orgasm is being squeezed out of him. It hits him like a ton of bricks. Murdoc's hurrying to catch up with him as he jerks himself off, using both hands to touch himself with. One fisting his cock and the other crudely tugging his balls.

Murdoc cries out as he cums, one loud cry for each spurt that pours out of him. His body twitches with each wave of pleasure.

Then, it was over.

Stu and Murdoc pant on each other with their foreheads pressed close, and Stuart realizes he's *completely and utterly fucked,* because he wants nothing more than to just say…

I love you.

He knows better than to say it aloud. Murdoc wouldn't accept it, so he swallows his feelings right then and there, but it chokes him a bit. It's not terribly easy to ignore a feeling so deep. And sure, they haven't known each other for very long, but Stuart doesn't think love is very complicated. Stuart himself is uncomplicated.

It's easy to feel when you love someone. He's always believed that.

He wonders what Murdoc is thinking as he stares into his eyes. He looks tired. His mismatched eyes were searching Stu's, and even in his drunken state it seems like Murdoc's able to read him like a book. He bites his lip from worry, hoping and praying to just be able to stay close with him, to not accidentally offend Murdoc in some way.

"Get up, Stu," Murdoc breathes.

Reluctantly, Stuart pulls back from Murdoc and drags his softened cock out of him. They both wince in discomfort. Then he pushes Stu away from him, which frankly, Stu should've expected. He hobbles his way into the bathroom and slams the door shut behind him.

He wanted to hold Murdoc for a bit longer, but he knows he can't change him. This is just how he is, right?

Stuart leans over and searches for his pants; he needs a cigarette. Once he lights one, he sinks back into the cheap futon, lounging naked and waiting for Murdoc to come back out. He hears the shower start to run and thinks about joining him in there, but his apartment is shit and he knows there's not enough room.

Not to mention, Murdoc probably doesn't want him in there with him.

Stu presses his palms to his eyes as he lets his cigarette burn between his fingers.

I'm so fucked.

It's impossible not to feel insecure in a situation like this. Stuart suddenly found himself wishing that he could take some more of his pills without having to invade Murdoc's space, but he's trapped rather pathetically on the couch. He doesn't want to deal with the thoughts.

The feeling of not being good enough.

Before he knew it, his cigarette had wasted away and Murdoc was once again tearing open the bathroom door. They made eye contact, but it was so sharp and uncomfortable that Stuart had to look away. For some reason that displeased Murdoc, so he stomped over and forced Stu to look at him by gripping his face.

"What're you mopin' for, Faceache? You look like a kitten died."

He's always so classy with his metaphors.

“I-It’s nothin’,” Stu lies. Unfortunately for him though, he’s a bad liar, and he suspects Murdoc must have an inkling as to what was wrong with him.

“...Keep your soddin’ secret then,” He mumbles, letting go of his face harshly. “Could fuckin’ care less…”

His talons are so sharp and his movements just uncoordinated enough that he left a cut on Stu’s cheek. It stung, and Stu hissed, touching the spot gingerly as he watched Murdoc turn his back to him and walk into the kitchen.

“What ‘ave you got to drink, ‘ere?”

He opens the cabinets to find most of them oddly empty. It seems to just piss him off more.

“Check the freezer; I fink there’s vodka…”

“You should keep some rum,” Murdoc mutters with entitlement. Doesn’t stop him from taking it out to drink, though.

It gives Stuart a complicated feeling; Murdoc wants Stuart to treat him to his drink of choice, which is selfish, but the implication that he would be back and that Stuart should try to accommodate him felt almost domestic. Stuart is woefully unaware of how much his thoughts expose him as a desperate kid, instead blindly choosing to have faith in Murdoc once again.

“I… I can do that for you.”

These are words he would come to say again and again for him.

5. Chapter 5

Summary for the Chapter:

It's finally filming day

Notes for the Chapter:

So many fucked up things keep happening, but I'm gonna keep writing. At this point tho, there is no longer an upload schedule. I am simply doing my best when I can. Love u.

[Chapter 5]

Murdoc hasn't seen Stuart in a few days. Of course, after the last time they fucked, something between them had changed and Murdoc simply needed time to pretend that it *wasn't there.* He left in the morning and hardly said a word to Stu about anything except for the film they were to shoot with Paula.

Date, time, preparations, etc. Murdoc has been sort of bullying Stuart into creating socials for his alias as well. They'll need places for his fans to gather.

He's just a dumb kid. Murdoc feels a little bad, but all kids gotta learn eventually that life is cruel.

That was Murdoc's experience, anyways. It's not Murdoc's fault if Stuart has to learn it from him.

Stu sometimes texts Murdoc. It's usually pointless things; sweet nothings that do fuck all to imbue Murdoc with any sense of positivity. He never did learn what to do with flowery sentiments or good will. He found 'em to be completely useless.

Stu will often send him the odd nudie pic as well, and of course those get saved--stashed for later to be appreciated and scrutinized. Murdoc doesn't mind receiving the pictures one bit, tells himself that Stuart likes being used.

Well it's bloody true, innit?

He wants nothing more than to barge in and keep having Stu over and over again, but things are happening much too quickly. Better to keep his distance for as long as

possible and just let the poor thing get over it. Murdoc's poor impulse control can only afford Stu so much time anyways; hopefully he'll get over it quickly.

It scares Murdoc almost as much as it turns him on: To find such an attractive kid-- and one so *willing* to be manipulated as well. Murdoc secretly adores Stu's trusting nature. It's addictive, using him.

And it's unfortunate, but the truth is that Murdoc benefits *so much* from letting Stu love him.

Love. An ugly word, that.

Speaking of addiction, Ace has invited him over to his place for a "treat." Murdoc didn't really want to see Ace, (not after that mediocre bathroom shag with Paula,) but these days when he bothers to invite Murdoc over, it's typically for a bloody good reason.

Murdoc's nose and throat sting with a harsh chemical pain as he inhales a fine white powder off of Ace's coffee table. It's speed, Murdoc's absolute favorite thing in the world, and it's just what the doctor ordered to get his mind off of Stuart fucking Pot.

It exhilarates him, makes his heart pound in his ears. The excited tension feels is so fucking good.

Though, *try as he might* , Murdoc can't seem to get that damned look out of his head: The look the kid gave him after they finished having sex the other day.

They had their foreheads together. Stu filled Murdoc with cum and the older man could've sworn it was the most bliss he'd experienced in a *very* long time. And *all* that lovely bliss came crashing down like a tower of glass as he searched Stuart's black eyes. He could see so much in their dark reflection, like two black mirrors revealing each fear and anxiety he'd had.

Murdoc could see himself being vulnerable and it scared the shit out of him.

Stuart is as easy to read as anything and Murdoc knew the danger of taking advantage of a dumb kid like him. He knew Stuart may start to fall, even hoped for it on some level, just to sadistically see what would happen. What he failed to anticipate was his own feelings. His own vulnerability. He lay there naked and exposed and it made him feel so *fucking ugly*.

Stuart's as dumb as a sack of rocks, though. Even as ugly as Murdoc is, both inside and out, Stuart fails each and every time to see that. He won't even so much as acknowledge it. It frustrates Murdoc to no end!

It would almost be easier if Stuart would just wake up and yell at him. Realize that this whole thing has been a ruse from the start and that Murdoc has been using him the entire time. They could have a fist fight and then carry on down different paths.

Yet Stuart never notices.

While he wished that Stuart would get a clue, there was something so easy about him that Murdoc couldn't help himself from taking advantage of.

D'you know why you like me? He'd asked Stu.

And Stuart didn't have a good answer, but Murdoc did.

You like me 'cause I forced you to.

It's unfair. Stuart really never stood a chance. Murdoc finds it painfully attractive how Stuart, poor thing, could trust him so easily. How easy it is to lie to Stu. The way Stu fucks.

Before Murdoc knew it, Stuart had become an important figure in his life and it happened more quickly than he ever could've predicted. He tried in vain to reassure himself that his connection to Stuart was one of necessity; that Stuart was a tool for turning a profit.

But there's clearly more to it than that. Murdoc used Stuart to *cope.* He had half a mind to leave Ace here and find Stuart, wherever he was, and fuck his brains out again.

"Yo, I have never *in my life* seen you look so upset with speed all over your upper lip like that. You good?" Ace says, knocking Murdoc clean out of his reverie. Satan, his accent drives Murdoc up the wall sometimes.

He'd been rambling about something or other the whole time, but Murdoc didn't catch a word of it.

"Piss off. I'm as fuckin' jolly as Saint Nick," He tuts, clearly displeased. It makes Ace suck his teeth at him.

“Cool it with the sarcasm, would ya? I was only tryin’ to be nice," Ace mumbles, throwing his hands up.

He’s leaning back on the couch, watching Murdoc do lines like a bonafide addict. Watches further still as he leans back to swipe his lip clean of the residual powder to rub it into his gums.

Fuckin’ missed the way that tingles.

“Maybe you should quit tryin’ to be so nice all the bloody time an’ ‘ave a line,” Murdoc stresses around the finger in his mouth. He starts aggressively licking his teeth as he turns to glare at Ace. He’s the opposite of a picture of health.

“You’re not especially good at the whole… *nice* thing.”

“Maybe not. But the speed is *all* you,” He smiles wryly. “Paula gave me a little somethin’ before I came.”

Murdoc remembers the random opioids he stole from Stu and wonders if she was generous enough to share those with Ace. A woman like Paula would probably have a good assortment of goodies on her, everything considered.

Which reminded Murdoc: He needed to come clean about shagging her at some point.

Shit.

“You two serious?” Murdoc asked incredulously. It really wasn’t like Ace to let a girl hang about so long, anyways. Paula’s young; she can’t be much older than Stuart.

Murdoc wondered what Ace even liked about her.

“No way. She’s a casual kind of broad,” Ace insists. “I like her n’ all-- But I think she just likes me cause I’m an actor. Think maybe she wants to get out of *adult films* one day, start directing *real movies.”*

Murdoc has immediate distaste for the implication that adult films are lesser than whatever the hell it is Ace does all day. Bastard just collects residuals from gigs long past as far as Murdoc knew. It wounds Murdoc’s ego, especially since he knows 2D could easily be more famous than Ace someday.

“So shes usin’ you?” Murdoc asks through grit teeth, only managing to thinly veil his rising anger. This is what speed does to him and his already *volatile* temper. His palms

began to sweat, damp hair sticking to his neck.

“Pfft, she’s usin’ me like a holey condom. I ain’t doin’ her no favors.”

Ace seems relaxed, in total opposition to how Murdoc feels right now. He’s leaning against the couch with his hands in the pockets of his gaudy vest and he looks like he could just sink in and melt away, but Murdoc’s muscles are tight. He’s sure he’s grinding his teeth considering the building pain from his eternally clenched jaw.

And of course there’s still Stuart somewhere in the back of his mind fanning the flames.

Does he really even care what Ace thinks of Paula? Not really. But Ace should know that what they’re about to do together, He, Stu and Paula, is going to be very important. He should fucking believe in Murdoc because this was going to finally be the thing that makes him a legend.

He tries not to take the passing remarks personally. Completely fails, of course.

“You always get like this… All tense and pissed off,” Ace chuckles, dazed. He’s unable to fully read the situation due to whatever the hell it was that Paula gave him. "Whaddya say we kiss and make up like old times?"

Ace leans in for a kiss but Murdoc turns his head, completely dissing him.

" *Piss off,* cunt."

"Christ," Ace sighs. "What's the big deal?"

Murdoc doesn't want Ace. He only thinks about 2D, and it just pisses him off more. It’s not like he gives a shit about monogamy, and there was never even a *relationship* that he had to be monogamous for. He doubts 2D would even know the word.

"Is it really so bloody shockin' t'you that I don't feel like havin' a damn shag??"

Murdoc's acting real fucking scandalized, but he knows that Ace knows him too well to buy a flimsy excuse like that. One can only hope the random opioid he's rolling off of will cloud his mind enough to get away with it.

"Frankly, yeah, babe. It *is* hard to believe. I mean, I figured you’d wanna repay the favor for the speed...”

It’s true that Murdoc sort of owes Ace for a lot of things at the moment, like the speed he was currently rolling off of and the high quality camera he borrowed. Hell, there’s

probably other small debts that Murdoc has intentionally forgotten as well. Not to mention the apology he's still got to plan for fucking Ms. Cracker.

"When you put it like that, it's rather difficult to say no," Murdoc sneers; it's even more difficult to admit he's wrong. "Even still, I'll 'ave to repay you next time."

"What, you savin' yourself for marriage or somethin'?" Ace sarcastically remarks, unaware of how cruel he's being. "Gonna ask Dee for his ring size?"

It felt like Ace had noticed there was a knife sticking out of Murdoc's back and decided to twist it further in.

Marriage...? *Marriage??* His temper boils over in a matter of seconds.

"Oh, come on! I'm not as bloody serious about that kid as you like to make me out to be!" Murdoc yells, gripping at Ace's shirt sleeve for emphasis. Ace is slow to react, gripping Murdoc's wrist tightly as the atmosphere completely changes. The tension is palpable. "He's money. *That's it!* So watch your fuckin' mouth before I show you how bloody *serious* I can be."

His attachment to 2D makes him feel so bloody pathetic. He's just a dumb kid! A complete fool. From his hideous cockney to his numerous bloody head injuries.

"Get ya damn claw offa me," Ace curses, yanking Murdoc's tight fist from his clothes with a mean glare. "Whatever, man. You should get outta here. You're being a massive fuckin' bummer."

Ace stands from the couch and looks at Murdoc expectantly.

"Suits me just fine," Murdoc huffs. "I'm gonna 'ave to see you tomorrow, you know."

Because they were filming tomorrow, and Ace and Paula are somewhat of an item now.

"All's I'm sayin' is you better have that damn attitude in check by the next time I see you."

"Oh, yeah? Go fuck yourself," Murdoc utters, making his way out. He slams the door behind him as he leaves Ace behind. Hops into his shitty jalopy and grips the wheel so tight his knuckles turn white.

The audacity!!

Isn't Ace the one who should have to endure out of place marriage jokes? The way he never ceases to talk about Paula, you'd think she was his bloody fucking soul mate!

Satan knows there is no such thing.

He wants to break something. The rage is nearly blinding, his nerves on fire with aggression. And then for the 400th time, Murdoc remembers 2D.

Dee's probably home right now since it's after hours at Uncle Norm's, he realizes in his crazed state.

He peels out of Ace's driveway and heads in the direction of 2D's place. Paula said to make sure Dee was stretched after all, and Murdoc really needed to take the edge off. Stu's as much of a bloody addiction as the damn speed at this point, but Murdoc doesn't care. He can't care right now.

He knows he doesn't need a bloody invitation. *That kid belongs to him.*

~

Murdoc can't even remember fucking Stuart yesterday, truth be told, so he figures it must've gone well. He hopes, anyways.

How bad could it have been…?

It's finally the day of filming. Stu is stretched courtesy of Murdoc, they *still* haven't talked about anything (thank Satan,) and there is a horribly awkward tension looming over everyone in the room because of Murdoc and Ace. Honestly, Stuart seemed a bit on edge on the way to the scene as well...

Some-fucking-how Paula has simply opted out of noticing.

She doesn't give a shit what's going on around her as long as she gets to film Stu, and frankly that's the level of professionalism Murdoc is expecting from a director such as herself. She *better* have her fucking head on straight if she knows what's good for her.

They're in a room in Paula's flat. She's got big windows in there so there's a ton of natural light along with the professional fixtures. She said typically they would rent a space to film in, but since they're doing a simple casting couch tape, there was no need to go the whole nine yards.

Needless to say, her phrasing on the matter offended Murdoc. He's a man who rather enjoys his theatrics, and he doesn't enjoy the implication that what they're doing here with 2D today will be routine, or overlooked. She wouldn't rise to Murdoc's level of agitation though, she merely laughed in his face.

She said she'll believe it when she sees it. He knows she's full of shit; she's fully aware that they have something special here, though he suspects a woman like Paula tends to keep her expectations low.

Well, that suits Murdoc just fine. *She'll learn.*

The casting couch is obviously black leather. It makes the whole room smell like… *cleaning supplies,* like it's recently been wiped down with disinfectant wipes. And it's horribly bright in the room. There's 3 big lamps pointed at the scene in which 2D sits.

He looks like a damn poodle sitting there with that blank look on his face. He really is quite dim: Murdoc's little show dog.

They've been sitting there doing pretty much nothing as the crew gets the setup juuuust right. It's been about an hour since they arrived, and in that time all they've done is sign some bloody consent forms.

Boring stuff really. Was just a twenty page document listing all the things Paula had planned for the scene, and whether or not 2D agrees to do all of it.

Of course he fucking agrees, He remembered cursing as Stu was signing off.

Murdoc understood the practicality of it, but detested how utterly mundane it all was. He values a little drama in his everyday life. When will they get to the part where they're living like rockstars!?

No one really tells you that it's *boring* to film porn! Most just wank and go.

Luckily they aren't setting up too much today. It's not exactly a film with a script; it's all been planned, predetermined, but it's still just a typical casting couch scene. 2D's been told to just answer the questions they ask him honestly and charismatically.

Murdoc wouldn't have believed in 2D's charisma if being a cashier at Uncle Norm's was the only thing he'd ever gotten to see him do. Luckily he followed his nose, uncovered the buried treasure that is GooeyBluey78.

He knows Stu can do it if the live stream is anything to believe in.

Murdoc finds it kind of funny… There's Paula; she's directing of course. And she brought Ace, though Murdoc has been ignoring him for obvious reasons. He's not really ready to apologize to Ace for fucking Paula yet… Or anything else for that matter. He doesn't do the sappy speech thing- Never has. Murdoc needs something to offer him.

Maybe if he nicked some more of 2D's pills? Anything to avoid having to talk it out.

In any case, Ace is just here to support Paula, Murdoc supposes.

There's the camera guy, Russ, and the sound guy. What's his name, Del?

Then, of course, there was the other actor on set, the man who would presumably fuck 2D until…?

Until Paula said they've done enough, Murdoc supposed. He couldn't recall the prick's name.

Murdoc decided not to pay the man much attention, except he totally *was*. He might not have bothered to learn his name but he can't help but notice how tall and muscular he is. Not to mention he's *tanned beyond belief.* Murdoc wants to roll his eyes.

He looks like a complete knob. There's barely any bloody sun to tan in out here.

And all his shitty generic tribal tattoos are pretty awful as well, aren't they?

He's just been sitting there scrolling his phone since they arrived. He'll have very little to do until 2D finishes the interview portion of the tape. And that portion is off the table till they get the bloody lighting right.

"Oi, Russ is it?" Murdoc mutters. "'Ow much longer is this going to take?"

Russ looks up from his camera briefly to give Murdoc an unbothered once over. He's a massive man. It looks like Murdoc could nearly fit his entire head in the palm of his hand.

"What'chu in a rush for? Shouldn't be much longer," he answers with equal attitude.

Russ's accent is immediately noticeable.

"Oof, another American?" Murdoc says, completely judgmental and unlikeable right off the bat. "What makes a man leave home to come film porn in the UK?"

“ *Ugh, you’re British,* ” Russ taunts back. Murdoc is almost relieved that Russel apparently has a low tolerance for his rudeness. It’s refreshing after dealing with 2D so much. “I’ll tell you my ‘tragic backstory’ when you deserve to know it.”

Del laughs at their conversation from where he’s standing in the middle of the room fiddling with one of the big lamps.

“Fair enough,” Murdoc smirks, folding his arms. “D’you have much experience doing these sorts of films?”

“Yes I do,” He answers. “In a way, though, I guess us crewmembers are just like the actors n’ actresses. No one can live offa’ jus’ this alone. We all have our side hustles. I do a little bit of everything.”

It’s only the third thing Russel’s ever said to Murdoc, but for some reason Murdoc gets the impression that Russ is actually quite wise.

“Side hustle, eh? Well, you’re probably right,” Murdoc says, thinking. He’s staring at 2D as he ponders what Russel’s said, though 2D himself seems like he’s not paying attention to much of anything. He’s fidgeting quite a bit having to sit there on that soiled couch waiting around for everyone to get this thing off the ground.

“For sure,” Russ nods sagely. “That’s why Paula is waiting to see what happens with your client. We see a lotta fresh faces in our line of work, but if you do too much too quickly, you get washed up real fast.”

He vaguely recalls Paula hinting at the same thing the other day.

Murdoc purses his lips as he considers what Russel’s said. That explains Paula’s sudden change of heart, being so reserved about 2D’s prowess.

Side hustles. It’s something he’ll have to talk to 2D about. Murdoc knows that professionally shot films alone won’t cut it. Now he’s just gotta get creative with the additional ways he can sell 2D. He’s just about to get lost in his own thoughts when--

“Alright! Everybody shut the hell up,” Paula claps loudly. “Everything looks good to me, so we’re going ahead and filming the interview portion. Are you ready, 2D?”

2D snaps his head up, looking at her like a deer in headlights as he quickly attempts to slide some of his blue hairs behind his ears.

“Er-- yes ma’am!”

“Oh, he’s well trained,” Paula jokes, earning laughs from her crewmates. Murdoc wants to laugh, but suddenly he realizes: 2D has to perform. Like a show dog, Murdoc suddenly finds himself praying 2D will jump through the little hula hoops Paula presents to him with grace.

He’s glaring a third hole into his head just trying to will it into reality.

There’s a new pressure on him that he’s not sure he’s felt at all before this very moment.

“Alright. Now we’ve discussed this already, yeah? You just sit there looking pretty, and answer my questions honestly. If your answer isn’t sexy enough, we can help you out. Don’t panic. And do me a favor, 2D: Tell me the safe word.”

“Oh, it’s uhm… Idaho!” 2D answers.

“Yes, do try to remember it,” Paula says, half charmed and half exasperated by his air-headedness. “Alright. Scene one, let’s go.”

She actually has a director’s action line in her hands, and wastes no time snapping the thing in front of the camera.

Russ, and Murdoc are all standing pretty much in front of 2D, who’s sat on the couch looking nervous but excited. Paula has her director’s chair propped up next to Russ and she looks sort of regal sitting in it. Off to the side of the couch is Del, who is diligently holding the big mic above the scene and out of frame.

Ace and the other actor are further back in the room where Paula has a bar with some stools, and strangely enough, there’s also a bed. The bed is most likely for actors only. Murdoc can’t divine the original purpose of this room.

It’s deathly quiet. Paula made it clear earlier. She’d slit the throat of anyone who dared to make a peep during filming. They can chat in between scenes if they like, but otherwise it's radio silence.

“Okay, honey. Why don’t you introduce yourself?” Paula asks. She’s completely erased any bitchiness in her tone, a total 180 from how she typically presents herself. Murdoc finds himself a little impressed with the display, frankly.

“Well… I’m 2D!” Dee smiles into the camera. His smile is brilliant.

“How old are you 2D?”

“Only 19,” he says shyly. It’s cute how he seems somewhat nervous. His energy is very likable. He nervously fiddles with his hands, but it kind of makes the viewer want to see him ruined. Or at least, that’s how Murdoc is feeling.

Good.

“Oh dear, you’re so young! Are you excited?” Paula says conversationally, pretending like she’s just happened upon Stuart in the streets.

“I’m *so excited!* And nervous! Uhm, I’ve never done anyfing like this before…”

Stuart actually fucking *blushes* like he’s some innocent flower. Murdoc knows he’s anything but, yet he can sort of see himself buying into the fantasy they’re spinning here.

“Awe, don’t be nervous, sweetheart. We’ll make sure you’re *well taken care of.* Now 2D, I’m dyin’ to ask you: What’s with those eyes? It’s such a *unique* look.”

“You wanna know about me eyes? Well, everythin’ you see ‘ere is all natural,” He proclaims proudly.

“You’re an anomaly! Do the drapes match the carpet?”

2D looks around the room, stupidly, and Murdoc wants to believe that he isn’t about to literally examine the set and give an honest opinion of Paula’s decoration skills, but it’s hopeless.

“Uh, well I fink they look nice! Though, ‘m not completely certain… I’m no expert.”

Paula clears her throat, leveling 2D with a mean stare. “Are you bloody serious? Cut.”

Russ and Del have a laugh at 2D’s expense. Even Ace had to laugh at the little blunder. It makes Murdoc feel murderous intent.

“S-sorry, ‘ave I said somefink wrong?” 2D nervously asks.

“ *Yes.* I’m askin’ you if your pubes are also blue. Get it?”

“Oh, I see! Yes, ma’am.”

“Good boy. Now, I’m gonna ask you again. This time you don’t screw it up, yeah?”

She snaps her action line in front of the camera again, presumably for editing purposes. Then she asks 2D the same question again. Hopefully it doesn’t look too bad in the final

cut. 2D manages to give a satisfactory answer the second time through.

“I don’t believe it; Can you show us?” Paula suggests.

“See for yourself,” 2D smiles. He teasingly tugs the front of his jeans down to flash the camera with his brilliant blue pubic hairs.

“Oh my, you’re such a tease 2D,” Paula says pleasantly. “Won’t you show us more of that beautiful body?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” 2D grins. He’s probably being genuine, wondering cluelessly where all these questions were going.

He lifts up his shirt and tosses it somewhere, then kicks off his pants.

“Oh, you’re sooo pretty,” Paula compliments. Murdoc looks over to see her face doesn’t match her voice. She sounds sweet enough, but the look on her face is one of concentration. Again, he’s pleased with her professionalism. “Where’d you get all those marks, 2D?”

2D is indeed covered in marks. Bruises and scratches mar his pale skin, making him look even more sickly. Murdoc only wishes he could bloody remember placing those there.

“W-well, I got these last night,” He gives a wobbly smile. “I know a bloke who can satisfy me.”

That’s right.

“You’re so cute, Dee. Turn around for me, love.”

2D does as he’s told, sitting backwards on the couch on his knees so that his bare ass was facing the camera. He looks so charming, gazing backwards into the camera. He’s so young and it’s intoxicating how he seems to be looking back seeking approval.

It would make any man want to abuse him.

2D parts his cheeks without having to be told too. He’s so pink. He wiggles for the camera, his cock dangling enticingly between his legs.

“Oh that’s really nice, 2D. One last question for you then, love. Why do you want to film porn?”

Murdoc focuses, interested to hear what exactly 2D will say.

“Mmmh… Well, I guess because it feels really bloody good. And I’m ‘oping I can impress the right people…”

Dumbly, he glances away from the camera to look at Murdoc, though it’s unlikely the camera would pick up such a minute thing in his obsidian eyes. Murdoc notices though. He surely would have said something if he wasn’t forbidden from speaking.

That’s fuckin’ right, Faceache. Impressing me is all you need to worry about.

“You sound awfully ambitious, 2D,” Paula comments. “You’ve got grand plans for us, eh?”

“You’ve no idea,” 2D laughs cutely, wiggling his hips for the camera. “I can’t wait to show you.”

“Wonderful. Well, let’s see what you’ve gotta show us then…” Paula says, then she snaps her action line once more, indicating the interview portion was over. “Alright, good job. Let’s get ready to film the next scene. Bentley!”

What a stupid name fitting for a stupid prick.

Everyone turns their heads towards the back of the room where Ace and “Bentley” are sitting to see the over tanned actor still scrolling his phone. Ace pats his shoulder, friendly, to catch his attention.

“You’re up, big guy.”

“Oh, cool,” he says, and Murdoc’s blood boils *even more* because... *Satan!* He sounds like such a bloody knob. A complete fucking wanker. He supposes *Bentley’s* just going through the motions, but he really ought to show some fucking enthusiasm.

He makes his way to the couch where 2D’s sitting and they exchange pleasantries. Murdoc sort of feels like they should’ve done this already, but Bentley was simply too distracted.

Paula starts explaining what she wants to film first, and then Russ catches Murdoc’s attention.

“You’re gonna have little nubs for teeth when you’re old, you know,” He points out.

“Och, what a fine observation,” Murdoc scoffs, childishly folding his arms. “You’re just sharp as a tack, aren’t you?”

“Seriously, I can hear your teeth slowly being ground to dust. It’s actually kind of disgusting--”

“Well, just look what we’ve got to work with!! Can you blame me?” Murdoc interrupts. Surely Russ can see the issue, right??

“You’re filmin’ porn,” Russ reasons, motioning vaguely with his hand. “We get plenty of vapid types. Get used to it.”

“Clearly…” Murdoc pouts, watching 2D and Bentley until he can take it no longer. “What d’you think of Dee?”

Murdoc’s only asking out of insecurity. Russ seems wise, and well… His approval would be nice.

“He’s cool. Didn’t get to see the part that really matters yet, though,” He shrugs. It’s a reasonable enough answer, but Murdoc still feels unsatisfied. Antsy.

Well, time will tell, he supposes.

“Oi, d’you ever get ‘ard filmin’ these?” He asks crassly. “Seems like a bit of a drag bein’ stuck behind the camera n’ all that.”

Russ just sighs like he’s been asked that a million times. “It gets *old,* man... I don’t really think of the actors that way.”

“Prude,” Murdoc grins, amused. It’s strange; Murdoc finds himself sort of endeared to Russel even though they seem to have little in common. Funny how that works.

Not that Murdoc really has time to assess his feelings on that, because once again Paula’s snapped her action line and the next scene has begun.

“Quiet down,” Paula complains, shushing the two of them. Then she turns back to address 2D. “We’re ready to move on. Remember if you need water or a break or anything, just speak up. Understood? There’s no reason to hurt yourself.”

As she addresses her actors, they both nod eagerly. 2D does look nervous, but he’s clearly in his element. At some point she must’ve told Bentley to get undressed, because while 2D’s standing there stark naked looking like some kind of beautiful incubus with

his hands clumsily clasped together, Bentley's standing naked too looking like a dry piece of leather. Murdoc remains unimpressed with him.

Russel takes a more proactive position in the set, holding the big camera steadily as he moves closer to the two of them. Maybe he really wasn't lying about his lack of sexual feelings for his camera work. He looks… Well, bored, but focused.

While Murdoc and Russ were talking, Paula gave a recap for what she expected 2D and Bentley to do. The first thing they did was kiss, and Murdoc felt an uncomfortable pit form in his stomach as he broke out into a sweat.

Bentley kisses like a total asshole, open mouthed and uncoordinated, but 2D looks like he loves it. Russ is filming right in their faces, then pans down to show how their cocks are touching. Once the focus of the camera reaches their pricks, they stop kissing. Bentley then takes both of them in hand and starts jerking them off, which makes 2D keen ever so sweetly.

He's an angel.

When they exhaust that shot, they separate and 2D falls to his knees in front of Bentley, starts sucking him off with enthusiasm. Murdoc's hard, *but he doesn't bloody like it!* He can hardly help himself; 2D is a fucking professional after all.

Russ is doing his part to make sure everything gets caught on film, carefully keeping the two of them in frame. 2D looks up into the camera with doey eyes and it's hard to look away from him. Murdoc knows: this video will be a hit. This is front page shit right here. This ought to be their thumbnail.

He considers the curious viewer, what they will think when they see 2D's appearance and how irresistible the thumbnail of the video will be. It's a recipe for success. You'll click out of shallow interest and stay for the skilled cock sucking. And more.

2D sucks Bentley off for a long while; just about 15 minutes. That's because Russel would move about the scene to get various angles and they needed a lot of footage to make a good edit. It's sort of… unappealing being in a room full of people where the only sound to be heard was the sound of a sloppy blowjob.

Still, Murdoc has always been depraved. He wants to cum. Wants to just delete Bentley from existence and take his place.

Angry and horny has always been a bad combination for Murdoc. His mind itches with a need to lash out, yet all he can do is hold it within himself until they get paid.

Once they determined they got enough footage of that, Paula signaled that 2D could stand back up and move onto the couch. He puts one knee over the cushion and braces his palms on the back of the couch, posturing his ass just perfectly so that the camera shows the best of him.

Bentley doesn't waste any bloody time; he moves to press himself into 2D, but Dee hisses.

"Ah! S-sorry, can we get more lube?" 2D asks sheepishly.

There was something sort of humorous about Paula pointing at Del to obediently hand 2D the lube. He had Bentley squirt it on for him and then they tried the transition again; he pressed into 2D with more success and he made the cutest sound.

Murdoc's trying to enjoy the lovely noises 2D's making and ignore his fury about Bentley being so fucking unworthy of him, but failing miserably. He looks like he's fully enjoying 2D and it fills Murdoc with such rage.

They carry on for a *loooong* fucking time. Murdoc, after a while, felt like he could fall asleep standing there, though his anger never calmed down despite this. Once in a while 2D or Bentley would pause the scene to take a drink of water, or relieve a cramp. Sometimes Paula would notice a change she wanted to make, an angle she needed captured. They did several different positions.

Sometimes 2D even needed to take a break because he feared he would cum too soon, which pissed Murdoc off to no end. Russ took a moment to comment on that when he could, enjoying adding a bit of salt to that blistering wound.

This wasn't as easy to watch as Murdoc imagined.

Murdoc felt incredibly jealous as Bentley picked Stu up from behind; his back was pressed into Bentley's chest and his tan hands held 2D at the back of his knees. A difficult position to be sure, and one Murdoc could absolutely not pull off. 2D looked as if he loved it and one could not be certain it was just for the camera.

Russ got right up in 2D's face with the camera at that portion, and rightfully so. He was a damn pleasure to watch perform even if Murdoc's barely contained rage could be felt throughout the entire room.

It seemed almost arbitrary when Paula told Bentley to cum on Stuart's face. They've been filming for a *really* long time, just under two hours. Murdoc would've thought they had enough footage ages ago, but Paula was the expert in this case.

“Okay, we’ve got enough penetration, I reckon. Go ahead and cum, you two,” She said.

Bentley had Stuart laying on the couch on his back and jerked him off until he splattered his own face with cum, and Murdoc wanted to like what he saw but Bentley ruined the whole damn thing by pulling out of him and adding his own spunk to the mix.

What a bastard.

2D looks so exhausted. He *does* look really beautiful laying there with all that cum all over him, skin pink and shimmery from all the hard work he’d just done, but it’s impossible for Murdoc to look past *Bentley!*

Paula waited for Russ to properly capture 2D in his afterglow, and then she cheered.

"Woo! good fucking work!" She clapped and everyone else joined in. Even Murdoc couldn't help but join in with a strained smile. It felt uncomfortable on his face, like he was creating new wrinkles, but he was relieved they could begin to wrap up.

2D managed to perform. Now all that was left was to wait for it to be edited, and Paula never gave a timeframe for that.

Murdoc’s really quite nervous, truth be told, but they’re going to be leaving Paula’s flat today with a fat wad of cash, and that’s the most important thing.

2D smiled as everyone cheered, taking a warm rag that Paula found somewhere to wipe himself off with. He looked tired, but satisfied. She stood above him with her hands on her hips admiring him as he wiped off.

“You’re gonna be printing money if you keep this up, Dee,” Paula beamed. “Get up and go shower. Bathroom’s just down the hall.”

“Wait, hold on, why does he get to shower first?” Bentley decides to complain.

Murdoc’s temples throb listening to him speak with such entitlement.

“You can bloody go home if you need to shower so badly!” Paula scrutinizes. “He’s *new!”*

“Haven’t you ever heard it’s bottoms first?” Ace criticizes further. “Everyone knows that.”

“No fuckin’ manners on this kid, Paula,” Murdoc grits out, reluctantly agreeing with Ace. “D’you just pluck 'im off the street?”

"Hey, I've been doing this longer than you two," Bentley cries. No one is impressed.

"Bentley, just take your money and *go* , please. Bloody sick and tired of lookin' at you," Paula sighs. She strolls over to the bar as Bentley angrily gets dressed; she's fiddling with something just out of sight, sounds like a safe, and when she comes back she's got a white envelope in hand for Bentley to snatch from her.

He hurriedly tears it open as Paula crosses her arms, impatient. He's a slow counter, but once he figures she's properly paid him he turns to leave.

" *Thanks,"* He utters, strolling out the door.

Murdoc feels instant relief once he's gone. Good fucking riddance.

"Well, uhm," 2D speaks up, once again calling everyone's attention to himself. "I'm off to shower, then. Won't be long."

~

Cold water blasts the entire frontside of his body, and Paula's shower isn't shitty like the one at home; the water pressure is *too good.* He yelps, knocking into the shelf she has hanging on the pretty tiles and sending all kinds of bottles toppling loudly onto the floor.

"Sh-Shit!" Stu panics, for some reason embarrassed. Hopefully Paula can't hear him being a complete fool in here. He struggles to reach around the stream of painfully cold water to turn the damn knob the other bloody way.

Then Stuart hears a knock at the door.

"You alright in there, sweetheart?"

Oh, it's Ace!

Sweetheart… The pet name isn't unwelcome, just odd. Stuart thinks he prefers a number of things to Sweetheart, like Love, or Baby Blue. Hell, somehow even Faceache has become endearing to him.

"I-I'm alright! Er- the wa'er was cold, so I bumped into the shelf wiv all the bottles on it. Can never figure out 'ow to use someone else's shower properly," Stuart answers sheepishly through the door.

It’s hard to hear, so Ace cracks the door. Stu feels his heart lurch; it’s an overly familiar thing to do, but it’s not as though Ace is looking in. Plus, Ace sort of watched him have sex with a stranger just a few minutes before, so maybe it shouldn’t be so embarrassing.

“Can I come in?”

“Come in? What for?” Stuart wonders aloud.

“Eh. You know how Murdoc is, always snappin’ at people. He’s bullyin’ Paula for hirin' Bentley and I guess I just wanna get away from it.”

Stuart can sort of understand where Ace is coming from, though he wonders if Paula should be left alone to deal with Murdoc. Sometimes Murdoc’s negativity can be a lot to be around and surely if anyone here could empathize with that, it would be Ace. Right?

Ace and Murdoc have history.

“Well, I suppose it’s alright,” Stuart says simply. “Will Paula mind?”

“Don’t worry, she’ll be fine,” He breathes. Stu can hear him come further into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him and having a seat on the toilet. “You know, you looked good out there.”

“Awe, fanks Ace,” Stuart sighs, finally turning the knob to the temperature he likes best.

That’s much better.

The shower’s got a door made from dimpled glass on it, so Ace can see the outline of Stuart’s naked body through it if he looks. The situation is a little strange, but 2D assures himself that Ace probably has good intentions.

All he can think about is how good the water feels and how nice it is to get the remains of Bentley’s spunk off of him. Bentley seems… decent. He’s just a man, not really a threat to anybody so… Well, there’s no reason to be mean to him, is there?

“I’m sorry about Murdoc, I don’t know why he acts like that,” Stuart says, guilty. He wonders if Ace and Murdoc ever talked about Paula.

“Why’re you apologizing, Dee? You didn’t do nothin’ wrong,” Ace reasons. “And I’m used to him actin’ up anyways. He’s actually easier to put up with when you’re around.”

“Really?”

“Sure. You’re sweet, easy to be around. Real pleasure to watch, too,” Ace explains. 2D can hear him flicking his lighter through the water washing over him. “Wanna hit? Gotta candy blunt here.”

Curiously, 2D cracks open the shower door to peek his dripping head out at Ace. He does indeed have a blunt in his hand, but Stuart doesn’t recognize the smell coming from it.

“Candy? What, ‘ave you got sprinkles on it or somefink like ‘at?” Dee laughs.

“Silly,” Ace grins. “Not sprinkles. It’s dipped in cough syrup. You’ll like it,” Ace suggests, holding it out to Dee.

Probably would.

2D takes a big drag from it as he hangs his head outside of the shower door.

“Attaboy,” Ace cheers, watching 2D hold the smoke in his lungs before exhaling it.

“Mmh,” 2D clears his throat. “This is nice.”

"Yeah," Ace beams. "If you end up likin' this, we should do it again sometime. I’ve always got goodies at my place."

"Oh, that sounds rather lovely, Ace," 2D says obliviously. "I'll ‘ave to give you my number, I suppose."

2D keeps his head out as he watches Ace take his turn, though it’s not really Ace that he’s thinking about...

It’s Murdoc.

“Er- Ace, did Murdoc seem… *Impressed* ?”

“Pfft, that asshole?” Ace mutters around the smoke in his mouth. “He only cares about himself. If he’s impressed, then it’s prob’ly outta some self-satisfyin’ bullshit.”

2D feels his heart sink hearing Ace say that. If anyone could read Murdoc, it was probably him, and it’s terribly disheartening to consider.

Sometimes he feels lucky for his blackout eye color; he feels tears beginning to prick.

“B-but!” Ace says in a hurry, puffing the smoke from his lungs as quickly as he could. “Don’t let Murdoc ruin your special day, Dee! You did great for your first time, yanno? *I was fuckin' impressed.* ”

2D smiles a bit at the reassurance. Ace doesn’t seem like a bad guy.

“Fanks,” 2D says earnestly. "You're sweet."

“Here, have another hit,” Ace grins. “You’ll feel better in no time. Come over sometime; I can get ya more.”

Dee takes it from Ace gratefully, pulling another drag slowly. “Sure, Ace. I just want ‘im to know that I can do this, you know? I can do it so good.”

“Uh… *Well,* I think he knows that better than anyone,” Ace admits.

“You fink so?”

“Definitely. I mean, he’s real serious about the work you’re doin’. I wouldn’t worry 'bout that,” Ace suggests.

So many thoughts are racing through 2D’s head as he hands back the blunt. His thoughts are beginning to fade, which is great because he’s starting to get a migraine. Too many racing thoughts will do that.

And good lord, there sure was a lot to think about. Aside from his performance today, there’s also Murdoc’s unsolicited visit last night. The way he just barged in while high on speed (how the hell did Murdoc manage to afford speed anyways?) and took what he wanted. He was so *rough.*

2D wanted to give it to him, but he felt used. Empty.

It’s a bad feeling to be sure. The only reason he didn't leave in the morning is because they both had to be at Paula's flat today.

No matter what happens, 2D knows he absolutely has to talk to Murdoc about all this soon.

"What did *you* think of Bentley, Dee? Figure your opinion on him's the only one that really matters. 'N I guess Paula's, too," Ace suddenly asks.

"Well…" 2D thinks. Ace passes the blunt back to him as he tries to think, but his thoughts are quickly melting.

Bentley's a terrible kisser. Murdoc's the only person in recent memory who kisses comfortably. Not that 2D's "recent memory" really extends that far.

But Bentley's strong; he has good stamina which is great for the work they did today. His looks left a little to be desired, but since their connection was purely sexual, 2D didn't mind much.

It's hard for Dee to comment on Bentley, truth be told. Can you really know a person without knowing their taste in music…? Or their vices? Their aura.

Murdoc's is green.

2D realizes that he really wants to know what it is exactly that Murdoc likes to listen to, and that he would enjoy showing him in return.

He's not really interested in knowing more about Bentley. His aura seems dingy. Boring.

"Bentley's made me feel good physically, 'n that's all that matters, innit?"

"I'd say so," Ace guesses. "All you gotta do is make your act convincing and you're golden. Doesn't matter to the camera what you're really feelin' on the inside."

It's sound advice. On and off camera.

"I'll try to remember that," Dee promises.

6. Chapter 6

Summary for the Chapter:

Murdoc gets his shit ROCKED

Notes for the Chapter:

TW For Blood in the illustration for this chapter.

[Chapter 6]

[The night before filming…]

2D's been feeling quite sullen without Murdoc the past few days. It seems like they can never come to understand each other. He tries to keep in touch with Murdoc, but the old man only seems to respond to nudes.

Is this what I 'ave to do to keep 'is attention?

2D tries not to take it personally. Murdoc is always insisting that the things they do together are simply for their working relationship, that there could never be anything more, *so don't even bother asking.*

He thinks he must've scared Murdoc off the night they last slept together: the night Murdoc let 2D fuck him for the first and only time. He hopes Murdoc will let him do that again.

Can Murdoc really see right through him? He knows he's not the best at hiding his feelings. Even worse at realizing he needs to hide in the first place.

It would be a crying shame if Murdoc decided they couldn't work together anymore. Once again, 2D fails to realize Murdoc is really the one who needs him.

These thoughts always seem to occur to him while in the shower. He's been in far too long by now. Water's cold.

As he gets out, shivering, he reaches for his phone. He knows that he needs to make sure he stays stretched since they're filming with Paula tomorrow. So in the interest of preparation, now would be a good time to take more pictures, right?

He’s covered in cool water, nipples hard from the uncomfortable temperature. Murdoc would no doubt appreciate the gesture, and Stu sort of needs attention from the older man. His approval.

It feels good when Murdoc says he wants him.

The simple thought that Murdoc would see his photos and get hard was enough to turn 2D on. He snaps the first pic from the chin down. He’s bitten his lip and the water on his pale skin trails all the way down his body, over his pink, swollen cock. His blue hair is slicked to his cheeks and neck and he feels fresh-faced and cute.

He takes a couple more pictures, but ultimately decides to move to his bedroom; it’s less foggy. The christmas lights that Murdoc bought him still illuminate the room. Makes his damp skin look smooth and soft.

Dee hops in bed and takes several pictures of himself lounging about in his plush new bedding. For the first time, it occurs to him that the pictures don’t have to stay between just him and Murdoc, but he thinks he prefers it that way.

He may benefit from sharing these with the world, however… isn’t it more special if this particular show is just for a one particular man? A man who seeks to change 2D’s life.

It’s because of his thoughts of Murdoc as well as the growing need between his legs that 2D fetches his big, cute crate of sex toys from underneath his bed. He would have had to use it anyways, so it’s Dee’s pleasure to share this private moment with Murdoc.

He props his phone up on some pillows across from himself as he tests the framing. It takes a minute-- He’s quite clumsy. But, eventually he gets it right.

Before hitting record, he digs the lube out from the crate and slicks up two fingers. Presses them into himself as he watches the tiny screen reflect it back to him.

It’s a comfortable stretch. It doesn’t feel like much yet, but that’s okay. 2D takes a shaky breath as he works his fingers inside of himself, pace even and steady.

His mind sort of drifts from topic to topic as he’s doing this mindless task. From thoughts of Murdoc, to thoughts of Ace, Ms. Paula Cracker who he’s never met before, and what toy he should record himself using. He slips in a third finger after a few minutes of wondering.

This time the stretch is a little painful, but 2D gets over it quickly as he always does. His body's quite accustomed to it after all. After this point, he grows quite impatient.

He wants to do something for Murdoc next.

Dee digs around in his crate of toys; the analbeads are one of 2D's favorite toys, but he needs something better. Bigger. To prove he's stretching like a good boy.

In the end, he decides on a big, blue vibrator. This one didn't come from Murdoc.

2D rather likes this toy, though it rarely gets its moment to shine.

He presses record and then he lays on his side. 2D can see himself in the recording as he impatiently bites his lip whilst trying to slick up the vibrator with lube. He's in a bit of a rush when he finally pushes the thing inside of himself.

"A-ahhh…" He sighs with relief. Slowly the base of the toy is resting against his ass, and 2D trembles as he adjusts to its dimensions. It's something like eight inches, not including the base, and it's quite thick.

He fucks himself with the toy for a few minutes, his cock leaking from being stuffed so full. He's panting from the effort of taking it into himself, his pink tongue peaking out as he struggles to breathe.

2D lifts his leg up so the camera will capture both his ass and his cock, and then he presses the button on the base of the toy. It starts vibrating loudly inside of him, his voice tumbling out in an overstimulated yelp. His whole body tightens up and the vibrations shock their way through him.

He wouldn't be able to last long unless he turned the vibration setting down, but he wants Murdoc to see--

2D flinches again as a loud banging can be heard from the living room.

A visitor at a time like this!? 2D groans in annoyance as he slowly pulls the big blue toy from himself, turning it back off. It's probably just another poor miserable sod who got tricked into selling cable television…

"Just a moment!!" 2D hollers. "Bloody 'ell…"

He stops the recording and struggles to find something to cover himself with quickly. He ends up plucking a dirty towel up from the bedroom floor and wrapping it around his

torso. Hopefully the cable man will avoid trying to sell a naked man the bloody prime time sports package…

As Dee's stumbling into the living room, the visitor begins to pound on the door even more.

"I'm comin'!!" 2D yells back, yanking open the door to see Murdoc as he's never seen him before.

His eyes are bloodshot, hair dishevelled and sticking to his skin. His shirt's soaked in sweat. He looks downright furious.

"M-Murdoc?" 2D greets with uncertainty.

Murdoc doesn't greet back. He forces his way in, pushing Dee aside and slamming the door behind him, and then he grabs 2D and pins him to the door by the wrists, knee between his slender legs. The towel 2D was holding fell limply to the ground exposing his hard cock.

Never really knew how to properly tie a towel...

2D is quite surprised to feel how hard Murdoc himself is. His clothed boner rubbing up against 2D's exposed one is driving him up the wall.

"*Muds*," 2D tries again, almost desperate for some sort of explanation. The object of his fantasies is now before him and his touch feels so good, but something is off. Why has he come without warning, and what exactly is he on?

"Need you," Murdoc clarifies, though 2D is still woefully confused. Something's wrong with Murdoc.

"Are you okay?" 2D tries to ask, but instead of answering, Murdoc silences 2D by kissing him. There's a distinct, chemical taste to Murdoc's mouth. So… speed? Coke?

Murdoc lifts one of 2D's legs, pressing their hips closer together. 2D stops resisting him right then and there. This, after all, is what he wanted, right?

He keeps kissing Murdoc; it's sloppy and desperate. Murdoc's breath is coming hard and fast, and his long tongue feels excellent in that moment.

"Bedroom," 2D utters lowly as he pulls away, gasping. It's a snap decision.

Reduced to primal speech patterns, Murdoc and 2D stumble their way into the bedroom and Murdoc doesn't even wait for Dee to properly get on the bed. 2D has one leg up on the bed when Murdoc roughly shoves his head down onto it, ass in the air for Murdoc to appraise.

"Been touchin' yourself?" he points out. He's clearly able to see the glistening lube spread all over 2D's skin. Once he actually gives himself a moment to look around, he spots the toybox and the big blue vibrator that had been discarded in the sheets.

2D can hear Murdoc ripping his belt off.

"Yeah…" 2D admits.

Murdoc shoves his cock in after spitting on it and even with the lube that was already there, it still hurts a little bit, but 2D keens as he sets a brutal pace for the two of them.

"You're such a whore," Murdoc grunts.

At this point 2D begins to tear up, quickly growing overwhelmed. His cock rubs harshly against the sheets with each thrust, and Murdoc's claws dug painfully into his skin. One hand on Dee's hip, and the other holding him down by the crook of his neck.

It hurts too good.

"I can't fink when you're this rough," 2D gasps.

"Stop thinkin'," Murdoc implores, leaning over 2D's back and pulling his head back by the hair. "Don't need you to bloody think."

"Augh-- I'm close," 2D cries thickly. Murdoc's finishing what he started and wasting no time doing it.

"Already?" Murdoc purrs. "I'm nowhere near done with you, yet."

2D melts as Murdoc continues to pound into him, his words really getting to him, and cums all over the bed. Still, Murdoc's pace is unrelenting. He's here to take what he wants and 2D *could* stop him, but he doesn't want to.

Murdoc is finally here with him.

"F-flip over. Wanna see your face," Murdoc grunts, pulling out.

Dee does as he's told, as he usually does, laying back-down on the bed with his bottom half hanging off for Murdoc to grab onto. He plunges back inside of Dee and keeps him in place by gripping his thin thighs.

He isn't sure what exactly Murdoc sees, but it does something to 2D's heart to see how he reacts to the sight before him. Murdoc bites his lip looking positively blissful.

"So fuckin' pretty," Murdoc mutters.

Oh, how Dee loves to hear that from him.

"Love when you say that," 2D repeats.

Murdoc moves him into several positions that night. He even manages to make 2D cum twice more, but he never manages to do it himself. Once they're done, he tiredly explains that it's because of the speed-- "Did too many lines," he'd said.

2D's left so sore and used and *exhausted.* All cried out. Still, when he tries to pull away from Murdoc as they both lie in bed, finally taking his still-swollen cock from his ass, Murdoc stops him.

"Don't-- just stay like this," Murdoc tiredly pleads, worn out and crashing down hard from his high. He needs sleep, and thanks to Murdoc, so does 2D.

Murdoc has his arms around 2D, his stomach pressed into the taller boy's back. One hand trails down 2D's stomach and into his blue pubic hairs, gently playing with them. It's sort of strange, but also pleasant, and no one's ever touched 2D like that before. Murdoc has his face pressed into 2D's back and he feels as if it's the first time all night that he's actually getting to feel Murdoc's warmth.

His head hurts from crying. The overstimulation had left him in a sorry state, but he thought that if he had to make the choice again; whether or not to let Murdoc come in and fuck him without any pretense, he would let it happen again.

As if the post-sex tingles and cuddling were worth it. 2D couldn't ever be sure, so he guessed they were.

They fell asleep in bed together, cock-warming. It was unbearably intimate. In his sleep, Murdoc would pull 2D closer if he moved to drift away.

And in the morning… They didn't talk about it. Pretended it never happened. Murdoc peeled himself from 2D as if he was a filthy band-aid. 2D just swallowed his meds and

hoped to float high, high above everything once they finally arrived at Paula's flat.

Murdoc would ask himself that afternoon *"How bad could it have been…?* "

And Murdoc won't remember, but 2D knows: the problem isn't that last night was bad, but that it was too good. It's too good to pretend he doesn't want it.

...

2D finishes his shower and then sheepishly realizes he doesn't know where the bloody towels are. That, and he's *really* feeling the effects of the candy blunt. He's rather drowsy feeling and calm, but he's also suffering through feelings of nausea and dizziness.

He has to poke his head out of the shower door again to ask Ace where the towels are.

"I'll grab you one," Ace says helpfully. 2D's too far gone to see the way Ace's looking at him. Ace gets up from his seat on the toilet with a grunt and exits the bathroom for a short moment and then returns with the thing in his hands. "You missed the pantry. It's right next to the bathroom."

"Oh, I see," 2D says slowly. "Fanks."

He retreats back into the shower, closing the door.

"No problem…" Ace stops him before he can completely close the door. "Hey uh, Dee?"

"Yes?"

"You and Murdoc like… a thing?" He wonders aloud, curious how 2D will answer.

After last night, 2D felt pretty sure that Murdoc wasn't very invested in him outside of making money. That when he insists their relationship is purely professional, it isn't all talk. Murdoc surely loves having sex with Stuart, and that can sometimes be confusing for his young heart, but he's always pulling away in the mornings.

Does it get more obvious than that?

Murdoc has done little things over the short period of time that they've known each other that meant a lot to 2D. These little things, no matter how meaningless to Murdoc himself, tripped Stuart up so badly he wasn't sure which direction was up anymore.

He doesn't know what he wants from Murdoc, realistically knowing that he can't ask for too much, but still hopelessly praying for more. One thing he does know for sure though:

"We aren't an item," 2D admits emotionlessly.

"Oh. Cool, cool," Ace says strangely. 2D doesn't know what to think about it, so he simply doesn't.

"Uhm… I'm all dry now so I'm comin' out to grab me clothes…" 2D says.

"Heh, I'll cover my eyes," Ace suggests.

It's impossibly strange, but Stuart is easily charmed. He giggles a little, then steps out to see Ace doing exactly as he said. He's leaning against the sink and covering his eyes with one hand.

Stu never noticed before how long Ace's legs are. He always thought Ace was an attractive man, but for some reason he looked especially attractive in the confined space of the bathroom.

Stuart can't really help it when he involuntarily imagines letting Ace bend him over the sink. He swallows thickly as he quickly tries to get dressed; he's got to hide the stiffy he's unfortunately developed.

He gets his shirt and pants on and then tells Ace it's safe to look.

"Whew, you got dressed fast, Speedy Gonzales," Ace jokes.

"I felt bad you 'ad to close your eyes," 2D smiles shyly. He's just slid his socks on and struggling to tie his shoes. He feels like he's going to get a migraine if he keeps trying for much longer so he gives up.

"Hey, check your back pocket," Ace suggests as 2D finally stands to join him.

"Me pocket?" 2D mutters. He does as he's told and finds a card in his pocket. He pulls it out to see it's Ace's business card.

Ace Copular - Professional Actor. It's got Ace's personal information on it as well as his agent's, Ima Goodelady.

"Oh, lovely," 2D grins, slowly realizing Ace wants to stay in touch. "I'll 'ang onto this."

“Good,” Ace grins back. “I got you if you ever need to unwind. Ready to head back out there?”

2D nods breezily as he stuffs the card back into his pocket. He hangs onto Ace’s arm as they go; he offered it to Stuart without hesitation.

~

Murdoc should be relieved that they can finally collect their fucking money and be on their way, but he can’t calm down. He is *sure* to let Paula know that next time will have to be *different*.

“Fuckin’ Bentley… Absolute amateur. He should’ve been THANKING us for being the bloody highlight of his whole career!”

Murdoc sure had lots to say about that untalented sod, and after a while, Ace seemed fed up with the constant stream of complaints. Threw up his hands and announced that he was going to make himself ‘uncommon.’

And frankly, that suits Murdoc just fine *until* he realizes it’s taking *awfully* long for 2D to return.

Ace’s probably harassing Stuart, knowin’ ‘im. Sick bastard.

He’s got a *lot of nerve* for someone who looks down on the adult film industry, and Murdoc’s got a whole laundry list of reasons why Ace doesn’t deserve 2D in any capacity. Reasons why Ace should just fuck off and *die, frankly*.

But then he looks at Paula. She’s wearing a white halter top and low rise jeans, her hip bones peeking out from the top. Her hips are all fucking scratched up thanks to Murdoc.

He sees it right away; Ace already bloody knows what they’ve done. And Murdoc would’ve realized this sooner had he not been so concerned with that blue haired moron.

He’s glaring at Paula now, angrily imagining what it would be like to just chew her out right here right now until the fantasy is no longer enough.

“D’you know he knows?” Murdoc tuts, confrontational.

She’s sitting in her director’s chair with Russel standing over her shoulder. They were having a conversation about the footage until Murdoc so rudely interrupted them.

“What?” Paula glares back.

“*He knows,”* Murdoc unhelpfully repeats. He points at her exposed belly and she looks down as if she doesn’t already know what’s bloody there. Even Russel isn’t subtle about his peeking; the scratches are plain to see.

“I told ‘im my cat ran across me like the little twat she is,” Paula shrugs. “You’re paranoid.”

“No, I’m not fuckin’ paranoid,” Murdoc says quickly, gesturing wildly as if he can’t believe Paula’s stupidity. “Aren’t you the least bit suspicious that he’s followed 2D into the baff?”

“What is wrong with you?” Paula growls. “First of all, you couldn’t possibly know where in the flat he ran off to-- And secondly, you’ve been green with envy all bloody day! Why do you even care if Dee’s with other men? Isn’t that the *point?”*

Green!?

“I *have not* been green with envy-- Ace is *your* man isn’t he!?” Murdoc squawks. “You’re the one who practically *begged* me not to tell Ace and now he *knows!”*

Paula stands up from her chair and gets right in Murdoc’s face. She’s actually a little taller than him in her red heels.

“I didn’t beg you for nothin’,” She says lowly, as if it’s a warning. “I won’t tolerate much more of this, Niccals.”

Murdoc looks her dead in her eyes, sneers meanly at her, thin lips pulled back over crooked teeth as if he was ready to bite her head off. He takes pleasure in her reaction: the way she shrinks back a bit as if he might hurt her. He’s a mean old man; a young woman like her stood no chance against him in a competition of cruelty.

That is the moment Russel decides to step in.

“You better back up right now,” He says. Murdoc meets Russel’s eyes, then. He knows he could never win against Russel in a fight; not without a weapon. So he does as he’s told, sucking his teeth.

“She’s the one who got in my bloody face.”

“I’m about to get in your face if you don’t settle down.”

Murdoc believes Russel. He just needs this fucking money. He just needs to not take it personally when Paula sees right through him. Or when Ace repays Murdoc's shitty favor by trying to fuck 2D. He just needs to get the hell out of here.

He just needs to keep his mouth shut.

Isn't that what da' used to say?

Except, he can't quite keep his mouth shut, can he? Because that's the moment that Ace and 2D return, Dee clumsily hanging off of Ace's arm like they've just come back from prom or something.

And when Murdoc looks at Ace, he fucking knows: This whole thing has been completely instigated by him. This is why *Murdoc and Ace* never worked out.They play these foolish *games*.

"Look at you two," Murdoc greets through grit teeth. "What? D'you get lost in this tiny flat, Dee? We should get you a bloody seeing-eye dog."

"Jesus Christ, Murdoc, would ya relax?" Ace defends. "You're the *worst*. I was just makin' sure your buddy wasn't lonely, that's all."

"Er- that's right, Muds. We were just 'avin a bit of a chat--"

" *While you were in the shower."* Murdoc needlessly reminds him, condescending. "He doesn't give a shit about you, he just wants in your pants."

"Ooooh, you wanna talk about giving a shit about Dee?" Ace fires back. "What happened to alla that shit you were talkin' on the phone the other day, huh? Or last night?"

"Last night- you of all people should know I don't *remember* what went on last night--" Murdoc shrieks, but Ace cuts him off.

"You said, and I quote: '*I'm not as bloody serious about that kid as you like to make me out to be!'"* Ace does the most hideous impression of an English accent that a human physically can. "So I don't know why you're actin' like you ain't the biggest piece'a shit in the room!"

Murdoc never realized how he would feel having these things that he's carelessly said revealed to Stuart. Stu looks positively crushed, eyebrows raised in an extremely anxious and hurt expression. It just sends Murdoc spiraling further and further.

“YOU’RE ONLY DOIN’ THIS BECAUSE YOU KNOW I SHAGGED PAULA!!”

BAM

Russel had had enough of Murdoc’s carrying on and slammed his *massive* fist directly into Murdoc’s nose, collectively shocking everyone in the room. Paula let out a girlish shriek and Ace and Del cursed from the sheer unexpectedness of it.

Murdoc fell to the ground, having no choice but to fall due to the overwhelming force of the blow.

“Fuck!!” Murdoc gurgled as he hit the floor, voice cracking in pain. It sounds like he has blood in his throat.

“Hypocrites like him piss me off,” Russ gruffly explains, but it’s too late. Paula immediately goes into hysterics.

“The *carpet,* Russ!! He’s bleeding on the carpet-- Oh, look what you’ve done!”

She continues to lament as 2D watches on, slow to register.

“Y-you broke my bloody nose you fat fucking lard!!” Murdoc nasally cries, his eyes clenched tightly as he tilts his head forward. He pinches his nostrils trying to stop the bleeding but it’s simply gushing out of him too quickly, making a mess everywhere. “Oh, Satan, your fist must weigh a bloody tonne…!!”

Russ doesn’t say anything, looking much too angry to speak and breathing heavily. He is an incredibly intimidating presence when he’s this mad.

“Someone find him a fucking- I don’t know a *towel* or something,” Paula cries, scrambling for something to use. “*Fuck’s sake!”*

2D approaches her, as if on auto pilot. It’s automatic. He puts his hands on her slim shoulders and she makes the strangest expression at him. It isn’t one that 2D can understand, but he hardly has the time to try and place it anyways.

What he doesn’t realize is that Paula is nearly his same age, and his hands are warm and kind. Patient.

“We ‘ave to go to the ‘ospital now, Paula,” 2D said plainly, monotone, and for the first time he notices he’s feeling quite winded. Light headed. “Can you please give me our pay?”

In the background, Ace apparently had a hankie in his fancy vest that he gave to Murdoc. 2D could faintly hear him murmuring something or other about a 'snot rag,' and of course Murdoc kept cursing like a sailor, but 2D couldn't focus on any of it.

Paula nods numbly, stiff, and pulls out of 2D's gentle grasp to once again fiddle with the safe behind the bar, quickly returning with an envelope. It's identical to the one she'd already given Bentley.

"Get 'im out of here," Paula mutters. She seems concerned for Murdoc if the way she's looking at him is anything to go by, but she's certainly more concerned about the carpet. And potentially her relationship with Ace.

2D thanks her when she comes back, probably apologizes too, though he's not really able to recall what it was exactly he said because the next moment he's turned around and helping Ace pick Murdoc up off of the soiled floor.

He's way too bloody high for this.

"A-Ace, I'll talk t'you later, yeah?" 2D shakily suggests.

"Yeah, 'course," he replied, uncertain.

"Get a fuckin' room," Murdoc curses.

2D presses his lips into a fine line. Now is not the time for this.

"Gimme your car keys," 2D insisted.

"Why don't you just piss off?" Murdoc struggles, pulling away from their helping hands.

He leaves the room in a rush, forcing 2D to hurriedly trail behind him, the fate of the bloodied carpet left a mystery.

I 'ope they can get that blood stain out...

Murdoc's speeding away down the halls towards the entrance of the house, and his words are hard to understand because of Ace's snot rag.

2D catches Murdoc's sleeve, pleading. Imploring.

"Give me. Your. Keys. *Please.*"

They make eye contact for several moments. Murdoc's mismatched eyes, and 2D's own bottomless ones. Then, with a long suffering sigh, Murdoc yanks them out of his back pocket and slaps them into 2D's overturned palm.

2D clutches them gratefully.

"*Fank you,* Murdoc*."*

"*Don't* bloody mention it."

When they make it outside, 2D realizes how cool it was inside Paula's flat and how unbearably hot it's about to be in Murdoc's hoopty. He realizes that they have to be quick so they can get his nose properly set. His stomach turns.

Murdoc begrudgingly slides into the passenger's seat and 2D quickly follows, clumsily sitting in the driver's seat and shakily trying to put the damned key into the ignition.

"You're high as a kite," Murdoc notes, muffled by the hankie. "I could smell that shit Ace likes to smoke on you before that big bastard broke my nose."

2D takes a deep breath. He can't concentrate with Murdoc's bickering. He's finally able to slide the key in once he remembers to just breathe, then pulls out onto the residential street. Which hospital should they go to? Where even *is* the Hospital?

2D's grip on the steering wheel is weak, his nerves completely on fire as he drives. His head is swimming and he feels somewhat faint. He got Murdoc's blood on his once-white shirt and a nervous sweat makes his skin feel sticky.

Damn this bloody heat… It's only making things worse.

It doesn't help that Murdoc's car is such a piece of shit either. It's an old muscle car, one someone might actually be proud to own if it was well taken care of. As a result of being older, it doesn't have power steering and the bloody wheel is hard to turn. Like trying to turn a wheel made entirely of lead.

'Ow in the bloody 'ell does Murdoc cope with driving this awful fing? Explains why he's got such nice shoulders though...

"Does the AC work?" 2D tries.

"'Course not, this thing's a piece of shit," Murdoc growls. "Just roll down your window."

It would be comical how 2D and Murdoc are rolling their windows down with old cranks if the situation wasn't so dreadful.

2D's got the white envelope with his earnings in his lap as he drives, clenched between two soft thighs. Murdoc's hands are dirty with blood so he ought not to hold onto it.

It's hard to focus on the road. He's feeling drowsy from the candy blunt he shared with Ace, and his thoughts are slow to come. His concern for Murdoc weighs heavy, as well as the deep mortification he felt at discovering Murdoc apparently chats shit about him with Ace.

Despite that, if he doesn't get Murdoc to the hospital he'll never forgive himself.

"Keep your 'ead tilted forward, Muds," Dee says as he glances over at him. "Don't wanna swallow all 'at blood."

He can tell Murdoc isn't really in the mood to talk. Who can blame him? But 2D's finding it quite difficult to stay quiet in this miserable, hideous crockpot of a car. Like a bloody cast iron skillet on wheels. He wants to know what Murdoc thinks, but he's never had a good way to ask him.

"I've broken my damn nose before if you can't fuckin' tell," Murdoc curses.

Dee's heart lurches from anxiety, causing him to clench the wheel tighter and suck in a harsh breath. Murdoc's negativity only is only adding to the torrent of emotion. It's a very bad place that 2D tries very hard not to be in. After all, it's easier to be numb.

"Sorry," he says letting out a shaky exhale. "Th-that was wrong of Russ. He shouldn't 'ave 'it you…"

"Violence isn't the answer 'n all that?" Murdoc questions nasally, unimpressed.

"It… it *isn't* ," 2D reluctantly confirms. He knows Murdoc must be thinking he's an idiot.

"I know a shit tonne of people who'd disagree with you," Murdoc responds. "In fact, you may be the first person I've ever met who probably genuinely believes in that rubbish."

"It's 'ardly rubbish-- you didn't deserve to 'ave your *nose broken*..." 2D insists, growing more and more frustrated. His heart is hammering in a way that could only be described as unhealthy. His hands start to shake worse than before.

"You wouldn't know what I deserve, Faceache. And like I said: shit's been broken before. I only agreed to go to the damn 'ospital so I could get a bloody prescription and be on my merry fuckin' way."

"...D'you think they're gonna 'ave to rebreak it?" 2D worries.

"I won't let them. They always want to break it again. S'long as I can still breathe out of the damn thing, there's no reason to break it anymore, is there?"

Murdoc's life sounds so painful.

2D wants to look at Murdoc, but instead focuses on the road. He just sounds so sorrowful. With his heart in his throat, 2D wonders what all could've happened to Murdoc to make him like this.

This isn't normal.

"When…" 2D clears his throat uncertainly. "When was the first time you broke your nose?"

Murdoc doesn't answer at first. The dry wind whipping through the unrolled windows feels unnaturally loud in Dee's ears. Like he could fade into the static it created in his mind. He realizes his eyelids are quite heavy, and he swallows thickly, dehydrated, passively daydreaming about what it would be like to be in a deadly head on collision.

Would he be more zombie-like before, or after…?

"Kelly O'Driscoll," Murdoc eventually utters.

"Kelly," Dee repeats, slow to register. He blinks slowly, using Murdoc's words to stay awake.

"She was this girl… Real 'ometown kind of girl; it 'appened on a school trip in grade one. That was when we went to the silage plant…"

Dee sits in uncomfortable silence as Murdoc recalls it. Reminisces.

"Didn't get to see anythin' on that bloody trip, I recall; not that there was anythin' to *see*. They made me wait on the school bus till the trip was over. Then I got sent 'ome early and my da'…" Murdoc pauses, heaving a dry humourless laugh. "He didn't want to take me to the 'ospital. He jus' poured some whisky in a little glass n' told me to drink. Said he'd beat me worse if I wasted it."

"Murdoc," Dee whispers, feeling sick.

Murdoc stares ahead at the road in front of them.

“Was probably too late to go anyways. It was broken for *hours*-- He had to be at the pub, see. No time for kitschy smock-wearing nurses or their prying eyes. Maybe a nurse would’ve seen me and… *Someone* could ‘ave seen me and...”

Done something. Taken you away from there.

“That’s awful, Muds,” 2D chokes. His throat feels tight. He’s so bloody *upset*. “No one deserves ‘at.”

“‘Ardly matters now,” Murdoc grits out, regretful. “So you see, I’ve always ‘ad this ugly thing on my face,” He tries to laugh.

2d takes a deep breath and exhales slowly, as if his heart might stop unless he was very careful. It made Murdoc look at him for the first time. Maybe he could see that it’s not just his own health that’s taken a toll from all this: You’d have to be blind not to see the way 2D was trembling.

“You’re far from ugly,” 2D claims, but it just makes Murdoc angrily shake his head.

“You can barely fuckin’ see, all ‘at dark blood in your eyes,” Murdoc deflects. “Probably can’t even count to three on your own bloody fingers, knowin’ you.”

It hurts. 2D doesn’t know why Murdoc’s trying to cut him so deeply.

“Y-you *aren’t* ugly, and your experiences matter. The way people treat you matters. Someone should’ve… taken you away from there... ‘Cause…” 2D trails off, eyes glazing over.

He can feel Murdoc staring at him in alarm, now.

“Pull over, Dee,” Murdoc barks.

“You can’t drive, Muds... You’re still ‘emorrhaging--”

“You’re gonna *kill us both* if you don’t bloody pull over!” Murdoc shouts.

Stuart flinches, it sends chills through his body. He slows the car and scans for the nearest place to pull over, and then when they’re safe and have stopped he rests his heavy head on the steering wheel.

“Sorry...” 2D whispers. He trembles knowing Murdoc has a deep dislike for him, and hopelessly wonders what he can do to just change that.

He can’t stop his shaking or his thoughts and he feels awfully young sitting next to Murdoc in his car, freshly scolded and terribly high. He doesn’t want to meet Murdoc’s eyes, but he can feel his angry stare.

He’s not angry wiv me. It’s just ‘cause he’s ‘urting. He’s always been ‘urting. I’ve got to believe he’s not really mad at me.

“Just get out,” Murdoc sighs. “Switch me places.”

2D obediently does as he’s told, wobbling out of the driver’s seat, past Murdoc, and into the passenger’s seat. He notices Murdoc’s blood on the door handle, willfully turns a blind eye to it. Murdoc sits down on the other side forcefully and 2D’s guilt increases. Murdoc’s trying in vain to wipe drying, sticky blood onto his jeans, but eventually he just sighs and gives up, gripping the suede steering wheel mournfully.

“Is your da’ still…?” 2D awkwardly tries to ask as Murdoc pulls back out onto the road.

“Still what? Alive? I’ve no bloody idea. He was dead to me the day I left Stoke-on-Trent. Never looked back even once.”

Now that Murdoc’s driving, 2D can look at him with more patience. His dark brows are drawn tightly together, his thick fringe sticking to his forehead with sweat. He has one hand on the wheel and the other holding the soaked hankie onto his nose.

2D realizes that he and Murdoc have never spoken this much, or if they have, they were both drunk off of their asses. He realizes that he loves listening to Murdoc talk about himself, or about anything really. He has a way of speaking, a hidden charm.

“G-good,” 2D says, making Murdoc glance at him from the corner of his eye. “Your da’ sounds like a royal prick…”

Murdoc keeps stealing glances at him as he drives, then finally he huffs a small, dry laugh.

“Understatement of the century, mate. Whole family is full’a pricks.”

“Who else was there?” 2D asked. He always pictured Murdoc as an only child, independent and creative enough to get by on his own. The tough type of kid who

doesn't need friends.

"My brother, Hannibal. He's nothin' but untalented trash... And I never knew my mum, but she 'ad to be a piece of shit just like my da'. Anyone who'd lay with my father 'as to be touched in the bloody 'ead."

"You don't need 'em," 2D says. His heart is finally starting to settle. He's still nauseous, still light-headed, but he feels like he understands Murdoc a little better. "You told me that once about my family. If we do good work early on…"

"That's right," Murdoc grunts, gripping the wheel with newfound seriousness. "You… were excellent today. That was front-page shit, Faceache. Even that hideous sod Bentley couldn't detract from your performance."

2D glows as best he can from the compliment, giving a crooked smile.

They stopped at a red light; the hospital is now within sight and 2D feels odd knowing their journey would soon end. He of course planned to wait with Murdoc so they could go home together, but he wasn't sure how Murdoc's mood might change once inside.

He feels they should talk about what Ace said. About boundaries and feelings. 2D's truly scared shitless at the prospect.

There's an older couple waiting at the light with them. They have a much nicer car. Murdoc looks out his rolled down window at them as he catches them blatantly staring into his vehicle.

No doubt they're staring because of all the blood Murdoc spilled everywhere, and if they can even see far enough, 2D must look very strange to them as well. 2D knows it sort of annoys Murdoc when he catches anyone staring, but he's surprised each time by how Murdoc handles it.

Without warning, Murdoc sticks his head out of the window and slams his filthy 'hankie hand' against the metal car door to startle the old couple.

"WHO'RE YOU TWO MAKIN' GOOGLY EYES AT!?" He screams at them like an insane man, face covered in blood and wild eyed.

Their car jerks forward, the woman driving flinching so hard she accidentally hit the gas. At that moment the light turns green and they speed away in the opposite direction.

Oh, my god??

2D can’t help the barking laughter pouring out of himself. He leans forward, clutching his stomach, tears pricking his black eyes.

Murdoc laughs along with him as they drive away, hospital carpark in sight. Neither of them can remember the last time they had such a genuine laugh. A cruel laugh at an old couple’s expense. It felt so foul, but 2D loved it. He loved sharing it with Murdoc.

He loved Murdoc’s mania. The way Murdoc laughs.

The cackling continues well into their parking space. They only manage to settle down as Murdoc takes the keys out of the ignition.

“Well,” he grins wryly, hoarsely giving the last of his laughs. For a while he doesn’t speak, as if maybe he isn’t ready to let the moment pass either. “Let’s get this over with, shall we?”

Notes for the Chapter:

> About Kelly O’driscoll: Murdoc says she's the first to break his nose on a trip to the silage plant which seems like an elementary school kind of trip, but there’s another interview where he talks about meeting her at 16 as if it’s their first meeting. (He says their meeting was “the right place and time," so to me it sort of sounds like a first time meeting??) Idk if this simply means they make old teens go on boring ass school trips in the UK or if it’s another classic Gorillaz retcon but for my purposes I’ve chosen to interpret this as Kelly being a minor fixture in Murdoc’s life since a young age, since grade 1.

7. Chapter 7

Notes for the Chapter:

> Hi!! Sorry for the short chapter but the next chapter will be MUCH more substantial and shouldn't take as long to come out, plus I'm working on a series of PWP side stories for Blue Fuzz so you'll be able to jerk your little ding dongs to those soon enough. Hope y'all are looking forward to that. Thanks for reading this far.

[Chapter 7]

2D feels as if he's in a daze as he sits in the hospital room with Murdoc. Murdoc's sat up on the examination table, and 2D is sitting in a chair for guests. It's terribly bright in the room.

They hadn't said much to each other since Murdoc parked the car. All pleasant feelings from before had been completely washed away by the sterile interior of the Hospital.

It's all been a bit of a blur for Dee; As he felt his high waning, his drowsiness only increased. He knew that Murdoc had gone for an x-ray and now they were waiting for the results. Murdoc griped that there was obviously enough damage for him to get a good prescription and that they should hurry the fuck up, but 2D didn't know what to say.

He still had a lot on his mind. What did Murdoc say to Ace behind his back? And why should 2D even be surprised that Murdoc was apparently chatting shit?

It seemed in character, so why did it still hurt?

He also wondered what it was exactly that had angered Murdoc so badly. He's been irritable all bloody day. He's the farthest thing from a pleasure to work with.

He also has to wonder… Will Murdoc ever open up to him again? He confessed a little about his childhood before, and that Made 2D feel *happy.* Murdoc seems like he's got a lot to deal with, and it's frankly just awful watching him completely fail to deal with it.

2D sort of hoped, in all his naivety, that maybe he could be that person in Murdoc's life to finally help him sort it.

"You look like you're actually thinkin' about somethin' for once," Murdoc comments.

They meet eyes, and 2D realizes he must've been wearing quite a serious expression. His brows unfurrow as he looks at Murdoc's pensive expression, rubbing at the spot on his forehead where thoughtful wrinkles appeared.

Murdoc himself looks like total shit with his shirt ruined and dried blood stuck to his skin. They offered him little sanitary wipes, like the ones they give you at bars when you order wings, but they could only do so much against the staining on his skin.

Absent-mindedly, 2D imagined a perfect world where he and Murdoc could go out and simply *eat* together. He tries to recall if he's ever seen Murdoc be genuinely happy, and he can't be certain.

"A lot 'appened today," 2D vaguely answers. "I… don't really know what to fink…"

"What to think about *what?* " Murdoc challenges.

2D isn't really sure he wants to discuss it much. He can't be sure that Murdoc won't just lie to him if he asks.

"Really, tell me," Murdoc pushes, discontent with 2D's silence on the matter. "What could you possibly be thinkin' of?"

2D senses that Murdoc won't stop his needling, so he gives in with a sigh.

"I dunno 'ow should I say this…" 2D begins. "You've been off all day. Even last night was…"

He feels Murdoc's stare grow more serious as he tries to string his words together. It makes him awfully fidgety. He pulls his pocket out of his pants to play with as he starts to get the shakes.

"I'm just so full of questions. Like why-- *why would you* talk about me like that to Ace…?"

"So you wanna know why," Murdoc replies dryly. As if he can't believe Stuart was actually questioning it when he himself forced Stuart to speak.

"Yes," Stuart answers earnestly.

"What's there to say, really?" Murdoc glowers. "I just told Ace 'ow I really felt about you. Didn't know he was gonna tell the whole damn world what I'd said."

I didn't mean for you to hear that, is what Stu hears.

“It’s alright,” he somehow forgives him. Stuart tries to stay reasonable about the issue. Everyone says things that they wouldn’t necessarily say around certain people. Thing is, it’s unclear whether or not Murdoc actually has that sort of consideration for him.

“Ace has a lot of fuckin’ nerve runnin’ ‘is mouth about that. He doesn’t actually give a rat’s ass about you, you know. He’s got no faith in the work we’re doing. He’s just being all nice to you now because he knows you’re easy.”

“Is that why you were so upset all day…?” 2D asks, a little hurt. “Because Ace wants to snog me?”

It sort of makes sense.

The way Murdoc had acted during the shoot could only be described as an envious display of impulsiveness. 2D couldn’t understand it on top of the many mixed other signals Murdoc had given.

“Well!” Murdoc huffs, aggravated. “I don’t know ‘ow else I was supposed to bloody feel! He doesn’t ‘ave any right over you-- Especially not when he thinks all the bloody work we do won’t pay off. You’re workin’ with *me, not ‘im.* And that’s not to mention that unprofessional sod, Bentley. *Satan,* he just gets under my skin. Like scabies, that one.”

Murdoc pauses to sigh, shaking his head as the frustration builds. 2D wonders just how much pain Murdoc’s in at the moment.

“What can I say?” He eventually continues. “If that tosser, Paula, could’ve been bothered to get us some legitimate talent for your first shoot, I wouldn’t have lost the plot over it! I mean, who does she bloody think I am!?”

“You seemed upset even before we met Bentley,” 2D points out.

“Oh come off it! Who wouldn’t be upset ‘anging around you all the time, eh? You’re like a sodding kid. Blank sheet of paper for a brain.”

2D bites his lip and Murdoc avoids looking him in his eye. He must know he’s fucked up for saying that, but of course it’s never enough to get him to actually hold his tongue.

“If you really fink of me like ‘at… Why did you come over last night?”

Murdoc dramatically sighs, rolling his eyes like he just can’t believe he’s being questioned by someone like Stu.

“Come on, Stu, that was just a bit of a… I dunno!” Murdoc struggles, gesturing wildly as if it would make him more innocent. “D’you think I just meticulously plan everything out like I do your bloody career? Sometimes things just ‘appen.”

“Fings just *happen?* M-Murdoc, you… You *forced* yourself on me last night--”

“Forced!?” He yells back. “ *Please* , you were beggin’ to be fucked Stu, I just ‘happened to show up while you were in the middle of it.”

“I can’t stand ‘ow you talk sometimes!” Stuart cries, shaking his head in disgust. “Y-you can never just admit that you want me. Was last night ‘professional,’ to you?”

“If I didn’t need this bloody fuckin’ prescription, I’d *show you* professional right now,” Murdoc threatens through gritted teeth.

They’re silent for a few more tense minutes. Stuart can’t bear to look Murdoc in his eyes any longer. It feels like Murdoc is trying to make Stu’s head explode with that seering, evil look of his.

But Stuart knows that he has more to say. He realizes that this could be goodbye, so he has to make it count. He’s got to be brave and admit everything right here and now.

“You want me,” Stu repeats. He can’t meet Murdoc’s eyes, but he can feel his stare.

“You really think so highly of yourself?” Murdoc deflects. “You need a fuckin’ reality check, mate.”

“My *self image* has got fuck all to do wiv it!” Stuart cries. “You show your true colors more than you realize!”

Murdoc's true colors. Memories flash through Stu’s mind, like when Murdoc stood up for him at Asda, or how he reassured him about his choice not to attend uni against his parents wishes. Even more recently, like when Murdoc let Stu top. He remembers that incident with unusual clarity.

“Did you miss me?” Stu carefully whispered.

“... I did,” Murdoc begrudgingly admitted. “I didn’t shag ‘er cause I wanted to. That was… business. That was for our careers.”

The memory stings. Murdoc apparently shagged Paula for Stu’s sake. That shouldn’t have happened, but it still meant that Murdoc had to *care* about all of this.

Stu stands up from his seat next to the examination table, unable to take Murdoc's pathetic lies sitting down.

"Tell me why you really came over last night," Stuart entreats, damn near begging to hear the truth.

He can see in Murdoc's face that he's deeply uncomfortable being confronted about it so directly. He knows what he did today was wrong, and his inability to tell the truth is simply killing the both of them in that moment.

Murdoc hates to feel vulnerable, Stuart knows. But if Stuart is the only one willing to show any vulnerability, then they have nowhere left to go with one another. This… Whatever they have is no longer professional and hasn't been since the very beginning. There's more to it than just *work* .

Stuart feels terribly confused as he stands before Murdoc, waiting to hear his answer. He knows that he wants things to work, but he doesn't have the foggiest clue on how any of this could possibly be mended.

"Because you're a good lay," Murdoc admits. "That's all it was. You're easy, and I knew I could come and take what I wanted without askin'. And you loved it, didn't you Stu? You're *simple.* It takes you ages to realize when you've been taken from, and when you do finally realize, you just let it 'appen again."

"Why're you tryin' to cut me...?" Stu asks, voice wobbly and unstable.

"'Cause you *like it.* It's about time someone finally told you about yourself. You're too fuckin' dull to realize on your own. You've got to be told what to do in every instance. Probably why you 'ad to drop out of uni, innit? There was no one there to give you the bloody answers!"

Stu bites his lip, feeling tears prick but refusing to let them fall. This really is Goodbye.

"...D'you believe in karma?" Stu finally manages to say.

"Pfft. Karma's just a different word for bad luck, Faceache," Murdoc huffs, uninterested.

He looks away from Stu. He doesn't actually like seeing all that pain on his face even though he's the one who's caused it. But when he looks away, what he fails to see is how Stu clenches the envelope of money tighter in his own hands.

“Well, I ‘ope you get what’s comin’ to you, because I’m leavin’ and I’m takin this wiv’ me,” Stu says, forcing Murdoc to look back up to see him waving the money around like it’s all his.

“You…! You wouldn’t dare! That money is *ours--”*

“I’ll call the money you stole from the livestream even *if it’s really ours,* ” Stuart retorts. “If I give this to you, I’ll just be broke again.”

Right at that moment, Murdoc gets off of the table and moves to step in Stuart's space, but the doctor walks in on them. His eyebrow is raised, and it’s obvious that he’s considering calling security on the two of them, but Stu quickly moves away.

“Excuse me,” He mumbles as he brushes by.

He just has to flee. He uses the distraction to run away, and though he can hear Murdoc calling after him, he doesn’t look back. He wouldn’t want that mean old man to see what a state he’s in, heart in his throat and all.

Oh hell, he’s crying on his way out the entrance. Probably not all that uncommon in a place like this.

He tries so hard to just hold it inside, but he simply isn’t *high* enough to do it. There’s nothing to keep him numb and it feels terrible . The tears roll down his cheeks, his head aching like hell. This would probably be the way he always remembers his first day professionally filming porn, he realizes.

How sad.

He’s got to call a bloody cab and get the hell out of this hot carpark before he melts away. Even if it would be easier that way, even if existing in that moment feels like complete shite.

~

The doctor explained to Murdoc that his x-rays looked… *Bad, frankly,* but if he really didn’t want to have his nose rebroken, no one could force him to have it done. He didn’t really care *what* they said because all he wanted was his bloody prescription. They slapped a bandage on his busted face and let him be on his way.

He hurried them along as rudely as he possibly could and then he rushed out of the hospital to see if Stuart could be found. Seemed like the kid was long gone, though..

Murdoc's in utter disbelief that Stu really just left with that damn money. *How could he!?* Where did he suddenly get this backbone from?

The drive home was a tense one. He had to stop along the way and get his sodding pills from the pharmacy with dried blood caked into his wrinkles and pores. He must've looked like a ghoul.

It takes a lot of willpower not to just abuse his medication right then and there, to drift to whatever place it is that Stuart seems to enjoy so much. Unfortunately, since Stu left him so high and dry, he'll likely have to sell these damn things!

Can't have shit in Crawley.

Oh, Murdoc's so mad he could just break something!

He doesn't imagine that he's lost Stu just yet. Surely he can sweet talk the kid into coming back, even with all this.

Stu will forgive me… I think.

He doesn't want to come off as desperate, so he avoids stomping up to Stu's front door for now, instead opting to *calmly* text Stuart and have a drink. Yes, no reason to go apeshit yet.

But one text turns into ten, and one drink also turns into way too many. Murdoc fails to remember his own thoughts after a period of time, and as he's lounging about in his own home, pathetically waiting for his phone to ping, he decides to revisit GooeyBluey78's page.

Besides doing drugs and ritual sacrifices, wanking is the only bloody thing to do around here. Murdoc *could* get a real job, but where's the alcoholism in that?

The old clips feel completely different now after everything they'd done together. It was pure magic when he first stumbled upon the digital collection, but now it feels familiar. Murdoc knows the taste, texture, and intensity of 2D. Could recall it with clarity at any time.

He could recognize 2D by his bite.

The videos hardly satisfy his appetite, so he spends a disproportionate time touching himself with them. Murdoc cums about four times before he's all tuckered out, but it never felt like it was enough.

Stu's manufactured smile doesn't compare to the ones he makes in person. The low quality footage fails to impress when Murdoc's had a taste of the real thing. It's like trying to go back to eating cold imitation crab after having a nibble of the most warm, buttery king crab dish in town.

… He's got to call 2D.

His 2D, who wouldn't be who he is today without *Murdoc Niccals*.

He's laid up in bed, back down with his nose to the ceiling. His face hurts like hell, just like his heart. (And his recently emptied balls too, if he's honest.) When's the last time he washed these sheets, anyways? They smell like sex. No hint of 2D in them though.

The room won't stop spinning either. The bed felt like a merry-go-round. No time like the present to dial Dee's number, then.

The phone rings and rings and rings, but predictably 2D doesn't answer. And he hasn't set a voicemail message either. Well, if they ever hook back up, Murdoc will have to talk to him about that.

It's unprofessional.

He impatiently waits for the robo-wench to tell him to leave a message at the beep before he starts rambling.

"Stu! Stuart," Murdoc slurs. "L-l-listen, Stu. Listen to me. Now, what you did today--that wasn't very nice was it?? You can't just run off with all of our damn money like 'at! What gives you the right?"

The effort it takes to explain what goes on in the mind of a bastard like Murdoc is tremendous.

In his desperation, Murdoc falls into an unexplained coughing fit. Maybe he's been smoking too much.

"'Scuse me, Stu," He apologizes, paradoxically polite as he prepares to say more off the wall shit.

"I really need that bloody money, Stu!! So I can keep on livin' in this fuckin 'ell 'ole for another arbitrary 30 days…" Murdoc sighs as if he's tired himself out. "Can you- D'you think you can even do it on your own? You know, the 'ole streamin' thing? 'Ow do you

plan on gettin' booked for more films without me? They'll never take your stuttering cockney seriously, as charming as it is."

Murdoc hiccups, tossing and turning in his bed rather listlessly. He couldn't possibly get comfortable the way things are now. With his mind racing, his nose aching, and the alcohol barely being enough to distract from any of the pains in his heart or body.

"I'm really sufferin' 'ere without you, you knob," Murdoc admits. It's true, after all. Maybe it's about time he told the truth. "You were my *client*. I rather *liked* you. You're really-- you're not the *brightest* bulb, but that's why you 'ad me… I was 'appy to do the thinkin' for you…"

Murdoc groans as his mind wanders away from him. It's hard to keep track of any train of thought, the way that he is now. He thinks back to all of Stu's videos as GooeyBluey78.

"You're the pretty one. Pretty enough for the both of us. That's-- that's all I needed you to be. Mmh, I 'ave all your naughty photos saved," Murdoc sighs again, letting his eyes flutter closed. He feels as if he's sinking into his bed, hair messily splayed on the pillow. "They were going to fall in love with you, you know?"

Murdoc says that, referring to the fans that Stu was sure to gain, but he said it with too much feeling. He said it like he knew from experience.

"Your pictures... Your videos... I love 'em," He goes on to admit. "Oh, I'm all hot just thinkin' about 'em, Stuey. Aren't you supposed to be mine?"

Murdoc breathes into the phone as he absentmindedly palms his crotch through his pants. He's only half hard, but that's only because he'd forced himself to cum too many times today. Spent himself completely on Stuart before he'd ever even picked up the phone.

"Won't you miss me, love?" He asks in a rare moment of vulnerability.

Murdoc suddenly finds that he's out of things to say, another rare occurrence for him. He knows he's probably mangled this entire attempt to supplicate Stu, knows that he wants to say more, but for once, he can't manage to say anything.

So he hangs up on that pitiful note, wondering if Stu really would miss him at all. He shouldn't. Murdoc's been *awful* to him, and he'll probably do it some more if Stu ever allows him back.

Before it all fades to black, Murdoc is vaguely aware of a stray tear dripping into his hairline. He promises himself it's just gravity, but he's never been able to keep a promise.

~

2D's phone is on silent.

Murdoc's been blowing up 2D's phone all night since they split up, so to preserve his sanity, he muted the bloody thing. 2D sort of knows that it's over now. He never explicitly said that to Murdoc, but he's sure that the lack of closure will hurt the old man immensely as he comes to terms with that over the next few days and weeks.

He knows cause it already hurts quite a bit for himself.

Dee knows that if he allows himself to check any of what Murdoc's said, his resolve will crumble away, but he's got his phone in his hand and the temptation to just *glance* is great.

Which is why, with a heavy heart of course, instead of reading the numerous messages Murdoc's written, 2D decides to make a call.

After everything that happened today, somehow 2D managed not to lose Ace's business card. He must rarely hand these out since they have his personal number on it.

He's not really sure what he's thinking as he calls Ace; it's rather late, so he might not answer Dee's unfamiliar number, and if he does actually pick up the phone, Dee isn't sure what he wanted to get out of chatting.

The line only rings briefly before Ace picks it up.

"Ace Copular, at your service," his tinny voice rings. His accent is so severe that it almost comes across as *cartoonish* , but 2D doesn't mind it much.

"Uhm, 'ello, Ace! It's me, 2D," he introduces himself. "D'you 'ave a minute?"

"Oh, Dee! Whadda pleasant surprise," Ace cheers. "I wasn't expectin' you to call so soon! I always got a minute for you, babe."

He's good at making himself seem familiar, 2D notes. It makes him feel comfortable, less nervous. 2D never realized before how much he likes men that can easily charm.

"Fanks," 2D laughs. "I sort of… lost my way from Murdoc today."

“I’m sorry, hun. I sorta expected that after today,” Ace admits. “Wanna talk about it?”

“...Not really,” 2D says. “I… I wanna know what you’re doing.”

“Me?,” Ace asks. “Oh, I’m just loungin’ in the living room watchin’ Samurai Jack reruns. Got a glass of white wine and I feel *good.* You?”

“I’m doin’ much the same. I’m in me livin’ room and I’ve got the PlayStation 2 runnin’, but I swear I ‘aven’t looked at the bloody screen in over an hour.”

2D was spread out on the couch in his pajamas, dualshock left forgotten on the coffee table and his character trapped perpetually staring into space. He knows what he’s doing by stating his boredom so plainly: he wants Ace to entertain him.

“Awe, poor thing,” Ace humors him. “You sure you’re alright?”

“Yeah, I’ll be okay,” 2D reassures. “I’m actually finkin’ about ‘ow...You said I looked good today.”

“I wasn’t lyin’,” Ace hums. “You’ve got a rockin’ body. Everyone knows it.”

“Did you know when you followed me into the baff that it kind of turned me on?”

2D steers the conversation in this direction because it’s easier than anything else. He’s not sure that he and Ace have very much to talk about if there’s no sex involved. Either way, It’s a welcome distraction.

“Oh, I suspected,” Ace breathes. “You’re a total nympho.”

“Totally,” 2D agrees lowly. His voice sounds warm and buttery even over the phone as he sweet talks Ace. “If not for Muds, I would’ve let you ‘ave me over the sink.”

“S’that so? Well, he’s outta the picture now, ain’t he?”

“Yeah, that’s right,” 2D murmurs. “If you ‘ad me right now, ‘ow would you do it?”

His voice almost takes on a desperate quality, like he’s trying to hurry this along so he can finally just feel some fucking *relief.*

“How would I do what?” Ace challenges.

“Fuck me.”

“I’d love to sit you in my lap and watch you go, I think,” Ace says. “You’re great at workin’ those little hips of yours.”

“I-I bet you’re big…”

2D sucks in shallow breaths as he continues talking, now fully hard and touching himself through the thin cloth of his pajama bottoms.

“I ain’t little,” Ace brags. “You can ask old Mudsy.”

No doubt if Murdoc ever heard Ace say that he’d furiously turn it into a dick measuring competition, but 2D really has to focus. It’s unbelievably hard actually trying to get off to Ace’s voice, but he feels that he has to try.

No matter how much it felt like trying to shove a square into a circular hole.

“Oh, do I really ‘ave to ask that old codger? You could show me sometime… Unless you’re shy?”

2D does the whole coy thing *very* well when sex is the motivator.

“Nah, I ain’t shy,” Ace breathily laughs. “Just say the word, bluebird. I’ll be all over you before you can say *‘blimey* .’”

“Blimey,” 2D echoes. “You’re funny. I ‘ope you’re not all talk.”

“You’ll see,” Ace reassures. “Are you touchin’ yourself?”

“Yeah, you?” 2D sighs. He pulls his cock from his bottoms and gives the tip a teasing squeeze before he lazily begins stroking it.

“Mhm,” Ace hums. “Couldn’t help myself; you sound really good over the phone… You ever considered voice acting?”

“No,” 2D laughs. “I think I’d be more satisfied with filmin' porn if I’m honest. I like a lot of attention. Nothin’ gets me off like bein’ watched.”

“Wish I could see you,” Ace admits. His voice is considerably more husky than it was at the start of the call. “I’d do more than just watch.”

“H-hey, I ‘ad an idea…” 2D starts off, unsure. “What d’you think would ‘appen if we did it in front of that bastard, Muds?”

"Oh, that's dark," Ace says with no small amount of amusement. "I didn't know you had it in you, babe. I bet he'd be kind of into it, honestly. Murdoc's a sicko."

2D bites his lip as he imagines Murdoc in such a vulnerable position, the hurt expression he would make and how turned on it would make him despite the rage he would obviously feel. He strokes himself faster, thankful that Ace is apparently willing to indulge him in this twisted fantasy.

"Guess we're *both* sickos, cause truthfully I could cum from the thought of it… I-if he was tied up, watchin' us."

"I'm into it too," Ace says shamelessly. "You singin' my name for him… That would be so hot."

They both were panting and gasping as the pleasure built. 2D kept his eyes closed so that he could hear more closely, but it was the fantasy of hurting Murdoc that really turned him on more than anything Ace said.

As evil as it felt, it gave 2D the relief he was looking for after a day like today. He didn't know it since his phone was on silent, but this would be the exact moment that he received Murdoc's drunken voicemail.

"I'm gettin' close, Dee. Just keep breathin' into the phone like that."

"M-me too," he gasped. "I-I… I want you," he lies.

It's not really Ace that he wants, it's just an easy way to cope.

" *Fuck,* " Ace curses, high pitched. He must've finished himself off.

2D's trying desperately to do the same. He holds the phone to his ear with his shoulder, using his newly freed hand to tug at his balls, and that's what ultimately pushes him over the edge. That, and the thought of Murdoc's flushed, anguished face.

"Oh, *god,"* 2D cries. He swallows thickly as he feels the sweet catharsis come over him. It's only brief, but it feels so good in the moment, he feels tears prick his eyes. They don't fall, as unsatisfying as that is, but for 2D he just takes what he can get.

"Wow," Ace sighs. "I wish I could hear that on repeat," he laughs.

2D laughs back, unsure of what to say until it occurs to him:

"That was nice… We should do that in person sometime."

“Tomorrow night sound good to you?”

“It’s a date,” 2D grins.

8. Chapter 8

Notes for the Chapter:

> Thank y'all for waiting for this chapter to come out. It's rlly fuckin long... I hope y'all like it. It'll probably be another long wait before this chapter and the next. I'm working on side stories for this work so it'll become a series very soon. Look out for Blue Fuzz: Beach episodes. tysm for reading this far.

[Chapter 8]

Murdoc has been a complete and utter mess ever since he and 2D parted ways.

The first few days after Stuart took off with all of the money they made filming, Murdoc wouldn't stop sending him texts. Hell, he'd even been desperate enough to call a few more times, but 2D wouldn't answer the bloody phone no matter how hard he tried.

He's guilty of leaving one or two embarrassingly long, rambling and desperate voicemails, but he couldn't remember any of what he'd said, so what he doesn't know can't humiliate him. Probably.

Now, it's been about a week since the incident at Paula's flat, and Murdoc is almost completely out of time to pay rent. What's worse-- *He's running out of booze.*

With that money from Paula stuffed firmly in *Stu's own* pocket, Murdoc needs to decide very quickly what he's going to do about rent. He could probably scrape enough together to pay and have nothing left over, or he could just get out of dodge. Live in his car for a while or something equally pathetic.

He knows he can't fully blame Stu for taking the money, but he does anyways. He's never really been very good at the whole "accepting blame" thing.

At the present moment, Murdoc is selling the last of his painkillers for his broken nose to the bloke sitting next to him at the pub for scraps. He would've loved to have the meds for himself, but beggars can't be choosers.

These were truly desperate times indeed. Murdoc just wants some bloody speed and a good blowjob. He wants Stu.

It's not enough to run around shagging any random whores that come his way. Somehow, with 2D gone, his sex addiction's flared up even worse than before. When you get right

down to it, Murdoc just wants Dee back and can't be satisfied by any of the untalented slags in town.

Though that doesn't stop him trying.

He has half a mind to camp out at Uncle Norm's Sex Shop, see if Stuart could be caught during his shift, but somehow Murdoc manages to keep a cool enough head to avoid doing that. *Satan forbid* he pressures Stuart into doing something drastic like filing a restraining order.

I don't want to risk losing Stuart more than I already have.

No, he needs to have some tact about this. Stuart probably isn't going to come back with the way things are now. Murdoc finally admitted to himself that even a dullard like Stu can get fed up. And Stuart must finally know: Murdoc isn't a good person like he wanted so desperately to believe.

So how can they hope to get past this? Murdoc doesn't yet know.

Paula's team uploaded the film they made together not long after they parted, and the thing is doing bloody numbers just as Murdoc had predicted. But Stuart, the poor fool, was not managing his social media *at all.* Though his follower count rose dramatically, what was he doing with it?

Fuck all, that's what!

He hasn't posted a single thing. It infuriates Murdoc. Stuart Pot is no one hit wonder, damn it! He needs to capitalize on Stu, and quickly, before his newfound fans lose interest.

Murdoc kept compulsively checking the video as time wore on. His need to sell 2D as an item was competing with his genuine interest in Stuart as a person.

He needs to come up with a plan. If Stuart won't come back, then Murdoc will have no choice but to start anew someplace else. Maybe find some other sucker to tote around like a fucking prostitute. But...

There's no bloody way in Hell that Murdoc would ever find another beautiful idiot like Stu again. His chance for success in the industry is miniscule without him.

The truth is, he really doesn't want to be doing this without Stuart. They had a real future in their industry, and it's no secret that Stuart is a damn good shag. They should be

making *content,* not whatever the hell *this* is. He isn't opposed to finding some way to force Stu back into the business either, but that can only last for so long.

He needs a long term solution.

Some small part of Murdoc knows that he needs to make sure Stu's really okay after all the awful things he said to him at the hospital. If there's a nonverbal way to make it up to Stu, Murdoc would *love* to use it.

Sign language, maybe?

He can't help but think about the life he was slowly building with Stu; the heights they were to obtain. They were going to model toys after Stu for Satan's sake! He was going to be a *household name!* And everyone was going to know he couldn't have done it without Murdoc Niccals.

They need each other.

Stuart would be *nothing* without him, but the reverse is also true. He gets more and more angry the more he allows himself to fester on it, and it doesn't help that he's sitting at the bar completely dry without a single penny to spare on something to drink.

He feels his fist shaking in his pocket, clenching the dirty bills that he took from the bloke sitting next to him. He wants to spend it on booze, or maybe he should've just taken those painkillers instead. He wishes his relationship with Ace wasn't on the rocks right now: he wants a bump of speed more than anything else. Maybe even more than Stu.

Satan represents indulgence instead of abstinence, so therefore this entire situation is complete and utter bollocks!!

"Hey, you look rather upset," The stranger on his other side greets. Murdoc looks up to see a man that struck fear in his heart-- that is, until he realizes this person isn't who he thought it was.

At first glance, he could've sworn it was *Hannibal--*

"Can I get you a drink?" The stranger asks.

Murdoc feels the tension leave his shoulders as he realizes this manky chav wants to put some damn water in his bowl. He can wag his tail, but the *family resemblance* really turns him off.

He's got the same mean-spirited leer that Hannibal had, and his hair's just as greasy too, but maybe that's why he seems to fancy Murdoc. He can probably tell that they're both completely rotten.

Especially since his own face is still completely busted from his broken nose.

"Well, aren't you a gentleman? I'd love a drink," Murdoc grins. He deliberately avoids thanking the man.

"What d'you like?"

"A rum and coke will do nicely," Murdoc suggests. He watches the bloke call the bartender and order their drinks, and considers asking for his name, but ultimately decides he doesn't need to know it.

"My name's Rab," he says anyways. He seems to be very into Murdoc's charmless smile, which probably meant more free drinks so Murdoc doesn't mind the creepy leer it gets him. They make a little more meaningless small talk, Murdoc revealing his own name before the bartender finally brings their drinks over, and he feels instant relief as he swallows it down quickly.

That's *much* better.

"You were thirsty, eh?" Rab laughs. "'Ave another, then."

He orders Murdoc a second drink before he can blink.

"You tryin' to butter me up, Rab?"

"You caught me eye," Rab admits. "Didn't like 'ow you were frownin', so I wanted t'fix it."

Murdoc's got no interest in men who claim they can fix things. He can't believe in anyone who goes out of their way to seem friendly either, so the last thing he wants to do with Rab is open up. A bloody snake in the grass, this one.

Say what you want about Murdoc, but at least he wasn't some wolf in sheep's clothing. The only person who ever failed to see his ill intent was Stu, the fool.

As long as Rab keeps paying for drinks, he has some miniscule value to Murdoc, but as soon as the opportunity dries up, Murdoc vows to make himself sparse.

“Well, aren’t you generous?” Murdoc sarcastically responds. “I really needed a bloody drink…”

Murdoc accepts his second round from the bartender as he’s saying that, and he gulps it down just as quickly as the first. Rab, at least, seems amused by his ill temper.

“I can be *very* generous,” Rab insists. “Tell me. What’s on your mind?”

“Oh, a little of this and a little of that,” Murdoc answers vaguely, trying desperately not to roll his eyes or straight up burp in the tosser’s smug face.

“Come on, love, you can tell me,” Rab carries on.

Pet names from a bloke like this sound like nails on a chalkboard. Murdoc grits his teeth.

“I’ve got this… *co-worker,”* Murdoc tries, standoffish. “And they don’t want to be my working partner anymore ‘cause I sort of screwed ‘em over more than once. So I need to win ‘em back, I guess. It’s a riveting tale, innit?”

“Well, look. Maybe what you need is to bring a gift…?”

“Like a... peace offering?” Murdoc asks, impatient. What’s with the unsolicited advice? Rab’s like a Dr. Phil wannabe. *The drinks simply cannot kick in fast enough.*

“You could call it that. I mean, you know-- What if you slipped the bloke somethin’ to make ‘im feel better about forgivin’ you?”

Murdoc huffs a dry, uncomfortable laugh. *What in Satan’s name is that supposed to mean??* “You tryin’ to bloody tell me somethin’?”

“Maybe,” Rab laughs back. “I mean, your partner… Do you need them, or do they need you?”

“Oh, he needs me,” Murdoc answers without hesitation, though he knew deep down that it was a two way street. “He’s probably at ‘ome right now twiddling his thumbs like a soddin’ muppet. He’s clueless.”

Rab pauses to think for a moment.

“D’you two bang or somefink?” Rab crassly asks, desperately trying to figure Murdoc out despite his visible disinterest. Funny, usually Murdoc is on the other side of this exchange.

Murdoc decides right then and there that he hates this man, Rab. He can sit and accept all the free drinks Rab wants to pay for, but he'll never forget how much of a bell end he is. He'd crush him beneath his boot if he were in any position to do so.

"What's it to you, mate?" Murdoc warns.

"Oh, nothing. I don't mean to pry! I just ask you because, well. What if you took 'im by force?" Rab cryptically suggests.

Murdoc spent a few seconds feeling woefully confused about what the hell Rab was trying to say until it all clicked into place.

"I see. You're fencin' drugs, are you?" Murdoc observes, feeling unimpressed. He's a little disappointed. After all, he *wants* drugs, but it doesn't mean jack shit if he can't really afford it. And he wouldn't waste them on Stuart fucking Pot in a perfect world.

But the world is far from perfect, isn't it?

"Sure am," Rab laughs. "I watched you sell that bloke somethin', and I thought maybe you needed that money to get somethin' better…?"

Murdoc really doesn't like how presumptuous Rab is. Still, he can't help the way his mind races at the thought of possibly doing speed again. He imagines taking drugs he's never taken before.

Of course he can't help but think of himself first, but after a while he also imagines 2D.

The intrusive thought that Rab planted in his mind, the one he knows is completely wrong, but can't help himself from considering: If he were to drug Stuart and put him to sleep, he could take whatever he damn well pleased from him, couldn't he?

Stuart might've spent some of that money from Paula, but surely he hadn't spent all of it, right? What if the kid had some secret stash of money somewhere?

Who's Murdoc kidding-- He probably didn't: that kid's as broke as a fucking joke, but his pills are worth something, at least. Murdoc knows that firsthand.

What if he were to do as Rab suggests, and slip 2D a drug with euphoric effects? Wouldn't it be easier to convince him to come back? If he gets something 2D likes, he might not even have to sneak it into his bloody drink, he could just offer it up as a peace offering.

He has to shake his head.

What am I fucking thinking? I'd get caught right away if I tried anything.

"You *seem* like the type to sell daterape drugs," Murdoc deflects, feeling insecure. "You 'aven't put anything in 'ere, 'ave you?"

He jokingly tilts his glass towards Rab which earns him a laugh. At least the bloke has a good sense of humor.

"Not unless you wanted me to," Rab says with a wink, implying that he did indeed sell that sort of thing. Murdoc didn't miss the telling glint in his eye, and it becomes clear that his half-baked thoughts could easily become a reality if he wanted them to. "I've got sugar, spice and everything nice. You name it."

Should he drug 2D? What would it even accomplish?

If Murdoc can't convince Stuart to work with him again, then he'll be left with nothing. Maybe putting Stuart to sleep could work as a sort of last resort. He would only be forced to that point if Stu made things difficult.

Yes, it would be Stuart's fault.

Oh, what am I fucking thinking!!

"I can't afford it anyways. I need to 'ang on to this little bit of cash I've got, so piss off," Murdoc dismisses. He's trying to convince Rab to give it up just as much as himself at this point.

"I figured as much," Rab sighs. Murdoc can see from the way Rab is looking at him though: he accepts other forms of payment. "You know what they say. Cash, gas, or ass right? If you really want it, Murdoc, I'll give it to you. Like I said: I'm *very* generous."

When pressured to do the wrong thing, Murdoc typically succumbs easily. It's why he favors Satan over the big man upstairs. And truthfully, it really feels a bit like Satan had placed Rab in Murdoc's clutches for him to take full advantage of.

"Hmph. Tell you what, Rab: If you can get me any drunker than this, then tonight I'm all yours."

His heart is hammering as he makes his decision. He knew his capacity to hurt Stuart was great, but this surprises even himself. He thinks he doesn't want to have to use

drugs on him, but in the end he really isn't sure. He can't fully come to terms with how disgusting his choices are just yet.

As Rab obediently orders Murdoc another round, he contemplates what sort of drug to use on old Stu Pot. What would field the best results?

He'll have to decide what to do for real when the time comes.

~

2D's been seeing Ace often since that terrible day in the hospital. Ace didn't really seem to have a stake in the race, not caring if 2D was just using him to cope or not, nor if their actions were possibly hurting Murdoc in some way. 2D sort of hoped that it *did* sting; if Murdoc ever admits that he dislikes what 2D's doing with Ace, he'll have to admit on some level that he cares.

2D wants Murdoc to know that he can be bad too, which is part of the reason why he keeps returning to Ace. That, and sex is just about the only thing that helps with his insomnia. He could probably use drugs to sleep but then he'd be nothing more than a zombie.

Ace has a way of distracting one from their troubles, 2D's learned.

Drugs and sex; The two things Ace had in spades, and the world's most favorite unhealthy coping mechanisms.

As far as fucking Ace goes, he's a rather decent lay. He doesn't quite satisfy like Murdoc does, and he's terribly impersonal when you get right down to it, but he has decent stamina and he's good at taking charge.

2D oddly felt close to Murdoc when he slept with Ace. Murdoc used to sleep with Ace too, right? How differently did Ace fuck him compared to how he fucked Murdoc?

Dee would never know the precise intricacies to that question, of course, but he couldn't help but wonder how Murdoc felt, and if he ever missed the feeling.

This is usually where his mind went while he was with Ace, and tonight is no different. He came straight over after work, knowing that it would be difficult to get any bloody sleep if he didn't properly wear himself out.

They're kissing on one of Ace's couches. He has much better taste in furniture than Murdoc or 2D. Or rather, he can afford to have better taste. It's suede.

2D's on top of Ace; they're just getting started, still clothed and toying around with one another. 2D grinds his hips into Ace's as they kiss, his hands rubbing relaxed circles over 2D's waist and back. Ace never acts like he's in a rush to have 2D. Maybe he's too good for that.

Whatever the case, it's the opposite of Murdoc.

Still, it feels good enough to get 2D aroused; a part of him fears that it's only Murdoc's influence that turns him on, or that Murdoc somehow had ruined him for other men.

Will I ever like another person as much, again?

Ace doesn't really give him much time to ponder it, and lucky for 2D too, because that *thing* he's doing with his tongue feels really good--

"Mmh," 2D moans into Ace's mouth.

"Let's get naked," Ace pulls away to wryly suggest.

"Yeah," 2D mindlessly agrees.

He rips his own shirt off his back, Ace's hands on him in an instant. They're hot. 2D wants to rush things along, but Ace only does things at his own pace.

They go back to kissing as soon as it's physically possible. It's easier than talking. 2D usually leaves right after they've finished because no matter how much time they spent together, it seemed like they never knew what to say to one another. The chemistry simply wasn't there.

To 2D, Ace is just Murdoc's friend, and to Ace 2D is just… Murdoc's plaything? *God* , how depressing.

"You good?" Ace asks, sensing 2D's weary thoughts.

"Yeah," he repeats. "I just really need this," he says, suggesting they hurry along.

"Sure," Ace breathes, ever agreeable. "C'mere."

He sits up from his lying position on the couch and instead lays 2D down on his back. He licks along his exposed neck, grinding his hips into 2D's again because he's just so *hard.*

Oh yeah, this is going to fix everything until morning, and then when 2D goes in to suffer through another shift he'll have to do it all over again. But for the brief time he has left, things would feel better.

2D didn't really have a clue what he was going to do about work. He doesn't want to be a cashier anymore, that's for sure, but he isn't sure where to start with social media and self-promo.

He feels Ace tugging at his waistband and lifts his hips to wriggle out of his trousers. He pulls his briefs down with them, and his half-hard cock springs free. It always takes a little longer to get fully hard with Ace.

If it bothered him at all, Ace never showed it.

"You really look like a pornstar," Ace comments, apparently more satisfied with 2D's body than anything else. The comment seems immature, yet Stu enjoys how it makes him feel.

He's uncomplicated like that.

"Glad to hear it," he cheekily answers.

2D always ends up naked first-- Their routine is terribly predictable by now. But isn't that strange? It's only been about a week.

"Where's your head at, Dee?" Ace asks him again. He can see every thought running through 2D's head, his opaque eyes hiding nothing.

"Sorry," 2D sighs, sitting up. There's no use in forcing it, he supposes. "I don't rightly know."

"We don't have to have sex, y'know," Ace suggests, though 2D finds the thought of them sitting and talking somewhat painful. They just don't have that sort of connection. Ace gives 2D a comforting touch, a chaste hold on his knee that truly does feel good, but when it comes to chatting they fail to meet in the middle.

"I want to," 2D reassures. He presses his side into the couch, lying his head and closing his eyes; it's easier than eye contact. "I just… got a lot on me plate, I suppose."

"It's Murdoc, ain't it?" Ace correctly assumes.

“Yeah,” 2D bitterly laughs. “I know now it seems rather obvious, don’t it? But, I really thought he was a good person.”

Ace stares at 2D, chewing on what he said. In that time, 2D thinks of more ways that Murdoc affected him.

“I don’t want to say Murdoc is bad. I still believe he’s good,” he feels the need to add. “He’s done a lot for me in the short time we ‘ad together. ‘Elped me open my eyes. I’m sort of just left at a crossroads without ‘im ‘ere to give me direction.”

“Look, Dee,” Ace confesses. “At Paula’s house, I just said all that stuff to Murdoc ‘cause he was pissin’ me off, you know?”

“Sure, mate, but it was all true wasn’t it?”

Ace groans as he runs a hand through his hair. It was clearly hard for him to have this talk as well. Still, he attempted to gather his thoughts for 2D’s sake.

“Yeah. It’s true that Murdoc’s a bit of a chatty cathy, I guess,” He struggles to explain. “And he did say some harsh things about you to me over the phone. But that guy’s fuckin’ crazy over you.”

“Well, I never felt confused about whether or not Murdoc wanted to shag me,” 2D says, finding no comfort in Ace’s words.

“No, I mean, like,” Ace growls like he’s frustrated at his own lack of eloquence. “He was here just the other day, ’n he didn’t wanna like… *fuck.* It was plain as day that he was just actin’ all pissy ‘cause he wanted *you.* I think he’s serious about ya, Dee. I ain’t never seen him act like that over a simple meet’n’fuck. ”

2D doesn’t know what to think of the anecdote. “What’re you sayin’?”

“I mean, like. *He has feelings* for you! I… Gotta be honest. I wasn’t even gonna say anything ‘cause the last thing I wanna do right now is help that prick out, but… *Damn,* I just really don’t like seein’ you all bummed out. You’re totally killin’ my vibe.”

The sheer rudeness of Ace’s words goes over 2D’s head because the heart of what he’s said is much more important.

Murdoc’s got feelings, sure, but I wish he’d tell me ‘is bloody self.

“Have you spoken to Murdoc?” Ace asks as if he knew what 2D was thinking.

“N-no. I ‘aven’t even listened to the voicemails he left, I--” 2D cuts himself off, feeling foolish. What if Murdoc has been trying to tell him he cared this whole time? How could he hear any good news from Murdoc if 2D’s gone and muted him?

Does 2D really want to be doing this by himself?

“Hey, I’m all about not doin’ shit that you don’t wanna do," Ace is quick to explain. “You don’t gotta speak to that asshole if you don’t want to. Hell, I don’t even wanna talk to him! But, you just looked so sad I felt *guilty.* Like I *had* to tell ya.”

“...Fanks,” 2D finally said. “I should call ‘im--”

At that exact moment, as if by fate, 2D’s phone starts to ring in his pants pocket. Speak of the Devil… *Except,* when he finally fishes the phone out of his pocket, it’s not Murdoc who’s calling him.

Dad.

“Oh, hell,” 2D curses, “Uhm, I’ll be right back!”

He quickly leaves Ace behind in the living room, unprepared for the random call. He hoped something bad hadn’t happened as he stood awkwardly in the hallway, stark naked.

“Er-- ‘Ello. Dad?”

“*Stuart,”* David greets, terse. “How’s work been, son?”

Stu really can’t recall much about work, just that he’s been drifting through it mindlessly. The only thing that was really going well for him was the film with Paula, and even that has come to an abrupt end. Not that poor David has to know about that.

“Oh, I dunno,” Stuart obliviously answers. “I can’t remember the days lately…”

David clears his throat.

“Well listen, son… Your mum *saw* something. Online.”

“Mum did? Thought she was no good wiv computers,” Stuart wonders aloud.

“That’s not the *point,”* David scolds, exasperated. Stuart can’t understand why his father is so upset until-- “Just… *be honest, Stuart.* Are you tapin’ porn?”

There's no other word for it: Full-bodied dread.

Stuart's heart just about falls through his ass as his blood turns to ice. He can't hear how his dad starts rambling about how he "couldn't bear" to check the video and see for himself whether or not it was really Stu, because he gets this awful headrush that makes him feel terribly faint.

He leans up against the wall as he tries to recover. It's terribly cold against his naked body and that somehow makes the shame feel that much deeper.

"Stu? Stu?" David questions. He hardly gives his son a second to even answer him.

"I… I am. I-I'm sorry, dad," Stu tries to say, but his father is too upset to let him continue. He couldn't find it in him to lie to his father.

"This isn't the life me and your mum wanted for you. Why won't you just go to school?"

Stuart remembers what it was like trying to survive uni, how it filled his days with static and how he needed his pills more back then than he ever did now. And he knows that he can't just *go back,* as his father was so simply suggesting.

"I don't know 'ow to explain t'you that I can't do that!" Stuart cries. It's not the first time old David has asked him that after all.

"I just can't believe you'd do this," David goes on, voice reaching an uncharacteristic falsetto. "We raised you better than this. You're killin' me and your poor mum with this, Stu."

"Well, why was mum lookin' at gay porn anyways!?" Stu retorts.

It really feels like the world's ending to Stu. He wonders where the nearest building to walk off of is.

"That's besides the bloody point! Good lord, Stuart, you couldn't have at least done straight porn? She didn't meantion it was *gay.* Oh, my God! "

Now Stu's really done it. If David wasn't having a meltdown before, now he's gone bloody nuclear.

"What 'appened? When you were workin' with me at the fairgrounds, you were quite the lady's man! I feel like I don't even *know* you! *My own son!"*

“Awe hell-- I’m very not sure that it’s any of your business!” Stu finally gets the nerve to say. “I’ve just been strugglin’ lately--”

“Is it not enough that we send you money?” David asks. “Your mother and I are through with you, after this. We aren’t sending you anything more. We just can’t believe you would stoop this low.”

Low indeed. Stuart thought he could cry. He simply wasn’t high enough to take this call.

“Fine by me,” Stuart spits. “I don’t bloody need you!”

He hangs up before David could insult him further. The last thing he was expecting on top of everything was to be disowned. And the deep embarrassment he felt from being exposed like that to his own parents nearly caused him physical pain.

His typical migraine blooms into something harder, leaving him dizzy and nauseous.

2D tries desperately to catch his breath as he leans up against the cold wall, pain mounting, then when he finally feels the pulse in his head stop throbbing, he returns to the living room where he left Ace.

“Hey, you okay?” Ace asks him.

“No, definitely not,” Stuart groans. He picks his clothes back up from the floor, gingerly trying to get dressed without moving his head too much.

“Well… Wanna get high?”

That sounds lovely to 2D.

"Ave you got any ecstasy?”

~

After his pitiful shag with Rab, Murdoc flees the fucking scene as quickly as he possibly can!!

Rab wanted Murdoc’s number, but he failed to make a good first impression, so he didn’t deserve it. Compared to 2D, Rab’s a bumbling, clumsy fool in bed. It was like shagging a bloody head of lettuce.

Being drunk didn’t ease any of the aches and pains that come from awkward sex. It just made Murdoc want 2D more. Not to mention: Murdoc had to keep his eyes clenched

tight the whole time due to the sod's unbearable resemblance to Hannibal.

It honestly puts Murdoc in a terrible headspace. He knows it isn't so much the family resemblance that bothers him as much as the memories he had of old Hanni. His older brother did a lot of bad shit to him and Satan knows Murdoc is not ready to have that all brought to the forefront of his attention.

That's what booze is for, isn't it? Pretending like you're alright? When in reality, Murdoc hasn't actually been alright for most of his life. Probably not since he was 9.

The Hannibal lookalike at least had the humility to act sheepish about his performance. He didn't expect Murdoc to stay with him afterwards either, which was excellent. He just asked Murdoc to quickly pick his literal poison and then leave.

When it came down to it, Murdoc decided to go with rohypnol, the classic date rape drug for an old-school man such as himself. It was a single pill, and Murdoc had crushed it up and folded a small piece of paper around it.

For easy pouring, see.

He hoped he wouldn't need it, but he had no problem putting Stu to sleep if his hand was forced.

Don't make me have to hurt you, Stu.

After this, no matter what happens, Murdoc can finally stop obsessing over Stuart, their futures together, and all the great heights they might've reached together. He'll have every answer he needs once he gets through this night.

Murdoc will find out if the kid wants to live on as the talented pretty boy 2D, or stay veiled in obscurity as Stuart Pot.

It's well past Uncle Norm's hours, so Stu ought to be home. Murdoc heads in Stu's direction after ditching Rab.

He's been daydreaming about having to use the crushed powder on Stu, and what the aftermath of using the drug on him would look like.

After Stu wakes up from it, he would know that Murdoc had been the one to do it to him. He would know Murdoc has stolen from him and could potentially contact the police, but it shouldn't matter much. He's overly forgiving, something Murdoc loves to take advantage of.

They'll have to be sitting; if Stu were to pass out standing up and crack his big, bloody head open, that's a whole other world of trouble that Murdoc isn't prepared to deal with.

He imagines the way Stuart would look passed out on his dingy couch, and in his depravity finds the thought erotic. He thinks about the numerous things he could get away with, how easily justifiable it all is in his own fucked up thought process.

After all, if Stu can't feel or remember anything, then who's Murdoc really hurting?

"I'm completely fucked," Murdoc mutters to himself. He knows he's wrong. He is *so fucking wrong.* They're just intrusive thoughts, he promises himself.

He's been driving around Stu's apartment for a while, debating whether or not he should even step foot in the building. It's terribly late; if anyone's noticed his odd behavior, then it must appear awfully suspicious.

He shouldn't go in. His intentions are much too dark. But then again, Murdoc just went through hell to get this sodding pill.

"I only got the bloody drug *just in case.* I might not 'ave to use it," Murdoc reasons to himself. He feels like an insane man as he continues to talk to himself. When his mind is this broken, he has a bad habit of talking to himself.

I'm losing my mind.

As he looks up at the old building, he feels the final nail get hammered into the coffin. He parks his car.

He lets himself in and walks up to Stu's door, knocking on it loud enough to wake up everyone in the damn building. Murdoc doesn't care who he inconveniences-- He's got to do this.

As he's standing there, overwhelmed by the deafening silence in the hallway, he has half a mind to start shouting to get Stu's attention. Surely the insomniac isn't actually asleep in there at this time? Unless he found someone else to fuck him to sleep.

"Stu! Open the bloody door! You can't ignore me forever!" he roars, grinding his teeth at the thought of the hypothetical man who could've crept in while he was gone. The idea of 2D moving on so quickly just makes him more unstable.

...No response. His palms grow sweatier.

He presses his ear to the door. It's completely silent inside as well.

"Stu...?" Murdoc calls out once more.

"Shut the hell up!" Someone yells from inside a neighboring apartment.

"Sod off!!" Murdoc screams back. This really ain't good. Of course, with this being an apartment complex, he's already been spotted at the scene of the crime.

There's no way I can bloody get away with this.

Murdoc feels his heart in his head as his nerves compound. What in the hell is he doing?

...

Well, he's taking out his wallet obviously. He fishes out the first expired credit card he can find and jams it into the space between the door handle and the frame.

A cheap, shitty place like this ought to be easy to break into. Stu's either out and about or in some sort of drug-induced coma; either way, it's like stealing from a baby. It takes a solid minute of wriggling the damn thing about before the door actually clicks open.

Eureka!! He should invest in a nicer lock.

It's dark inside. The lights and the TV are off, the only source of light coming in from the street lights from between the blinds. Murdoc creeps in quickly, relocking the door behind him. He doesn't want to be spotted.

It's difficult, but Murdoc eventually finds the lamp and flicks the damn thing on. It's just as messy as ever, maybe even messier.

With 2D gone, he can just take whatever he wants now. All he has to do is find it. He feels a strange combination of relief and disappointment that he won't have the chance to use the drug. Even more unexpected is the rush of adrenaline that Murdoc feels from being in 2D's home uninvited.

He can almost feel how fast his own blood is pumping through him. Breaks out into an excited sweat. He feels alive.

Murdoc immediately gets to work. He looks on the coffee table, not seeing anything of note on it. Dee has a stack of letters piled up just gathering dust along with used plates and bowls scattered about. Empty pill bottles. Beer cans.

Stu's living room is still sparse and so is the kitchen. Murdoc begins to lose hope that he'll find anything hidden in such an empty dwelling.

He moves on into Stu's bedroom. It's all the same: the christmas lights, the dirty mirror with notes plastered on it, the cluttered dresser and the tiny bookshelf filled with journals and musical textbooks.

The only thing that looked out of place was the Casio which was laid on the bed in Murdoc's spot along with an open notebook, scraps of paper littered all over.

Murdoc tries to ignore that for now, instead rooting around in the drawer of 2D's bedside table. There's loose candies in there, mostly butterscotch, and an assortment of other random things too. Like a wine voucher, a hello kitty watch, and what looks like a travel brochure for Jamaica.

No money.

Murdoc has half a mind to go searching through his bloody pants pockets for some loose change!

He does open the dresser drawers, but he doesn't find anything interesting hidden in them. Just lingerie. He looks under the bed but only sees 2D's box of sex toys. A brief look in the closet makes Murdoc feel despair: all the shit he'd picked off of the floor was still sloppily thrown into it.

Stu doesn't even seem to have a sodding piggy bank somewhere.

In his frustration, his curiosity gets the better of him. He sits on Stu's bed and picks up the notebook. Last time Murdoc did this, he didn't have the patience to read any of Stu's thoughts, but now…

Well, now he sort of wished he knew more.

At the start of the book is poetry. Or lyrics? It's nothing that Murdoc can't understand. Maybe it'd be hard for some, but they seemed to be on the same wavelength when it came to these writings.

Stu writes an awful lot about feeling listless, directionless, and about the way his drugs make him feel. It resonates with Murdoc more than Stuart could ever know, though Murdoc does his best to act like he's always having a good time.

Because he hates vulnerability. The sad reality of being an alcoholic speed addict catches up to you all too quickly when you lose your sense of humor.

Further into the notebook the writing becomes less about drugs and more about failing to connect with others.

Sex addiction.

And… Murdoc.

I blew a bad man away today
Had a gun, had to be done
I blew a man away

Brother, sister too
Do what you must do
Don't trust people you meet
They might promise you
That the river ain't deep

There's scratches and annotations all over the damn page. Live edits and stream of consciousness notes are the only way Murdoc can confirm that this is all about himself.

Places where Stu's written that he's sorry, where he admits he didn't want to "shoot." Places where he denounces fake promises. That, and this poem is the last page written on. It's recent.

You'd have to be blind not to see it.

Murdoc tosses the notebook back onto the bed, unable to confront what he's done to Stu. What he has *yet to do* to him. He lays back down on the sheets, sighing as a weight settled over his tense shoulders.

He doesn't want to think about it.

He rolls over, hiding his face in the pillows. Smells like Stu. Murdoc inhales before he can think to stop himself. He misses the way Stu feels, the way he can just get under one's skin. Doesn't even seem like Stu is aware of himself doing it. It hasn't been very long at all since they parted ways, but the rift felt just as intense.

How can you have sex that amazing with someone and just forget about it overnight?

Stu's hips, his thighs, his uber thin waist, his soft tongue, and softer hair. The way his heart beats faster every time Murdoc touches him. His eagerness. His earnest and trusting nature.

Not to mention his beautiful, fucked up smile. There's a lot to like about Stu, Murdoc's unfortunately realizing.

When they went to the hospital together and Murdoc confessed about the first time he'd ever broken his nose, Stuart didn't make him feel ugly like he was expecting him to. He didn't laugh in Murdoc's face. For some reason, up until the very last moment they'd spent together, Stuart genuinely believed that Murdoc was a good person.

And yet here he is having broken into the kid's apartment, completely willing to drug him if push came to shove. The guilt sticks to him like white on rice. He doesn't want to dwell on it.

Murdoc empties his mind as he feels himself surrounded by Stu's scent. It's easy to imagine his lithe body like this. Murdoc clutches the pillow to his face like it's his only lifeline in a vast sea.

"Stu," Murdoc groans.

He wants those long legs wrapped around him again. His face feels hot and his cock is getting hard between the mattress and his thigh. It almost feels involuntary how he grinds his hips into the sheets.

What do I 'ave to do to 'ave more of you, Stu?

He immerses himself in memories of Stu as well as fantasies. Thinks about the rohypnol burning a hole in his pocket and what it would be like if he had to use it. Remembers that first time he fucked Stu in the backseat of his car.

The soft rustling of the sheets and his shallow breaths fill the empty space of the room. And then, he hears the front door being unlocked.

Murdoc sits up so fast he pulls a muscle in his neck.

Ow! Shit!!

He looks around for a way to escape, but of course there's no way out. He might consider hiding, but who knows how long he could really go undetected. In the end he

finds himself standing between the bed and the door looking quite frazzled, clutching his neck like the stupid prick that he is.

Is this karma!? Maybe 2D was actually right about something for once.

No matter what Murdoc did, he'd never be ready for the moment when 2D finally opens the door to his own bedroom and they spot each other.

"Woah, shit!! Murdoc!?" 2D yelps, startled out of his damn mind.

"Let's just calm down, Dee--"

"Why are you in my room!?"

He's understandably upset to find Murdoc here.

"I-I-I came to see you but you weren't bloody 'ere so I just-- Let myself in!" Murdoc lies.

"No. No, I-I'm sure I locked the door…" 2D swears, watching Murdoc like he was a poisonous snake.

"You didn't lock it," he promises. "Can we just talk? Please?"

Murdoc doesn't know that he's said the word 'please' in the last five years except to beg for speed, truthfully. Feels strange to say it now and actually mean it.

"Now's *really* not a good time," 2D mutters. He walks into the room past Murdoc to rummage through the mess of pill bottles on top of his dresser.

"Where 'ave you been?" Murdoc questions. "It's past midnight-- nearly one in the morning."

"I was wiv Ace," 2D says, and it stings for sure. But Murdoc forces himself not to fester on it. He really does want to talk.

Except, it's not so easy for Murdoc to push aside his feelings when it comes to Dee. He's still awfully possessive over the poor sod.

"He got 'is claws into you quick, didn't he?" Murdoc bitterly curses. "How were my sloppy seconds?"

More like his sloppy hundreds if he's honest. But who's counting?

"'Ave you come just to tell me 'ow jealous you are?" 2D says quietly, sorting pills. So quiet Murdoc almost can't hear him, and he hates how somber the kid sounds, but he can't just get over his wounded pride to address it.

"Get over yourself," he orders him. "Can't we just *talk?"*

2D doesn't reply. He seems to have found the exact pill bottle he was looking for from his dresser and walks right past Murdoc towards the kitchen. Murdoc has no choice but to trail after him.

He says he wants to talk, but he didn't sort out what exactly he was meant to say.

Apologizing is out, and honesty is out, so what else is there?

"What 'ave you done with the money, Stu?" Murdoc asks as they both come to stand in the kitchen. Right, intimidation might work!

2D's pulling the vodka out of the freezer; there's a lot less than there was the last time Murdoc looked.

"I spent it, obviously. I've got bills too," He calmly explains, pulling a single glass out of the cupboard. He avoids Murdoc's venomous gaze.

...Spent it…?

His mind races as he thinks of the rohypnol in his pocket. There's nothing to steal from 2D anymore besides his medication. Murdoc needs immediate financial relief; there wouldn't be enough time to sell the pills before his landlord threw him out on his ass, he realizes.

"I enjoyed splurgin' on some new lingerie, too. Ace rather likes the new pieces I've worn."

"I bet he does," Murdoc says through grit teeth. "You've gotten cheekier since I've been away," Murdoc points out as he gets himself a glass from the cupboard, astonished. Entitled. "D'you finally feel like a big boy, Stu? Finally feel like you can get back at me?"

Murdoc knows how unhinged he sounds, but he can't help it. What the hell is he bloody meant to do now!?

“Looks like I’ve bloody succeeded,” 2D spits, pouring himself a glass over Murdoc’s hurt, accusatory expression. He uses the plain vodka to swallow his pills, and it makes Murdoc nauseous to watch him do it.

“Satan, no mixer?” Murdoc criticizes. Pot calling the kettle black.

“I’m just *knackered,* alright? Just wanna take the bloody edge off.”

“Well, who can blame you after you’ve been with Ace all bloody night, that irritating prick,” Murdoc reasons. Then he pours his own glass and drinks it the same exact way.

If he were to drug 2D right now, what would his face look like? Peaceful? Would 2D even let Murdoc pour him another drink?

“Ace is fine,” 2D sighs heavily, voice sounding thick from the disgusting liquid he’d just forced himself to swallow. Completely unaware of Murdoc’s internal struggle. It forces Murdoc back into the present moment “It’s not ‘is bloody fault I’m in such a state.”

2D leans up against the counter as Murdoc hunches over his drink, contemplating. He hangs his head like he has a lot on his mind.

“If not Ace, then what?” Murdoc gestures impatiently. “Uncle Norm?”

“What d’you care?” 2D spits. “You’re probably just ‘ere for another quick shag. One last pump out of me before you scam the next poor sod.”

“It *wasn’t* a scam!” Murdoc scrambles to explain.

“You weren’t plannin' on givin’ me a bloody penny,” 2D accuses.

“I *needed that money,* ” Murdoc insists. “We were going to make more for you *after.* I swear it; if you won’t believe anything else tonight, *believe that.”*

2D chews on what Murdoc’s said for a while, staring at him with doubt. Murdoc nervously watches the kid’s face as he thinks it through because he wants to keep going. He wants to make more films, stream more streams, and more.

“My dad phoned me today,” 2D mutters. “My parents saw… the film.”

“Oh,” Murdoc says.

Because he doesn’t know what to say about that.

“They were ‘elping me wiv this place. I just barely make enough to pay rent on me own so you know… Mum and dad ‘elp wiv shopping and other things ‘ere and there. And you know even wiv’ all that, I still ‘ad to make lewd videos on the side…”

“They disowned you,” Murdoc correctly assumes, somber.

“O-of course they did,” 2D confirms, voice wobbling. Before he can say anything more, he finishes his cup. "My dad thought I was bloody straight."

Mr. Pot must be a blind man. 2D is a total bender.

“You don’t need them,” Murdoc proclaims.

“I can’t afford to stay ‘ere--” 2D tries to explain, but Murdoc isn’t listening.

“So we’ll leave!!” Murdoc cries, talking with his hands. “You don’t fuckin’ need them, Stu. They don’t get you. You’ve more talent in your bloody pinky than your mum, *or* your dad I’ll bet. You're an adult and you can do whatever you damn well please!”

Stuart starts to cry because he isn’t sure he agrees. Still, he’s a man and he doesn’t want Murdoc to see him like that, so he turns away and tries to wipe his eyes furiously.

"Are you saying *you* get me?" 2D questions.

"I get that you're a bloody sex addict," Murdoc shoots back, annoyed. "And I get why you don't just 'go to uni' like they insist. I know you're not really alright, and that you're not as fuckin' hollow in the head as you let everyone believe."

"I-if you know all that then why…?" 2D tries to say.

Why did you try to cut me so deeply at the hospital?

"Because I'm bad," Murdoc says simply. "I'm a bad man. Always 'ave been… I shouldn’t ‘ave said any of what I’d said."

It’s not quite an apology, but it is an admission of guilt, and for 2D that means quite a bit.

"I still don't believe you're a bad person," 2D admits. At this point, the pill in his pocket weighs about a trillion tons.

"You must not know me well enough," Murdoc assures him. "Just like 'ow your parents don't know you."

“I fink I know you,” 2D sniffles. “I finally… Listened to your voicemail.”

The shame of leaving such a telling voicemail feels like two hot brands being pressed into his sallow cheeks.

“Let’s not talk about the bloody *voicemail,* Stu,” Murdoc insists, but Stuart’s not listening.

“You’ve never been as honest as you were on that call,” He points out. “And I don’t mean to embarrass you, but you’re kind of beautiful… when you’re being honest.”

Oh, holy fucking Hell.

Murdoc actually *feels* his heart flutter at the admission. It’s a pleasant and exciting feeling, but he’s just not used to it. It makes him want to lash out.

“You don’t ‘ave to kiss up,” Murdoc curses, avoiding 2D’s earnest expression. “Weren’t we talkin’ about your failure of a family??”

That's right, Murdoc's feelings don't need to be discussed when Stu's got so much shit on his plate.

“R-right,” 2D sighs, perhaps disappointed. “I've ‘urt my mum and dad very badly, Murdoc. Really. I never imagined ‘aving to live wivout ‘em. God, it’s so morbid, but it’s like they’re... *dead.* "

Murdoc growls in frustration, knocks back his drink like a madman, (and it really fucking hurts to drink it like that!) and noisily slams the empty cup onto the counter. Then he steps into Dee's space, clawed hands resting on his sloped shoulders.

He just sounds so young when he mopes like that. It's in stark opposition to how mature he appears on camera.

"To hell with 'em," Murdoc utters slowly. He really wants 2D to understand that it'll be okay.

The kid’s face is flushed. Struggling to hold back tears. His black eyes look deeper, like they hold more water. More sadness.

"You don't need them," Murdoc repeats for the third time.

Because we only need each other.

"Your parents saw the film because it's popular. And you're going to get more and more popular, and the cheques are going to come rollin' in. And guess who'll come crawlin' back when that time comes, askin' *you* for 'elp with bloody *money troubles?"*

Stu doesn't say much of anything, he just stares into Murdoc's face, which for the first time actually appeared earnest. Genuine.

Genuine, but also manic.

"Move somewhere with me," Murdoc implores, impulsive, squeezing 2D too hard. He looks shocked at the suggestion. "We can afford it if we're together. I'll manage your schedule and book you for gigs. And this time *no shady business.* Get you out of this cramped shit hole… *"*

Murdoc cups 2D's cheek and peers into his face. Those black eyes reflect too much of his own troubled expression.

"We can be something. You can be *somebody.* So I need you to trust me again, Stu." Murdoc grits out. “This was never just a soddin’ scam.”

"I'm not sure…" 2D admits, weary. "But, I want to keep making films."

"Then do it with me," Murdoc says. "We’ll make ‘em regret turnin’ their ungrateful backs on you. They’ll wish they would’ve gotten to know you once they see ‘ow well you do. All the adorin’ fans you’re gonna make.”

“Yeah…” 2D whispers. “This is all just so bloody 'ard... It feels like my parents don't... *love me* anymore.”

“We're both like that; we come from people that don't fuckin' deserve us."

2D pulls Murdoc into himself at that, wrapping his long arms around the older man and burying his nose in his black hair. It’s a great comfort to him, even if he’d never say it aloud.

"No one deserves *you,"* 2D laughs through his sadness. Murdoc is honestly impressed that Stuart hasn't cried more.

"Oh sod off," Murdoc half grins into 2Ds shoulder. He holds the kid back because he's missed him terribly and it just feels good. "I'm Satan's bloody gift. I'm criminally underappreciated since birth."

"I appreciate you," 2D says. "That's why you can't be bad."

It's an incredibly uncomfortable sentiment for Murdoc, as he can feel the literal poison he prostituted himself for in his pocket, pressed to 2D's thigh. Now that he has the kid in his arms, he feels guilty for wanting to drug and rob him.

"You're daft," Murdoc sighs. Doesn't he know that Murdoc is taking advantage of him again? That Murdoc saw an opportunity to win him back and he took it without hesitation?

"Let's move somewhere together," 2D repeats.

Guess not.

“You’ve just paid all your bills, yeah?” Murdoc recalls, running his hands up and down Dee’s back. “So we ‘ave another month to earn like devils and then get the hell out of dodge.”

“D’you fancy a flat in the city?” 2D daydreams. “Or maybe you’re secretly the countryside type? One wiv’ a beach view?”

“The beach could do,” Murdoc grins. He can’t help it when his hands find Dee’s thin hips, toying with the hem of his shirt. “You and I on a beach sounds like bad news for the locals. Public indecency.”

“You’ve missed me,” 2D points out, leaning back to look at Murdoc’s face. “You’re ‘ard.”

“Don’t rub it in,” Murdoc sarcastically says, grinding into 2D’s leg like some kind of filthy dog. “I’ve not felt satisfied since we parted.”

2D leans in to kiss Murdoc and he doesn’t even notice how comfortable he’s become with this level of intimacy. There was a time when he didn’t want to kiss 2D, but things have changed. He just knows that he wants more, to scratch the bloody itch he’s felt since 2D left him in that damn hospital.

“I’m the same,” 2D gasps as he pulls away. “I like Ace, but he’s not…”

“He’s not me?” Murdoc assumes, leaning back in to kiss 2D again.

“Arrogant,” 2D criticizes. He melts into the kiss. Dee’s mouth tastes like vodka and pills, but it suits Murdoc just fine. He feels like he can’t get close enough to Dee.

The kid spreads his legs so Murdoc can press him into the kitchen counter harder. Runs his long fingers through Murdoc's hair, and he could just bloody cry because he's missed the feeling of it. It's so relieving.

2D pulls away one more time with his warm hands on Murdoc's neck. Murdoc loves the high strung expression he wore.

"Ace and I didn't get to shag today; my dad interrupted us," 2D haphazardly explains.

"Awe… Does my pretty boy want to cum?" Murdoc teases. His spirits are so high from having 2D to himself again that he doesn't even have it in him to be upset about Ace. Murdoc is soaring.

2D nods his head, leveling Murdoc with one of the most sexually charged looks he's ever seen. Hooded eyes, flushed skin, and a gentle lip-bite, Murdoc finds himself feeling extra charitable.

He drops to his knees, unable to wait any longer; he wants to see that lovely face 2D makes as he falls apart under Murdoc. 2D gasps as he watches him go.

After all, Murdoc is being uncharacteristically generous.

He tears off the kid's belt and unbuttons his jeans as quickly as he can, pulling 2D's hard cock out with an excited groan. His own prick aches from how bloody excited he is, but he doesn't touch himself, yet. He wants all hands on 2D, full service.

The kitchen tile hurts his knees but all he can think about is stuffing 2D's cock in his mouth, so that's what he does. He laps up the warm, leaky precum and drags his long tongue along the underside.

The kid sighs like he's just taken a dip into a fancy hot tub. Bliss. No doubt his toes have curled in his shoes. This encourages Murdoc. He's not as skilled as 2D, but he can take it pretty far. What he can't reach, he jerks off with his hand. He uses the other hand to carefully massage 2D's balls.

He doesn't want to claw the kid. Yet, anyways.

Oh, he missed the feeling of his smooth skin. He can't wait to sink his teeth in.

"That's lovely," 2D chokes out.

Murdoc actually feels his cheeks warm at the comment, and further still when 2D once again cards his fingers through his hair. He's an affectionate kid.

Why did I ever stop 'im from being so affectionate before?

Murdoc's cheeks hollow out as he puts his damn back into it. He always thought that for a blowjob to be good, it doesn't have to be skilled as long as it's enthusiastic. The soft tip of 2D's cock touches the back of his throat repeatedly, and the feeling goes straight to his head. It's such a rush.

Murdoc doesn't keep up the brutal pace for long though; it's good to alternate. As he slows down, he's able to rub his tongue along 2D's shaft more precisely. He can tell the kid really likes it because he's gasping above him.

Good thing too, since he pulled his neck earlier.

He has to crack open his eyes and gaze up at 2D. He has to see his face.

They make eye contact and 2D sucks in a harsh breath, bucking his hips into Murdoc's mouth.

"C-Christ," 2D sighs. "If only you could see yourself, Muds."

It makes Murdoc feel sexy. His cock throbs in his jeans, aching to be touched. This is such an intense pleasure; a stranger like Rab could never replace this.

"W-wait," 2D chokes out, pulling Murdoc off of his cock by making a tight fist in his hair. It hurts. Makes Murdoc whine. If 2D would treat him like this more, that would be great.

It hurts so good.

And the thick strand of spit that briefly connects them as Murdoc pulls off is satisfying to see. It dribbles onto his chin and his shirt, making a slobbery mess.

"I-I'm going to cum," 2D warns.

Murdoc stands up from the floor and pulls 2D up close to him.

"Ain't that the bloody goal?" He grins, dipping in to kiss 2D's neck.

"We could do it together…?" 2D hopefully suggests.

“Might do,” Murdoc hums. He finally bites down into 2D like he’s been wanting too all night, and the kid flinches into it as he lets out a surprised yelp. 2D sucks in a breath, clinging to Murdoc’s shoulders.

He licks over the spot he’s just bitten, faintly tasting blood, then he pulls back to look up at Dee.

“What d’you want, Stu?”

“Can I top, Muds?” he whispers into his ear. It runs chills down Murdoc’s back, the way his voice sounds in all his boyish charm. “I’ve been thinkin’ of you, ‘ow tight you felt and ‘ow into it you were…I want to do it again.”

Stuart has many faces, all of them dreadfully attractive. Murdoc can’t help but note how differently 2D sounds in the moment from how he sounds when he’s recording. It isn’t 2D who’s asking to have him again, it’s Stuart. He's multifaceted, much more than a blank sheet of paper.

“Lets get on with it then," Murdoc purrs.

He gives Stu the briefest of kisses before he's dragging him into the bedroom by the wrist. They fight to take off each other's clothes before climbing into bed. It’s desperate and needy on both ends.

They damn near clatter the Casio to the floor before Stu carefully places it aside. Murdoc drags him back as soon as he's done, not bothering to be careful with his claws and pinning him to the mattress with his wrists above his head.

Stu loves the feeling of Murdoc's smaller body on top of him, but he flips them over and completely reverses the roles. It takes Murdoc by surprise, expecting Stu to be as docile as he always is.

With Murdoc pinned instead, Stuart looks as though he has something to say, but he leans in for another sloppy kiss. His weight pressed into Murdoc’s body is so lovely. He’s warm, skin against skin. He kind of wants to know what the kid was going to say, but who can be bothered when his tongue feels like *that*.

2D lingers, dragging it out until Murdoc can’t stand to wait any longer.

“H-hurry up,” Murdoc groans into his mouth.

“Whore,” 2D teases. Still, he does as he’s told. He fetches the lube out of the night stand and coats two fingers in it, but he gasps as he sinks them into Murdoc. “You-- You’re already stretched.”

And it’s true. Rab had him earlier that night.

“So I am,” Murdoc sighs, delighting in 2D’s handiwork. He’s almost too blissed out to realize the way Stu’s face completely changes.

“So you can ‘ave whoever you bloody want, but it’s different when I do it?” 2D angrily questions. He doesn’t stop twisting his fingers into Murdoc. If anything, he thrusts them harder and it makes Murdoc squirm. Rab might’ve been rather untalented in bed, but Murdoc’s still feeling sensitive from earlier.

It honestly hurts a little, but Murdoc, sick as he is, can enjoy the painful feeling.

“Who says I was with another bloke, Stu?” Murdoc groans. “Could’ve just been playin’ with myself.”

“ *Shut up,* liar” 2D demands, easily slipping in a third finger. Murdoc feels like he just can’t spread his legs wide enough. His cock actually twitches at the kid’s harsh words. “You’re such a bloody hypocrite…!”

Stu’s *really* upset. You can see it in his face, the way his dark brows furrowed and the deep frown he wore. Even the way he’s handling Murdoc is more aggressive than usual, with one hand fingering him and the other keeping him firmly pinned to the mattress.

“Are you pissed off? Gonna put me in my place?” Murdoc taunts, wanting to see more.

2D can’t even say anything to that; he’s visibly struggling to hold it all in, so he shoves his prick into Murdoc without warning, making both of them cry out.

“Oh, *bloody ‘ell!* ” Murdoc whines, high-pitched.

2D stops him from speaking by putting his hands to his throat. He’s not being gentle, and it turns Murdoc on so badly. Murdoc reflexively claws at Stu’s wrist; he could get out of the hold if he tried, but he doesn’t want to.

Stu’s unrelenting thrusts do *so much* for him. He keeps his legs up, knees pulled up to his chest.

“S-Stu,” Murdoc sings, strangled.

“Who were you wiv, Muds?” Stu accuses, thrusting into Murdoc harder. “You were upset about Ace, but you’ve been sleepin’ around too.”

“A stranger,” Murdoc gasps. “Can barely remember ‘is name.”

“Was it good, old man?” 2D asks.

But Murdoc can’t reply because Stu chokes harder. He wants to let Stuart take out his anger on him, to let the kid hurt him if he really wants to. All of it just makes his cock hard.

He almost wants to tell Stu that it was garbage, that no one can compare to him. But that might soothe the fires that were raging behind his black eyes, and Murdoc likes what anger does to Stu. It makes him brave.

“Were you thinkin’ of me?” 2D groans. Murdoc never knew the kid had such possessiveness inside of him. “Were you feelin’ sorry for yourself, wishin’ that you’d never cocked everythin’ up between us?”

Yes.

Murdoc’s vision starts to go all spotty before 2D lets up. Being able to properly breathe again feels almost better than the cock in his ass, the dizzy head rush sending him over the edge as he cums all over himself. It’s embarrassingly soon, but he’s so fucking high from it he can’t even focus on feeling shame.

“S-S-Satan…!!” Murdoc wheezes.

But Stu just keeps fucking him. Murdoc’s dizzy from the rush of blood going to his head, and he’s feeling his orgasm throughout his entire body, tingling all over, but Stuart is relentless. Murdoc’s prick doesn’t even get hard again.

He’s spent. Stu grips Murdoc by his hips-- He’s got strength in those pianist’s fingers of his, and he forces Murdoc down onto his cock like a toy.

It makes the older man incoherent, a muttering mess of choked praises and curses. Stuart’s doing his damn best to overstimulate him, and it’s working.

“Y-you can’t replace me so easily,” Stuart stutters as his own thrusts become erratic. Murdoc has no idea how long Stu’s been rutting into him for, but the relief feels so good when he finally cums.

He does it inside of him, hips pressed tightly against Murdoc's ass until he's done. It makes Murdoc feel so warm. Melty, hot liquid pouring into him in spurts.

Stuart's breathy moans are high-pitched, needy sounding, so Murdoc goes with his first impulse and pulls the kid closer to himself as he tries to recover. He's quick to wrap his long arms around him, returning the embrace.

They're both so out of breath, and it's awfully hot for such an intimate embrace, but neither of them are quite ready to pull away.

Murdoc hasn't the foggiest idea of what to say. Holding 2D is the easiest thing. Their hearts thump in their chests, and they can feel just how worn out they've become.

"You're a prick," 2D sighs. He's completely boneless against Murdoc, so he runs his fingers through his blue hair hoping to soothe him further.

"It's true," Murdoc croaks.

"S-sorry. For chokin' you," 2D sheepishly mutters. Murdoc wonders if that was Stu's first time doing that to someone.

"That's some temper you've got," Murdoc comments, raspy. "I rather like that side of you; it's kinky."

"There's somethin' *terribly wrong* wiv' you," 2D quietly laughs, still somewhat guilty.

We should do it like that more often.

They both understand that this would be all the resolution they would get. It's all they really *need.* They both just want to sleep after all the struggling they've both had to do all day.

2D wordlessly leans up and turns the bedside light off, then he kisses Murdoc in the darkness. It's a slow and tired kiss, but still pleasant. 2D can sometimes be so soft that it makes Murdoc uncomfortable, but right now he's just so happy to be back in his bed.

Stu rolls them both over so that Murdoc is once again on top of him. It's nice to be held by him, Murdoc's smaller frame pleasantly weighing him down into the mattress. Murdoc rests his head on 2D's shoulder, silently relaxing into the hold.

His muscles are always so tense. It's so rare to be able to relax this much. 2D rubs soft circles into his back and from there everything goes black.

~

It's morning now. Murdoc peeled himself out of bed and is standing in 2D's bathroom with the crushed rohypnol in his hands. He doesn't need it anymore, he knows. Things between himself and 2D have been mended, but still he hesitates to flush the poison for good.

It could come in handy, couldn't it?

Murdoc imagines many situations where he might need it. If he ever needed to steal from 2D again, or if he needed to take 2D somewhere he wasn't willing to go. And more.

It's so dark. He hates how dark his mind can get at times. But they're just thoughts, aren't they? He can flush the drug and his thoughts along with it.

Except…

"Murdoc," 2D bangs on the bathroom door, effectively shaking his resolve. "Please let me in; I'm going to be sick."

He feels awfully sheepish standing there in nothing but a shirt and his underwear, shamefully holding something he got for the purpose of hurting 2D with. But he does the strangest thing: he tucks the folded paper into the waistband of his briefs instead of unfolding and flushing it.

Then he opens the door.

"Migraine again?" Murdoc mutters, moving to the side as 2D narrowly avoids barreling into him.

"Yeah," he retches.

Murdoc's left thinking of a suitable place to hide the drug as he stares at 2D's hunched over back. He really seems to be suffering, leaning into the toilet like that. The last time he'd seen 2D vomit, he honestly didn't care that much, but things are sort of different now.

He suddenly has the capacity to care for the kid, even if he knows he's still capable of hurting him.

“Right. I’ll put on a pot of water, then,” Murdoc suggests. “A peppermint tea to go with your colorful drug cocktail,” he adds for good measure. And then it’s off to the kitchen.

He carries guilt in his waistband, but like usual he’s willing to ignore it.

They’re going to film more. They’re going to earn more. Murdoc will be breaking his lease to chase this dream with Dee, and what the kid doesn’t know can’t hurt him. The future is *finally* coming on.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading! Leave a comment pls :gun: